Boston Public Library
3 9999 10586 474 6

No.....

THE TRVSTEES OF THE
PVBLIC LIBRARY
OMNIVM
LVX
CIVIVM
OF THE CITY OF
BOSTON
1852 1878

BV3
D7

LIBRARY
ST. JOHN'S SEMINARY
BRIGHTON. MASS.

Charles Laudelle.

A Modern Hagar.

0776-10

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE

AN

ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY JOURNAL

JULY, 1896, TO JANUARY, 1897.

VOLUME XXXVI.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE COMPANY
BOSTON, MASS.

Period
AP2
.D7
v.36
1896

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

CONTENTS OF VOLUME XXXVI.

PROSE.

A Bicycle Trip Along the Irish Rhine	*Wm. P. O'Callaghan*	454
A Historical Catholic Cemetery	*Lyman Horace Weeks*	470
A Hundred Years of Robert Burns	*Thos. O'Hagan, M. A., Ph. D.*	59
A Pillar of Hercules. (Illustrated.)		182
A Treasure from the Sea. A Story	*Frank H. Sweet*	288
An Egg Stealer. A Story		410
Augustin Daly. (Illustrated.)	*John Talbot Smith*	47
A Star-Led Journey	*Caroline D. Swan*	578
A Florida Christmas. (Illustrated)	*Wm. Manning Connell*	558
A City on a Hill. (Illustrated)	*Marie Y. Donegan Walsh*	563
Bis-Centenary of Saint Alphonsus' Birth. (Illustrated)	*J. M.*	294
Can Protestants prove the Bible Inspired?	*Rev. P. Griffy*	86
Catholic Education in the United States	*Morgan J. O'Brien*	438
Catholic Growth in England.	*Wm. Ellison.*	268
Catholic Tolerance in Irish History	*J. A. J. McKenna*	175
Celtic Art in Modern Ornamentation. (Illustrated.)	*Fred T. Hodgson*	15
Chas. Warren Stoddard	*J. N. Ingram*	461
Child Study in a Sunday School	*B. Ellen Burke*	115
Coronation Day at the Vatican	*Marie Donegan Walsh*	5
Dyke and the Yankee Captain. A War Story	*Sophie Hammond*	64
El Cristo De La Vega. A Story	*Rev. Joseph Nunan*	302
Elzear Cardinal Taschereau. (Illustrated.)	*Wm. Ellison*	333
Election Ethics Past and Present	*John J. O'Shea*	641
Election Night in a Newspaper Office. (Illustrated)	*Henry N. Cary*	601
Father Burke's Wit and Mimicry		494
Fraulien's Little Love Story	*Mrs. Francis Chadwick*	588
Henry Grattan	*R. M. Sillard*	261
How the Christ Flowers Came	*Mary B. O'Sullivan*	609

CONTENTS.

In the Field of Eloquence	*Rev. Joseph V. O'Connor*	397
Ireland in the Forties	*James McNamee*	359
Is Millais a great Artist. (Illustrated)	*B. Morgan*	225
Irish Race Convention	*Rev. Denis O'Callaghan*	585
Lawrence Barrett. A Retrospect. (Illustrated.)	*Thomas E. Shea*	254
Lecky's Democracy and Liberty	*Joseph Dana Miller*	202
Louise Lateau. A Memoir	*Rev. William Walsh*	139
Mary Stuart, a Saint? (Illustrated.)	*Bernard Morgan*	22
Melissa's Tour	*Grant Allen*	191
Mickiewicz and Polish Romanticism	*Rev. C. R. Smogor*	500
Olney's Massachusett's Predecessors	*Michael E. Hennessy*	272
On Reading	*R. F. Horton*	283
On the Way to Work	*M. B. O'S.*	577
Perils of the Shop Girl		84
Prototypes of Some Famous Heroines. (Illustrated)	*Charles Robinson*	161
People in Print. (Illustrated)	*William Hopkins*	591
Recent Legislation and Individual Rights	*Hon. William Sulzer*	57
Rondeau	*E. Nesbit*	476
Sophie	*Mary F. M. Nixon*	93
Saint Benedict's Warning	*G. L. de Cidoncha*	548
The Ace of Hearts. A Story	*W. A. Fraser*	277
The Angel of the Market Place	*Mary F. M. Nixon*	244
The Basis of our Literature	*Rev. P. Dillon*	345
The Boy-Angel	*Marion Elliston*	508
The Early French Missions in Nova Scotia. Illustrated	*Isabella A. Owen*	379
The Emmet Library of New York	*M. E. Hennessy*	180
The Fan in Church History. (Illustrated.)	*Annie G. Murray*	70
The Grande Chartreuse	*Elizabeth Lecky*	389
The Green Log and the Dry Log. An Iberian Tradition	*G. L. de Cidoncha*	353
The Harp among the Various Peoples. (Illustrated.)	*Catherine Feeney*	131
The Indian River Country	*Frank H. Sweet*	151
The Legend of Deschamps. A Tale of French Canada.	*Rev. Francis C. Kelley*	171
The Nature and Extent of Biblical Inspiration	*Rev. P. Griffy*	247
The Old California Missions	*James Connolly*	477
The Political Overturn in Canada	*Anna T. Sadlier*	238
The Prospect for English Poetry	*John Dennis*	504
The place where Mary Stuart Died. (Illustrated.)	*Max Bennet Thrasher*	403
The Shaman's Grave. An Alaskan Legend	*Arthur Villiers*	368
The Strange Miss Merwin	*Edward Heins*	446
The Violin's Story.	*Alan Adair*	34
Trinity College. (Illustrated.)	*W. F. P. Stockley, M. A.*	73
The Last Sigh of the Moor. (Illustrated)	*Mary F. Nixon*	611
Utterances of Campaign Leaders		620

What Babette Saw at Tiverney	*Mary F. M. Nixon*	466
What Stood Between	*Mary F. M. Nixon*	126
Winged Guardians	*Frank H. Sweet.*	491
Wm. Blake — Madman or Mystic	*B. M.*	301

POETRY.

After the Garden Party	*Eleanor C. Donnelly*	201
Among the Mountains	*C. G. Beede*	157
Apologia Mea	*Frederic E. Weatherly*	56
As I have Loved You	*Rev. P. A. Wright, S. M*	367
A Token	*Frank H. Sweet*	20
Autumn	*J. Fitzgerald*	400
Christ in the Temple	*Rev. John Joseph Mallon*	511
Courage	*A. H. Begbie*	513
Day-Dream	*John C. Connolly*	33
For Thee	*Michael Earls*	445
Father Damien's Favorite Hymn	*Faber*	610
Heart Songs	*John C. Connolly*	451
Heredity	*James B. Fitzgerald*	246
Ideals	*L. J. G.*	267
In September	*Julian E. Johnstone*	310
Lord Byron	*Rev. P. A. Wright, S. M.*	181
Loss		490
Love's Silence	*Daniel J. Donahoe*	125
My Violin.	*John P. Sjolander*	452
My Ships	*Agnes Haskell*	547
Of the Earth, Earthy	*Katherine E. Conway*	437
Oona Water	*James B. Dollard*	13
Shakespere	*Rev. P. A. Wright, S. M*	504
Ships that pass in the Night	*Henry Coyle*	412
Sorrow	*A. G. B*	149
Sorrows	*Julian B. Johnstone*	519
Stanzas	*Mary F. M. Nixon*	271
Stanzas	*Sidney Lanier*	409
Sometime, Somewhere	*Charles S. O'Neill*	576
The Children of the Flowers	*Lewis P. Smith*	150
The Dread of To-morrow		358
The Fruit of the Tree of Knowledge	*Katherine E. Conway*	237

The Independence Bell — A Vision	*Margaret M. Halvey*	91
The Prisoner	*J. Graham*	376
The Rose	*D. J. Donahoe*	292
To Erin	*Rev. Edmund Hill, C. P.*	173
To John T. Tabb	*F. H. Runnells Poole*	375
Twilight	*D. J. Donahoe*	72
The Price of Fame	*Arthur Barry*	583
When the Winter Sun is Low	*Daniel J. Donahoe*	584

DEPARTMENTS.

Editor's Review	97, 206, 312, 413, 521, 627
Women's Department	102, 211, 317, 417, 525, 631
Children's Department	106, 215, 321, 423, 529, 638
Catholic Question Box	109, 217, 323, 427, 533, 641
Book Reviews	219, 328, 429, 535

A Child of the People.

MAGDALEN.

From P. Dolci's picture.

Donahoe's Magazine.

VOL. XXXVI. BOSTON, JULY, 1896. NO. 1.

CORONATION DAY AT THE VATICAN.

MARIE DONEGAN WALSH.

THE ever-memorable 3d of March brought with it for the eighteenth time the anniversary of Pope Leo's coronation; for eighteen years of a glorious pontificate have passed since Cardinal Giacinto Pecci ascended the papal throne under the title of Leo XIII.

For all these years the Sovereign Pontiff has ably guided the Church through troubled waters; and though the burden of ever-increasing age has fallen on his shoulders, this eighteenth anniversary of his coronation found him still strong and vigorous at the helm, and with no diminution of his marvellous mental force.

Through his varied utterances the strong personality of Leo XIII is known, felt and respected all over the world, even far beyond the circle of those who own him for their universal father; and on his coronation day, tributes of filial love and homage came to him from the furthermost quarters of the globe, from many who were desirous of joining their hearty good wishes for the anniversary with those of the faithful in the Eternal City.

It is a tradition in Rome that the Holy Father always has "Pope's weather," as the days on which any state ceremony or function takes place at the Vatican are nearly always brilliantly fine. However, on this occasion of the grand Coronation Mass the memorial usage did not hold good; for from early morning on the 3d of March rain fell, somewhat marring the usually bright aspect of Rome on a spring morning. Notwithstanding this fact the streets leading to Saint Peter's were crowded from an early hour with all manners of vehicles,—cabs, carriages and omnibuses.

Anyone who has assisted at a function in Saint Peter's or the Vatican knows that one's only

chance of securing a good place is to be there for quite some hours before the ceremony commences; and the unfortunate stranger who presents himself at the exact time mentioned on his ticket of admission is apt to miss the best part of all that is going on. The crowds are generally very great, and naturally first comers take the best places.

Tickets of admission are given not only for the Sistine Chapel, where the Coronation Mass takes place, but also for the adjacent halls, the Sala Ducale and the Sala Regia, through which the Pope's procession passes, so by this means far greater numbers of people are enabled to see the Holy Father as he is carried in state than could be contained within the somewhat prescribed limits of the Sistine.

As the ticket of admission states that the Mass will begin at half-past ten, we judge it wise to start for the Vatican at half-past eight, as much time is lost later in the block of carriages on the Borgo leading to Saint Peter's. We are fortunately possessors of tickets for the Sistine Chapel itself; so we tell our cocchiere to take us direct to the great door of the Vatican, the Porta di Bronzo, which stands at the end of the Colonnades and where a splendid flag of the papal colors, white and gold and red, floats gayly out at the entrance. The doors are guarded by two Swiss guards in full uniform, each bearing his pike in hand, and looking as if he had stepped out of a mediæval picture. Their uniform is parti-colored: red, yellow and black. It is said to have been designed by Michael Angelo himself; but whoever may have been the designer, the costume is eminently striking and picturesque.

To these gorgeous beings we show our tickets, and they motion us on with their pikes towards the grand staircase of the Scala Regia, that broad, imposing flight of stairs, where we find a considerable number of people already passing through the barrier, which is also guarded by two Swiss guards.

The opening is very narrow, so that people are only allowed to pass through one at a time. Every moment fresh numbers arrive, giving the guards considerable trouble in keeping the people from crowding in too fast.

Questions in almost every language are addressed to the patient guards, to which they reply with unfailing good humor and equal facility in the various tongues.

At last we reach the barrier in turn; after passing through and scaling the noble staircase we find ourselves at the door of the Sala Regia (the large hall adjoining the Sistine) where the pontifical gendarmes and Swiss guards are drawn up in rank and file. Passing through the long line of these formidable figures, who look magnificent in their gorgeous uniforms, we reach the door of the Sistine where an official in a purple robe takes our tickets.

The body of the Sistine Chapel is reserved for the ambassadors accredited to the Holy See, the Roman patriciate and the strangers who may be present; while the altar-side of the chapel (which is the largest part) forms the sanctuary, where, beside the altar and the Pontiff's throne, there are placed seats for the cardinals, the bishops of the Roman Curia, the Pontifical Court and the prelates who are to take part in the ceremony.

On each side of the chapel there are two tribunes or balconies specially erected for the occasion and reserved for strangers, the ladies above and the gentlemen below. On this occasion the ladies have the best of it for their tribunes are elevated, provided with benches and reached by a number of steps, while the gentlemen below are obliged to stand during the whole function.

As, by our early arrival, we have secured places at the end by which the procession passes, we shall get a splendid view of everything that goes on. Therefore we settle ourselves very comfortably and make the best of the long wait of over two hours which will elapse before the ceremony begins.

The surroundings of the Sistine Chapel are sufficient to enchain the mind and give food for thought for a considerable time. Here we dwell in the silent presence of immortal genius, for within these precints the master-hand of a Michael Angelo has left its impress for all time. From roof and walls those glorious frescos of prophet and sybil, lawgiver and high-priest look down in solemn majesty; on one side the types of the Old Law, on the other their confirmation in the New, telling the sublime history of the Incarnation. Over the altar-wall is that terrible yet inspired vision of the Last Judgment, which was perhaps the mightiest effort of a mighty genius. Obscured and darkened by the smoke of countless candles which have burned before it in past ages, not even the all-destroying hand of time has power to quench the grandeur of this composition. In it the figure of the Divine Judge stands out from the dim and shadowy background, full of power and majesty, His hand upraised in solemn warning and denunciation.

To the left of the altar stands the papal throne, covered by a canopy of rich crimson velvet and gold, with the arms of Leo XIII embroidered upon it in high relief. The draperies of the altar and the places for the cardinals are also in rich crimson, so that the decorations and surroundings of the chapel form a fitting background of glowing warmth and richness for the stately procession which will soon pass through.

As the hour for the function approaches various picturesque figures in court dress flit to and fro; most striking in appearance are some bishops and patriarchs of the Greek and Armenian hierarchy, with magnificently embroidered vestments and long patriarchal beards. Every now and then a well-known prelate passes up the aisle and takes his place in the seats reserved near the altar; and the chamberlains of the Cape and Sword, who are on duty in the chapel, are here, there and everywhere, directing people to their places and showing the utmost kindness and courtesy to all.

During all this time people have been steadily pouring in at the entrance; and every available seat and position of vantage is now filled. Wherever the eye rests it meets an eager crowd watching and waiting for the first sign of the Holy Father's coming. Presently the general attention is engaged by the diplomatic body who are now beginning to put in an appearance, together with the members of the Roman patriciate; and as the diplomats pass slowly along in their brilliant court uniforms, saluted by the palatine guard on duty outside, they excite a great deal of comment from the crowd.

The ambassador of His Most Catholic Majesty is the first arrival. All the stateliness of a grandee of Spain appears in his bearing, clad in the splendor of gold lace and embroideries, and the broad sash and decorations with which his coat is covered. Shortly behind him come the attachés of the Spanish embassy also in court dress and escorting various ladies of the embassy. The Russian and Belgian ministers are also very much noticed on account of their beautiful uniforms; as is also the well-known figure of Count Revertara di Salandra, the Ambassador of Austria to the Holy See. One prominent figure of the diplomatic corps is missed from his accustomed place on this occasion, Count Lefebvre de Behaine, who for so many years has represented France at the Court of the Vatican.

When at length all the ambassadors have taken their places, and the tribunes reserved for the ladies of the Roman patriciate are filled with their black-robed and black-veiled occupants, we begin to think that the procession cannot be long in coming now; and every moment anticipation waxes more intense.

We have especially noticed a small tribune placed just before that of the ambassadors, and wondered who were to be its occupants. Our curiosity is gratified before long by three picturesque figures taking their places in the tribune; and we are told that this is no less a personage than the Grand Master of the Sovereign Order of the Knights Templars of Malta, who is always accorded royal honors at court. He wears a black velvet uniform and a large, black velvet cloak with the white cross of Malta on the shoulder.

In striking contrast to his sombre richness the two knights in attendance wear uniforms of scarlet with decorations.

The massive doors of the Sistine Chapel have been thrown open to their fullest extent; and down the long corridors, through which the procession is to pass, one can see the dense crowds of people, a vast sea of faces, extending as far as the eye can reach, and all eagerly turned in the same direction.

Presently there is a stir in the distance, and a low whispered murmur, arising in an instant to a great shout of prolonged applause, rolls through the halls. It is caught up and re-ëchoed by the crowd in the Sala Regia, as they too know that the Pope has ascended the "sedia gestatoria" at the entrance of the Sala Ducale. "Viva Leone!" "Viva il Papa-re!" Handkerchiefs are wildly waved in the air, and the clapping of hands and the deep roar of "vivas" seems to gain every moment in strength and force as the infection of loyalty spreads like wildfire through the assembled throng.

In the midst of this outburst of enthusiasm the procession is seen slowly advancing, headed by the golden cross borne high aloft. Two by two the long train sweeps down the mighty halls, the frescoed roof and walls forming a picturesque setting for the gorgeous robes of cardinals, courtiers and prelates.

It seems as if the procession was arranged to ascend in the scale of gorgeousness and state, leading up by degrees to the Sovereign Pontiff on his throne. First in order come the procurators of the Vatican Palace, and the procurators of all the religious orders, monastic and mendicant,—a strange contrast, in their coarse robes of poverty and

penitence, to the pomp and magnificence of a court which surround them.

Then come the chaplains and the consistorial advocates, these latter in rich robes of purple and black; following them are the secret chamberlains (prelates) wearing beautiful robes of violet. Now appears a further detachment of chamberlains of the Cape and Sword, like those we have already seen in the Sistine. As we look at them we are fain to wonder if perchance these courtly sixteenth-century figures have not stepped from the canvas of a Vandyke or Velasquez, instead of being men of this practical nineteenth century who have come to pay their tribute of loyal attendance on the Holy Father as his gentlemen-in-waiting.

After them walks the prelate, fulfilling the office of Master of the Sacred Palace of the Apostles, and closely following him the prelate auditors of the Holy Rote; then the "jeweller of the Vatican Palace," bearing the "triregno" and accompanied by two secret chamberlains, who carry the mitres which are to be used during the function. This little group is escorted by mace-bearers who have a picturesque dress of purple with white lace ties.

At this point begin to appear the highest dignitaries of the Papal Court, headed by the Master of the Sacred Hospice, which high office is fittingly represented by the stately presence of Prince Ruspoli, looking more like a viking of northern blood than a prince of the Holy Roman Empire. He wears a court uniform of velvet and costly lace, and bears aloft the exquisitely jewelled papal cross. Following the prince comes the long line of cardinals in their gorgeous crimson robes, the long silk train of each being held up by an attendant priest.

As the venerable princes of the Church pass slowly by one can recognize many a familiar face. Side by side with Cardinal Parrocchi, the Cardinal-Vicar of Rome, is seen the kindly face of Cardinal Macchi, at one time so well known to American and English visitors as the Pope's "Master of the Chamber."

Then there is the bent and feeble figure of aged Cardinal Mertel, who year after year insists on coming to renew his homage to the Holy Father on his coronation day, though the burden of years and increasing infirmity render the task yearly more difficult.

Irish visitors to the Vatican on this coronation day will be glad to see that Ireland is loyally represented at the Holy Father's feet by the cardinal, archbishop and primate of all Ireland, Cardinal Logue.

Prominent always among the members of the Sacred College, on account of his commanding height and magnificent appearance, follows stately Cardinal Rampolla, the Cardinal Secretary of State, that wonderfully impassive Sicilian face with its sternly cut and almost heavy features, which conceal the strong, unflinching will and powerful intellect that lie behind. Taken as he stands his face and figure might make a typical portrait of a cardinal priest of the Holy Roman Church in all the princely dignity of that office.

Still they sweep along, those venerable men, in the robes of the highest dignity (save one) that the Church can offer; but our attention is wandering now from cardinal and prince and prelate. Even the picturesque figure of the hereditary

assistant at the Holy See, Prince Marc Antonio Colonna, accompanied by the Cardinal Vice-Camerlengo, are left to pass unnoticed in the realization of that long-expected moment of the Holy Father's coming.

A second's pause — as if the mighty multitude held its breath in wonder — then a renewed outburst of cheering, a very storm of "vivas" rends the air and seems almost to shake the walls. Leo XIII is before us at the portals of the Sistine! Borne high aloft, so that the eyes of his faithful people can look upon him, comes the Sovereign Pontiff on his chair of state; the white peacock feathers waving around him, amid the flash and glitter of the helmets and uniforms of the noble guard who with drawn swords surround their Sovereign!

It is a blaze of richest color; from the gorgeous costumes of the Swiss and Noble Guards, of the courtiers and prelates, to the crimson brocade draperies of the "sedia gestatoria," and the crimson-clad chair bearers. It all seems to throw out doubly the unearthly whiteness of the Pontiff. He is clad in the insignia of his high office as Pontifex Maximus, in the magnificent gold-embroidered vestments which scintillate in the sunshine; the papal tiara with its triple lines of jewels is upon his head, and as he raises his hand in constant blessing, the rays of a massive diamond episcopal ring flash out in myriad prisms of brightness.

Beautiful and impressive as are his surroundings they are but a setting for the beauty of his wonderful countenance in which so little of this earth seems to linger. The Holy Father appears feeble and fragile; so purely shadowy and ethereal indeed, that we almost dread to look, fearing that the vision may fade from our sight. The heavy vestments seem to bear him down with their weight, and for a moment the Sovereign Pontiff carries all the burden of his eighty-six years; but only for a moment, — for as the chair of state is borne inside the Sistine Chapel and a deep hush succeeds to the cheering outside, the Pope casts a comprehensive glance around; and as he lifts his hand in solemn blessing all feebleness seems to have passed and the unquenched light of his mighty intellect flashes out from his luminous eyes, which seem to pierce everything with their penetrating glance. An expression of sweetness and benevolence mingled with melancholy dwells on those chiselled features of the Pope-king, as though to his far-seeing gaze, the vain futility of earthly things were ever present and as if his spirit had far outstripped the frail earthly body which keeps him on earth.

The Swiss guards and the dignitaries of the Papal Court close in around the chair and the waving screen of feathers hides the Holy Father from our sight. He has passed along on his way to the altar, and the procession still continues to defile along in solemn order; the patriarchs, the archbishops assistant at the throne, the major-domo of His Holiness, the master of the chamber, the apostolic pronotaries, and finally all the prelates and the heads of the various religious orders.

By the time the Holy Father has arrived at the altar, and all the dignitaries are assembled in their places, he descends from his chair, kneels for a few moments at the foot of the altar, and then ascends the throne from which he is to assist at Mass;

while Cardinal Serafino Vannutelli begins the Pontifical.

A solemnly-beautiful picture is presented at the "Gloria in Excelsis" of the Mass when the Sacred College of Cardinals advance one by one from their places to the foot of the throne, where each in turn renews his homage and allegiance to the Sovereign Pontiff by kneeling at the throne and kissing the Holy Father's foot. There was one pathetic little touch of human nature about this solemn scene which brought tears to the eyes of the spectators, and caused their hearts to beat faster with tender emotions.

When the aged Cardinal Mertel was assisted, with difficulty, to the Pope's feet and made a feeble effort to bend low in homage, the Holy Father rose immediately to prevent him and came forward himself to meet the venerable cardinal, raising and tenderly embracing him.

While the Mass is proceeding the pontifical choir renders the beautiful music of one of Palestrina's masses under the direction of Maestro Mustafà, the well-known and talented director of the Sistine choir who, according to the desires of the Holy Father, has done so much for the development and perfect rendering of church music.

Particularly beautiful is a motet "Ait Samuel" of which the words were appropriately chosen from holy writ by Monsignor Ugolini, one of the pontifical chaplains, and the music expressly composed for the Coronation Mass by the Maestro Mustafà.

Once more, at the "Pax Tecum" the cardinals kneel before the throne to receive the kiss of peace from the Sovereign Pontiff, and then the Mass proceeds in deep silence till the end; the Holy Father assisting with that reverence and deep recollection which anyone who has seen Leo XIII at Mass can never forget.

Now comes the end of the Mass and the last blessing; and every eye in that vast assemblage is turned to the throne, waiting in silent anticipation for the apostolic benediction which is about to be given.

Not a movement is felt in the crowd, and, in the intense stillness, so clear and distinct as to be audible even in the extreme limits of the chapel, a voice quavers on the air. The Sovereign Pontiff has risen to his feet and is intoning the words of the triple benediction: "Sit nomen Domini benedictum!" Then raising his eyes to Heaven, with an act of sublime confidence in the mighty aid he is invoking, the Pope pronounces the words "Adjutorium nostrum in nomine Domini" (our help is in the name of the Lord).

All feebleness seems to have fallen from the Sovereign Pontiff as he stands erect with arms outstretched as if to the furthest quarters of the world. "Benedicat vos omnipotens Deus." As the solemn words proceed his whole frame thrills with emotion and then the right hand is upraised and he turns from side to side, slowly blessing the multitude as he repeats the words, "Pater, et Filius et Spiritus Sanctus!"

Each word falls clear, distinct, almost startling in its unutterable impressiveness. Then the Holy Father descends from the throne to kneel for a few moments in silent prayer at the foot of the altar; and an almost inarticulate murmur runs through the crowd, in contrast to the breathless tension of the moment just past. Now the Pontiff is seated on the "sedia gestatoria" again borne

by the crimson-clad palafrenieri; the white "flabella" are lifted on high, and the vast cortège is formed in order, the procession slowly moving down the centre of the Sistine in the order in which it came.

Every knee is bent, every head is bowed as the Holy Father gives his blessing from side to side; but not a sound disturbs the silence till the Pope has passed outside the door of the chapel, when the outbursts of loyalty which greet his reappearance in the Sala Regia become even more enthusiastic than before. "Viva Leone!" Viva il Papa-re!" "Viva!" "Viva!" till he makes a half-entreating gesture as if to stay the torrent of applause. Through the open doors and all along the vista of the two long halls we follow with our gaze the retreating figure of the Pontiff, reluctant to yield a glance elsewhere, till that ethereal presence has passed from sight. Finally the last of the procession vanishes and the crowds begin to disperse from the chapel, and the halls pour out their mass of black-robed occupants.

The celebration of the Coronation Day is over for another year, and we who have been happy enough to assist at its beauty feel that it has been one of the greatest privileges of our visit to the Eternal City.

ARMS OF LEO XIII

OONA WATER.*

JAMES B. DOLLARD.

'TIS the Oona water gleaming
Mid the flowery meads of May;
Ever in my happy dreaming
By its pleasant haunts I stray.
Oona water, Oona water,
Sounds thy joy-song all the day.

Fairy lore my lips are learning,
Fairy music round me thrills,
And my soul, all fondly yearning,
Sees again the heath-brown hills.
Oona water, Oona water,
Welcome in the hurrying rills.

Shamrocks cluster, faith's fond token,
And the primrose gleams like gold,
Frowning castles, fissured, broken,
Whisper tales of days of old.
Oona water, Oona water,
Thou hast tales were never told.

Time there was, the Northern kern †
Came thy valleys to disturb,
When O'Neill to combat stern
Swept, at ever-famed Benburb.
Oona water, Oona water,
Saxon pride found there a curb.

* The Oona water flows thro' the Dungannon country in Tyr-Owen and joins the Ulster Blackwater, near Benburb.

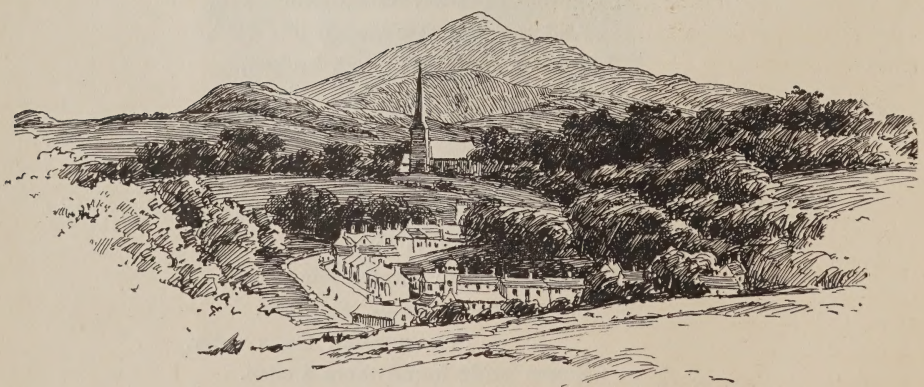
† Kern, ancient Irish foot soldier.

Passed the stormy-souled O'Donnel
  Marching to his kinsman's aid,
Surged the clans of proud Tyr-Connell
  'Neath his flaunting flags arrayed.
    Oona water, Oona water,
Flashed thou back his patriot blade.

Oona water, Oona water,
  Darker tales hast thou to tell,
Tales of ruthless wrong and slaughter,
  Tears and blood thy torrent swell.
    Oona water, Oona water,
Keep thy fearsome secrets well.

Keep them well — they are recorded
  On the Book of Him on high.
He His martyrs has rewarded!
  From His justice who can fly?
    Oona water, Oona water,
Is the retribution nigh?

Guard them well; but glad my vision
  With the shimmering of thy streams,
Grant me of the bliss elysian
  In thy ev'ry haunt that teems.
    Oona water, Oona water,
Give me back my boyhood dreams!



CELTIC ART IN MODERN ORNAMENTATION.

FRED T. HODGSON.

THE late James Fergusson, in his "History of Architecture," says: "Nine tenths of the lyric literature of Europe is of Celtic origin. The epos and the drama may belong to the Aryan, but in the art of welding music to immortal verse, and pouring forth a passionate utterance in a few but beautiful words, the Celtic is only equalled by the Semitic race." Again, "The true glory of the Celt in Europe is his artistic eminence. It is perhaps not too much to assert that without his intervention we should not have possessed in modern times a church worthy of admiration, or a picture or a statue we could look at without shame. The Celt," he goes on to say, "makes the best of colorists, and where his influence was strongest, there architecture was most perfect; as his influence faded, or as the Aryan prevailed, the arts first languished and then died. It is safe to assert that where no Celtic blood exists there no real art is found."

These are the words of a master and of a recognized authority on art matters. If true, then, as Mr. Fergusson asserts, there must be one of two things apparent in all these structures and things which are said to be art productions, namely, Celtic motives, or a total lack of art feeling in the work. Now we know that when a product made by the hand of man pleases us with its form or its coloring, it must possess an innate beauty that appeals to the art instinct within us; this being the case, we accept the fact that the product is a work of

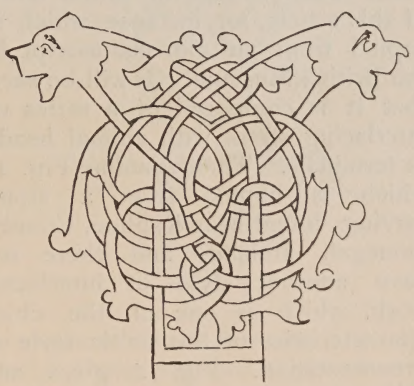


FIGURE 1.

FIGURE 2.

art, of more or less merit, and, following Mr. Fergusson, it must be conceded that it contains the "more or less" of Celtic influence.

Yet, how seldom we hear of anything being made or being built in the Celtic style! We hear of many styles, Indian, Persian, Egyptian, French, Italian, etc., etc., but in the midst of all these styles the Celt alone seems to be forgotten while, as a matter of fact, almost everything we have about us for use, for ornament, or for pleasure, will, on examination, show more or less of Celtic influence.

In order to discover this influence we have but to become familiar with a few of the characteristics that distinguish Celtic art from the art of other races. Take the initial letter of this article, for instance, which is copied from an old manuscript in the British Museum. It will be seen that it is composed of a series of interlacing straps with animal heads as terminals. Then examine Fig. 1, which is copied from a stone carving found near Raphoe, County Donegal, Ireland, and there we have another style of interlaced work, which is one of the chief characteristics of the Celtic style of ornamentation. Fig. 2 gives another example of interlacing which is chiefly composed of circular lines and terminal heads. It will be noticed also that in this figure, which is supposed to date from about the fourth century A. D., the central straps form a true pointed or Gothic arch, one of the main features in mediæval ecclesiastical architecture.

This gives proof that the long-mooted question of who first used the Gothic arch in church building is settled in favor of the Celt, for it was he who first built the Christian churches in France, Germany and England, when the first Gothic churches were erected; and it would be much nearer the truth to call the style in which the great cathedrals of England, France and Germany are built, the Celtic style rather than the Gothic.

Fig. 3 exhibits an ornament quite common in everyday jewelry, particularly in belt buckles, clasps for pocketbooks, handles, and a thousand and one things we use almost every day in some shape or other. With some little variations this would be called Indian, Byzantine or perchance Persian, all of which would

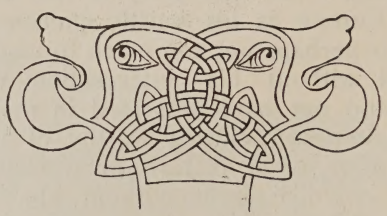


FIGURE 3.

be wrong, as it is distinctively and purely Celtic. Again, Fig. 4 shows this interlacing applied to the ornamentation of a cross. The whole figure in itself is a cross with a central cross terminated by grotesque figures cunningly devised. This is

copied from an old Celtic monument of unknown date.

For a piece of grotesque work, cunningly and artistically designed the combination letter in Fig. 5 is remarkable. This letter S gives one the impression that the artist intended to delineate a swan, yet the

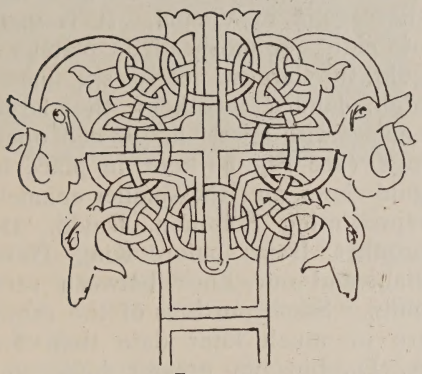


FIGURE 4.

figure does not look like a swan, nor does it look like any other bird we know of. Still, we cannot get away with any other impression than that it represents a swan. This impression is due to the subtlety of the artist's skill and his genius.

In Fig. 6, another style of interlacing is exhibited, which again foreshadows the pointed Gothic arch. There is a bewildering regularity about this method of ornamentation that pleases while it puzzles the eye, and no matter on what material it may be used, it is sure to command attention. This quality makes it a good figure for borders of prints, for book covers, and for raised work on mouldings and many other like purposes. The tartan or plaid dress of the Highlanders of Scotland is a modification of this pattern of ornament, for we have it from Diodorus and Pliny that the old Celtic tribes had the fashion of wearing "striped woollen cloth with other stripes woven under and over them." These stripes were of various colors, and, as we know, the various families or tribes had distinctive patterns and colors.

Fig. 7 shows another pattern of interlaced ornament, and one that is much used for decorative and other purposes. Piano makers frequently make use of this pattern for the open panels of their uprights. It is used in grilles constructed of wood or metal; workers in wire often employ it; and it may be found in almost every department of industrial art, in some form or other, without the least thought being given to the original designers.

Celtic art has probably done more to aid industrial art to beautify its productions than all other racial arts put together. The decorative arts of the Egyptians, Babylonians, Assyrians, and Phœnicians were of the clumsiest and rudest sort, and while they possessed certain qualities that gave them value, there was

FIGURE 5.

a sombreness about them that rendered them unfit for application to the ordinary uses of everyday life.

It is to the Celt, in a great measure, that we owe many of our best patterns in textile fabrics, carpets, rugs, wall-papers and ornamental metal-work.

FIGURE 6.

According to Berington and other very reliable authorities, during the seventh, eighth, ninth and tenth centuries, Celtic designers and Celtic artisans were in great demand at every court in Europe, and Charlemagne welcomed, along with the renowned Alcuin, a large number of Celtic workmen who taught his people the arts of working in gold, silver, stone, clay and other similar materials. They also taught the arts of making fine textile fabrics, working embroideries and illuminating books.

A number of Celtic monks settled in Glastonbury, England, and opened schools, and admitted the children of the better class and taught them the industrial arts. Among the scholars was Dunstan, who afterwards became Archbishop of Canterbury, and did more for the industrial welfare of the people at that time than any other man. He founded industrial and art schools wherever his jurisdiction extended. He encouraged art of all kinds, particularly those of practical utility, and he cultivated music, had it taught in his churches, and was an expert on the harp, an accomplishment he had acquired from his Irish teachers.

The celebrated crown of Charlemagne was, no doubt, the work of Celtic artists, whose associations with Byzantine artists had its influence upon their work. The crown shows a strong Celtic motive in all its details, and, as we know a number of Irish artists in gold were employed by the great emperor it is reasonable to suppose they wrought at this crown. This valuable relic of Celtic skill is still preserved amongst the regalia in Vienna. It is made of eight round-headed plates of gold, the largest nearly six inches high, jointed together; the larger one set with jewels in pierced openings (see Fig. 8) kept in place by gold claws, and the smaller enamels, representing Solomon, David, the prophet Isaias before King Hezekiah, and our Lord between seraphim. Some portions of the crown are of much later date than 800 A. D., but its greater bulk, and most of its ornamentation, date from the period named.

The monks of Iona, under the great Irish saint and scribe, Columba or Columbkill, and their Anglo-Saxon disciples at Lindisfarne, under his friend Saint Aidan, together with the Irish monks at Glastonbury,

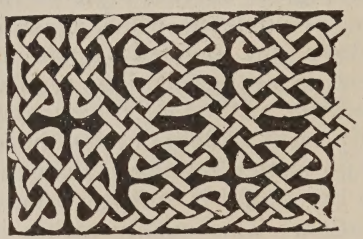


FIGURE 7.

spread Celtic ornament and Celtic industrial arts in England, from which it had to a great extent retired with the expulsion of the ancient British. Saint Boniface, another Irishman and the principal awakener of Germany to Chris-

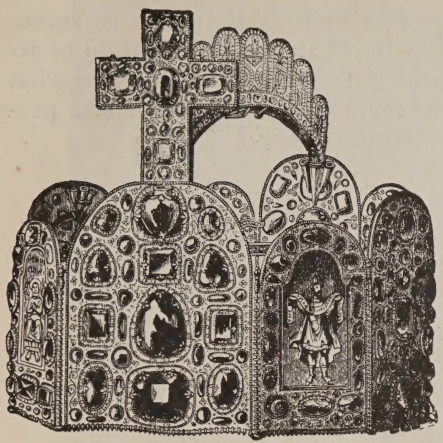


FIGURE 8.
CROWN OF CHARLEMAGNE.

tianity, carried with him a singularly ornamented book of gospels which is still preserved as a relic at Fulda.

Similar evidence of the transmission to other lands, of ornamental art prevalent during the early centuries of the Church in Ireland, by means of the missionaries and artisans who left her, is to be found in the books of Saint Killian, the apostle of Franconia, still preserved in Wurtzburg; in those of Saint Gall, now in the public library of Saint Gall, in the canton of Switzerland which still bears his name; and in the very important series connected with the monastic institution founded by Saint Columbanus, at Bobbio, Italy, of which last Muratori, the historian, gives an interesting catalogue; many works, still in existence, with the names of the writers, in some cases, identifying the volumes and fixing their date. Thus we have the gospels of Saint Columba, the Leabhar Dhimma, or gospels of Saint Dhimma Mac Nathi, and the Mec Regol gospels in the Bodleian library.

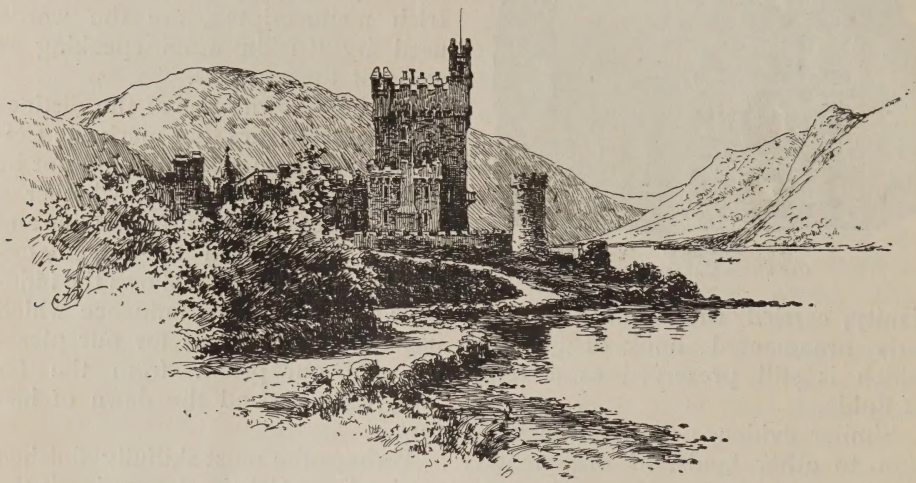
All of these are anterior to the ninth century, and are distinguished by an elaborate style of ornament, unlike any other European type. "In delicacy of handling and minuteness of faultless execution the whole range of paleography offers nothing comparable to the early Irish manuscripts," are the words used by Ruskin when speaking of some of these works.

Having shown some of the distinctive characteristics that mark the Celtic style of ornament, it should not be difficult to know, at once, whether a piece of decorated work contains any of the elements in the given examples. If it does, it shows the influence of the Celt, an influence which has come down to us for our pleasure and our profit, from the far away ages beyond the dawn of history.

Perhaps the most skilfully finished work of the Celt in decoration is the wonderful book of Saint Kells, from which the design shown at the head of this article is copied. The celebrated English artist Wyatt went to Dublin, purposely to examine this work and to take copies of some of the designs. He attempted the task but had to give it up in despair. He examined the pages for hours together without detecting a false line or irregular interlacement. In the space of one-fourth of an inch square, he counted with a magnifying glass no less than one hundred and eight interlacements of a slender ribbon pattern of white, edged with black.

It is no wonder that tradition alleges that these lines were traced by some superhuman agency. According to an authority on this subject Celtic ornament originated with the race, and was the "common property of the earliest inhabitants of Scotland, Scandinavia, and Ireland.

Its degrees of excellence in the three countries point to the conclusion that it had its origin in Scandinavia, was matured in Scotland, and reached its highest point of refinement in Ireland. This is agreeable to the usual distribution of artistic gifts, — Assyria invented what was matured in Asia Minor and perfected in Greece."



A TOKEN.

FRANK H. SWEET.

I HAVE been waiting, waiting;
And now there comes to me
A messenger — a token —
From far across the sea;

A tiny sprig of heather
From bank of some wild loch;
It drives away my sadness,
And brings a sudden glow.

I see the fair hill country,
The sky so deep and blue;
I see the bonny lassie
Who keeps her troth so true.

Now will I hie me homeward
Across the lonely sea;
The sweetheart who is waiting
Is more than world to me.

ALMA MATER.

From the painting by Von Hœsslin.

An Original Miniature of the Queen of Scots, in the Possession of Mgr. Robert Seton of Jersey City, N. J.

MARY STUART, A SAINT?

Bernard Morgan.

"As long as there shall be eyes or tears in this vale of misery, tears shall fall on those royal ashes and the piety of the living shall never cease to strew, with full hands, lilies, violets, and roses on her tomb."

With these words the gentle Caussin ends his biography of Mary Stuart. They are intensely true in one sense yet not at all true in another. Poor Mary's tomb has been indeed strewn with many a white flower of loyalty and many a red rose of love, but the hoof-marks are on it too. After three hundred years there are only two logical alternatives about her life and character: Mary Stuart must have been one of the most beautiful and womanly of women, suffering wrongs, sorrows and calumnies that make one shudder to think of, and ending her forty-five years of earthly purgatory by a noble death for her faith; either this, or what John Knox called her, a very Jezebel, — a consummate hypocrite, a shameless adulteress and, in deed, as well as in intent, one of the most blood-thirsty furies that ever disgraced the name of woman. No historical straddle will fit her case, though historical straddlers like Robertson, Mignet and others have attempted to devise one.

Differing verdicts will doubtless continue to be advanced as long as the human mind is capable of prejudice (which is forever), but for all Catholics and large numbers of non-Catholics the inquiry which is about to be undertaken by the Congregation of Rites will insure a defini-

tive judgment. Contrary to a common opinion, Mary's death will not be pronounced martyrdom without reference to her previous life. Benedict XIV has declared that the advocates of her cause must clear her memory from the grave charges that cluster around it, if she is ever to be raised to the altars of the Church. Indeed, from the very nature of the case, this is the only possible course. Almost with her last breath the hapless queen declared that her only crimes were her birth, her misfortunes, and her faith. If her statement is true she is not only a martyr but innocent of the adultery, the murder, and the attempted regicide of which she was accused; if untrue, she went before the White Throne with a lie on her lips and could not, therefore, have been a martyr for the true faith.

THE YOUNG QUEEN MARY. (Given by the Queen to Sir Henry Curwen.)

Mary Stuart's declaration that one of her crimes was her birth is true, at least in one respect. When James V of Scotland learned that the child born to him on December 8, 1542, was a daughter, instead of the son he hoped for, he turned his face to the wall and died without bequeathing her his blessing. Thus

Mary had no sooner opened her eyes to the world than she became queen of the most factious realm in Christendom. During the first five years of her life Scotland was torn both by intestine strife and by war

MARY STUART. (From the Morton Portrait.)

with Henry VIII of England, and when the child-queen was only five years of age it became necessary to send her to France for safety. Ten years later she was married to Francis, the Dauphin of France. Much has been said on the pernicious influence of the French court, where Catherine de Medicis reigned supreme, but it has been sufficiently shown that Mary saw very little of the court during her girlhood. Up to the date of her first marriage no word had been breathed against her character — on the contrary she had captivated all around her by her gentleness and winsomeness and was described by George Buchanan (afterwards to become her deadly enemy), as "ma-

turely grave even in her tender years."

The death of Queen Mary of England, on November 17, 1558, brought Mary Stuart within one step of the English throne. Henry II of France, answer: "In that case, it ought to be surrendered to the Dauphin's consort, the Queen of Scots, whom we take to be the Queen of England." "Calais" was not more deeply graven on Mary Tudor's heart than

MARY STUART AND QUEEN ELIZABETH. (Painting by William Kaulbach.)

however, was not contented with this mere contingency, but determined to claim the sovereignty of the whole Britannic Empire for his daughter-in-law. The English demand for the restoration of Calais provoked from the French commissioners the was this answer on Elizabeth's. This was in 1558; in 1559 Henry II died, and Mary became Queen-consort of France; two years later, by the death of Francis II, she was a widow and the first period of her life may be said to close. "On the 5th of De-

cember, at eleven o'clock in the night, he departed to God, leaving as heavy and dolorous a wife as of good right she had reason to be, who, by long watching with him during his sickness, and by painful diligence about him, especially the issue thereof, is not in the best time of her body, but without danger."

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

The account is Throckmorton's — Elizabeth's ambassador and spy at the French Court — and he supplements t in another letter by saying that "since her husband's death she hath showed that she is both of great wisdom for her years, modesty, and also of great judgment in the wise handling herself and her matters. And already it appeareth that some such as made no great account of her, do now, seeing her wisdom, both honor and pity her." No faintest breath of scandal yet! Suitors began almost immediately to

press their claims for Mary's hand but at eighteen she was tired of the world. Her mother was gone now, as well as her husband, and it required all the influence of her French relatives to keep the young widow from entering a convent at Rheims, of which her aunt Renée de Lorraine was Abbess. The alternative was a return to Scotland as its Queen.

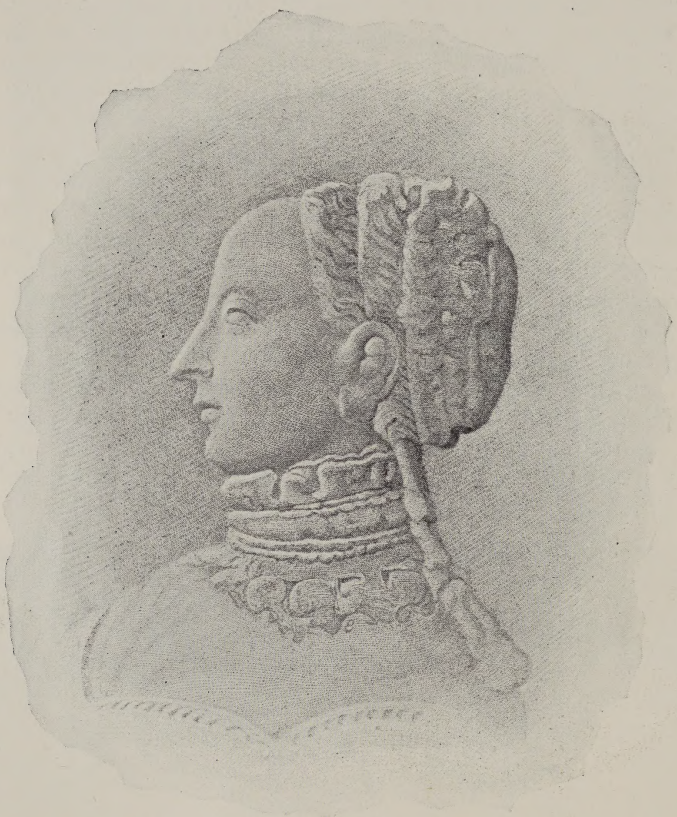
Meanwhile, to the political distractions, artfully and assiduously fermented by Elizabeth in that unhappy kingdom, was added the rupture between the Catholics and the reformers; churches, monasteries, convents and shrines had been given up to the plunder and devastation of John Knox's "rascail multitude," led on, among others, by Mary's illegitimate brother, the ex-Prior of St. Andrews, and afterwards Earl of Moray. Mary sailed from France in the August of 1561 and, after escaping in a dense fog the British fleet sent out to intercept her by Elizabeth, landed safely at Leith. Everything went well for the first few days. Her subjects, Protestant and Catholic alike, waxed enthusiastic over their beautiful young queen, for, as the Buchanan we have already quoted remarks, "there was every appearance of virtue in her, and a similitude of something very worthy; but, of course, it was all deception." When Buchanan wrote in this strain, he had become an apostate, a forger, a tool of traitors and the most malignant of Mary Stuart's enemies. *Quantum mutatus ab illo!*

But the trouble was not slow in coming. On the Sunday after her arrival Mary had Mass said in the Chapel-royal. She had already

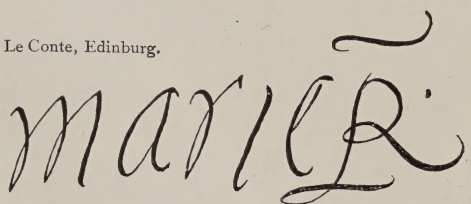
MARY STUART RECEIVING HER DEATH SENTENCE. (Painting by Karl Piloty.)

guaranteed complete freedom of worship to all her subjects — it was not extravagant that she should claim the same for herself. The reformers thought otherwise. Patrick, Lord Lindsay, at the head of a ranting rabble, rushed into the chapel close, brandishing his sword and shouting, "The idolater priest shall die the death." Mary, we are told by Brantôme, was greatly distressed at the occurrence and made use of words which proved to be prophetic.

"This is a fine commencement of what I have to expect," she exclaimed. What will be the end I know not, but I forsee it must be very bad."



From the Portrait by Le Conte, Edinburg.



It may be truly said that Mary's real troubles date from this. Within a week of her arrival in Edinburgh she summoned Knox to the palace

to account for "The First Blast of the Trumpet against the Monstrous Regimen of Women" — a somewhat scurrilous book, in which he claimed that women have no right to rule. During the course of the interview, Knox did not hesitate to compare his young sovereign to Nero, or to style her Church "the Roman harlot." On the following Sunday he delivered a tirade from his pulpit in "Auld Reekie" against the spiritual idolatry which many had imported into Scotland.

Her coronation, which took place on September 2, was made an occasion to excite a spirit of persecution against herself and her religion. At first the intention of John Knox and his merrymen was to grace the pageant with a representation of a priest burned at the altar, in the act of elevating the chalice; but through the Earl of Huntley's efforts the idea was somewhat modified — a symbolical dragon was substituted for the priest and after the holocaust the young queen was treated to a discourse on the putting away of the Mass, followed by the singing of a psalm.

All this, we take it, shows the distinctly anti-Catholic character of the forces arrayed against Mary at the beginning of her reign. Before the month was out the corporation of Kinspindle issued a proclamation commanding "all idolaters" to depart the town, under penalty of being set on the market cross for six hours, carted round the town, burned on both cheeks, and for a third offence put to death. Mary's patience in simply revoking the order, without meting out any punishment to the factious and bigoted burghers, is characteristic of all her dealings with her enemies. "She is patient to bear, and beareth much" was the testimony of Elizabeth's spy, Randolph, about this time.

It will of course be impossible, in a magazine article, to enter into detail upon the tragic events that crowded the next five years of Mary's reign. Every step she took led her deeper down the road of sorrow. Her marriage with Darnley whom she loved with all the warmth of an affectionate nature, was the first great element in her undoing. The wretched young prince, though probably never guilty of the unfaithfulness to his young wife with which he has been charged, was endowed with a fatal combination of weakness, vanity and ambition. Playing into the hands of his false advisers, he allowed himself to become jealous of the influence of Rizzio, Mary's secretary, and perhaps the only loyal counsellor she had during her reign in Scotland.

No attention need be paid to the charge of misconduct between Mary and Rizzio. The apostate Buchanan, who is the only authority for it, describes the Italian as "lean and shrinkled" and comments on his personal defects and awkward shape, while Randolph speaks of him as "a man of no beauty of outward shape, for he was mis-shapen, evil-favored and very black; but for his fidelity, wisdom, prudence, virtue and other good parts and qualities of his mind, he was richly adorned." But Rizzio was a Catholic and a foreigner and Mary trusted him. This was their crime, to be punished by the murder of the faithful secretary under the eyes of his royal mistress. Darnley was one of the murderers, though he struck no blow; but Darnley's own time was yet to come. Within the next few months he managed to

affront every treacherous, turbulent, powerful noble in Scotland and a confederacy for his murder was headed by Bothwell who now begins to loom in awful prominence in Mary's history. Bothwell looked through Darnley's blood and saw the crown-matrimonial of Scotland on his own head. The most graphic account of the tragic deed in the Kirk-o-Field, where Darnley was lying ill of the small-pox, is that given by Miss Strickland in her life of Mary Stuart. Suffice it here to say that on Sunday night, February 9, 1567, Mary left her husband's side to attend the wedding-ball of one of her maids. "Darnley, in lover-like mood," says Miss Strickland, "desiring still to detain her, she drew a valuable ring from her finger and placing it on his as a pledge of her affection, kissed and embraced him with endearing words of leave-taking, and promised that she would soon return to visit him again; and so they parted, to meet in this life no more." Darnley's time and Bothwell's opportunity had come. Shortly after a loud explosion was heard and the house in the Kirk-o-Field was a mass of ruins. Strangely enough, Darnley was not, as is commonly believed, killed in the explosion. His dead body was found some distance from the house. Something had evidently happened to kindle a sick man's easily-aroused suspicions and he had made an attempt to escape, only to be despatched by strangling.

With Darnley's murder may be said to begin the grossest charges against Mary's character and the most terrible sufferings of her life. Bothwell, for all his cunning, was immediately suspected by Darnley's friends and relatives. He was tried by his own supporters and accomplices and of course acquitted. Mary did not believe him guilty. She had once before suspected him of cherishing presumptuous designs in her regard, when he was still unmarried, and had punished him with severity. The subsequent conduct of the accusers had justified her in distrusting their charges against Bothwell or anyone else, and she had withdrawn his sentence of banishment. His marriage with a lady of the royal blood and a personal friend of her own, his apparent loyalty to herself and Darnley, his unquestioned loyalty to Scotland against English intrigue, the assistance he had furnished in her escape from Rizzio's assassins, who had determined on her own death also, — all this had induced her to repose more confidence in him than in any other member of her cabinet, except her ungrateful and treacherous half-brother Moray.

The immediate sequel to Bothwell's acquittal was the drawing up of a document by eight earls and eleven barons, peers of Parliament, in which they set forth that Bothwell (a married man) was a proper person to recommend their sovereign to accept for a husband, and pledged themselves "not only to further . . . such marriage . . . but in case anyone would presume . . . to hinder, hold back or disturb the said marriage, we shall in that behalf esteem . . . the hinderers, adversaries or disturbers thereof as our common enemies and evil-willers." In view of the charge that Mary had already sacrificed every womanly feeling through a mad passion for Bothwell, that she had already written to him the notorious "casket letters," containing evidence of her adultery with him, and had been his co-partner in

the murder of her husband, it is interesting to note what manner of man this Bothwell really was, who could inspire such a feeling in the breast of her to whom the people had applied the old Scotch saying "The fairest rose in Scotland grows on the highest bough."

In the "Oration," an anonymous contemporary pamphlet against Mary, the writer sarcastically says: "'As for eloquence and beauty, we need not make long tale of them, since they that have seen him (Bothwell) can well remember his countenance, his gait, and the whole form of his body, how gay it was. They that have heard him are not ignorant of his rude utterance and blockishness;" he was also, Dargand tells us, "one eye short" and old enough to be Mary's father. Mary (in the pride of her youth and beauty) we are asked to believe, was passionately enamored of a man like this! And Bothwell was so utterly devoid of rudimentary common sense as to pave the way to his marriage by abducting the queen, while his wife was still alive, and thus setting half the country against him, instead of first obtaining his divorce and then marrying her with "the eight earls and eleven barons, peers of Parliament" to back his cause!

The abduction itself is too horrible to dwell on: put briefly, Mary was seized and ravished, Bothwell's marriage was annulled on the ground of consanguinity. Mary was joined *vi et metu* in wedlock with Bothwell. Du Croc saw her the day after the union was perpetrated and she told him in Bothwell's presence "that he must not be surprised if he saw her sorrowful, for she could not rejoice, nor ever should again." Erskine, the captain of her guard, reported "that she called for a knife to stab herself 'or else' said she, 'I shall drown myself.'" And she was passionately enamored of Bothwell!

Misfortunes now rained thick and fast on the head of the unfortunate queen. The nobles of the kingdom raised an army against her and Bothwell, with whom she found herself obilged to make common cause; and Mary, to avoid the meeting of the hostile armies, surrendered her person to their keeping under a sacred promise of protection and fealty. She had no sooner done so than she was assailed with yells of "Burn her! Burn the murderess! Burn the —!" while a banner with a representation of the murdered Darnley was flaunted in her face. Lodged then in Lochleven castle her captors debated as to whether she was to be executed or forced to abdicate. Knox, in language absolutely too gross for repetition, and plentifully interlarded with Scripture texts, stirred up the rabble rage against the Catholic queen and truculently advocated her murder. Abdication was decided upon — a pen was literally forced into the hand of the queen and under Lindsay's savage threat "that if she would not sign those instruments he would do it with her heart's blood and cast her into a lake to feed the fishes," she put her signature to the deed, handing the kingdom over to her infant son. After a year's imprisonment in Lochleven she succeeded in effecting her escape and gathered an army. But ill-fortune was with her and her forces were defeated; ill-fortune pursued her still when she relied on Elizabeth's promise of protection and crossed the border into England— and thus ends the second and most terrible period of Mary Stuart's career.

We shall not attempt to describe the last twenty years of her life as Elizabeth's prisoner. They were years of gloom and suffering for the royal captive; plans for her escape and plots for her murder followed upon one another. Mary's removal to Scotland or to the other world was urged as the best means of "providing for the security of religion." In 1570 a letter to Cecil written and signed by "John Knox with his one foot in the grave" called for her blood and Elphinston begged Elizabeth to consider the "dangers that might ensue to both realms by the increase of the factions which favored Papistry and the Queen of Scot's title." The St. Bartholomew massacre which occurred at Paris on August 14, 1572, stirred up a very bedlam of fury against Catholics in England and in particular against Mary; the temper of the time is summed up in the Bishop of London's blunt proposition "forthwith to cut off the Scottish Queen's head."

Mary's head remained on her suffering shoulders for fifteen years more, until Elizabeth's fears and animosity had reached their culmination, and the Babington conspiracy afforded a plea for the death of the Scottish Queen. Babington had sworn to free her and hope revived for the last time, but Babington, unknown to her, had coupled his design for her release with a plot to murder Elizabeth. The plot failed and the infamous star-chamber trial, with the issue that all the world knows, followed. The Earl of Kent, in announcing to Mary the hour fixed for her execution, made a statement which speaks volumes for the motives animating her accusers: "Madam," said he, "your life would be the death of our religion, and your death will be its preservation."

"Ah!" exclaimed Mary, "I did not flatter myself with the thought that I was worthy of such a death, and I humbly receive it as an earnest of my acceptance into the number of God's chosen servants."

"Did you not mark the power of truth, Bourgoigne?" she said, that night,— her last on earth. "I was, they said, to die for attempting the life of the Queen of England, of which you know I am innocent; but now this earl lets out the fact that it is on account of my religion. Oh, glorious thought, that I should be chosen to die for such a cause!"

Next morning she rose betimes and retired to her oratory where she administered the Blessed Eucharist to herself, by virtue of an unique privilege from the Pope. An hour later, with the words "Into thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit" upon her lips, the headsman's axe with two wounding blows and one fatal stroke released her.

To sum up, who was Mary's judge? Queen Elizabeth who had every reason to wish her destruction. Her accusers? Moray, the illegitimate half-brother, whom she herself armed with power and honor and whose life stands proved to be a tissue of the blackest treachery and ingratitude; Morton, beheaded for and owning to Darnley's murder; Lethington who finished a life of crime and intrigue by suicide; and Buchanan, liar, forger and atheist — a trustworthy lot! The evidence against her life and character? The Babington plot, complicity in which she denied on the scaffold; and the "casket letters." For a detailed account of these we must refer the interested reader to the *Dublin*

Review (Vols. 62 and 63) and to Miss Strickland's and Meline's life of the Scottish Queen. Suffice it here to say that the letters, which were alleged to have been written by Mary to Bothwell, would be, if genuine, conclusive evidence of her adultery. They were supposed to have been captured on June 20, 1567, yet no use was made of them until July 24; they would prove that Mary's marriage was voluntary and yet the lords, in whose possession they were, accused Bothwell on the 26th of June of "intercepting her majesty, holding her as his prisoner," carrying her forcibly away, compelling her to marry him and keeping her under restraint." The wonderful box in which they were found contained at first *a letter*, according to Moray's letter to the Spanish ambassador; afterwards it proved to contain three, then seven, then eight, and after fifteen months it yields up a number of sonnets. They were, according to Moray's and Morton's sworn testimony, written originally in French by the queen's hand and were so presented and explained by Buchanan — yet intrinsic evidence shows beyond all doubt that the copies presented at the trial (the originals were not!) were first composed in broad Scotch, then translated into Latin and afterwards into French. These are only a few of the contradictions that have not yet been explained by those who base Mary's guilt on the "casket letters."

On that wintry morning three hundred years ago with death looking in at her window, Mary Stuart wrote the following Latin prayer:—

O Domine Deus! speravi in te
O care mi Jesu, nunc libera me
In dura catena, in misera poena, desidero
Languendo, gemendo et genu flectendo
Adoro, imploro, ut liberes me!

O Lord God! In thee have I hoped; O my dear Jesus free me now. In the hard chain, in woful suffering, weeping and mourning and adoring on bended knee, I ask and implore thee to set me free!

Will her prayer be answered on earth as, we hope, it has been answered in Heaven?

DAY-DREAMS.

JOHN C. CONNOLLY.

DREAMING — yes, weaving the warp and the woof
Of a life that shall never be ours;
Yet who, in his wandering, would not turn aloof
From the briers to stray mid the flowers?

'Tis a dream that will bring into summer's own bloom,
Mid the snow-drifts, the roses of June;
'Tis a dream-borrowed pleasure will gladden our gloom,
Like the sunbeams that silver the moon.

THE VIOLIN'S STORY.

ALAN ADAIR.

IT had such a curious way of telling its story, this old Italian violin. At first, when it began to speak, the listeners could hear only vague sounds which trembled and moaned indistinctly; but ever and again there arose a whole wave of harmonies, that formed themselves into words which were comprehended by some, but not by all, for the highest and most beautiful things in the world need translation before they can be understood by the commonplace. It is only the nightingales that understand what it is that the nightingales sing.

But at last all heard one word — Cremona — and, as they heard it, they caught a glimmering of what Cremona must have been in the bygone, long-dead days, even before this violin had taken form. Cremona! city of music — city of love — of impassioned strains and long-drawn sighs — city of workers and toilers for the perfecting of instruments with which to make perfect music! That one word told of the soul these men had put into their art, — yea, of the love they bore it. It was as if every string strung in the city of music vibrated with the sound of that one word — "Cremona."

I was born at Cremona (said the violin). I would you could have seen our workshop. For centuries it had been the birthplace of the world-famed, world-admired violins. I myself am but a latter-day descendant of the old race, possessing none of the qualities of my ancestors save the accumulated knowledge that each true artist brings to the perfecting of his craft. Knowledge is the world's great inheritance, — a patrimony that each son of the earth may enjoy.

But to return to the house where our workshop was: it was tall, many-storied, with high gables and narrow windows that overlooked a courtyard in the centre of which stood a fountain, or rather a well; before the noonday heats and after the sun had gone down, the women used to come with their high earthen pitchers and gossip and sing, awaiting their turn to fill; and the songs they sang floated in to us on the warm, perfumed air, and the violins learned them so that they knew music even before they were made. I tell you every particle of a violin must feel music within it, if the violin is to make it. It was such a pretty sight, this courtyard with its white, uneven flag-stones, and its pot of oleanders and orange-trees, and the great vine crawling up the houseside like a serried throng of lusty soldiers up a mountain-steep. But women were needed to make the picture complete, and there were mostly women there, for besides those who came to fetch water, there were some who lived in the houses that formed three sides of the square courtyard, which had but one narrow egress.

These women were mostly washer-

women by profession, and their variegated clothes, hung out to dry in the wind, made a stir of life in the sleepy courtyard. Besides these, there was one other woman, the keeper of the fruit stall, and her fruits made a fine patch of color in the most shadowy corner.

Here it was that the apprentices, who were not always as eager to work as Messer Antonio, came to quench their thirst with the ripe, luscious fruit, so temptingly displayed. I knew many of them, for it takes a long time for a violin to become matured, and it is of one of the apprentices I will tell a story.

It was in the beginning of June; the strong sun was shining as brightly as if it had not been shining ever since the world began. Messer Antonio, with his sleeves well tucked up, was putting a touch of varnish on a violin. He was so sunburnt that the golden varnish almost seemed to be of the same color as his long arms and his great hands that touched the violins so lightly and tenderly.

A woman was crossing the courtyard, tall and stately, with a dignified walk that seemed to give the lie to the peasant's dress she wore. A little child, hardly able to walk, was clinging to the shapely yet labor-marked hand. The little fingers closed so firmly round the mother's that it seemed that the child knew by the contact alone how great was the support the mother *could* give.

The woman looked up at our house, as if in bygone days she had known it well, scanning it narrowly as if to discover if it were indeed unaltered. She seemed irresolute and strangely timid. She hesitated a long time before she took courage to enter.

It was the hour of noonday rest, and the apprentices had all dispersed. Messer Antonio alone remained working. He always loved to apply these cunning touches of his when he was quite by himself; the idle chatter of his workmen, who were young and giddy, disturbed him. He, having so great a reverence for his art, loved to practise it in silence and alone, and I, for one, could not wonder at it.

I heard the woman's step on the stairs. I think she must have been carrying the little one, for I heard only one footfall; but at the threshold she paused, and I heard a sound as if the little one had been placed on his feet.

Then the door opened, and I felt a tremulous excitement creep over me; but Messer Antonio seemed to hear nothing, but worked on steadily, evidently much satisfied with his results, for there was a contented smile upon his face that meant, "It is well done."

The woman entered, holding her child to her closely. She was pale under the sunburn on her cheeks, but she advanced quite steadily, and came within a yard of Messer Antonio. He looked up suddenly and gave a great start; the ruddy color forsook his face; he let fall his dearly-loved violin. It fell with a clatter, and he gave a hoarse cry of "Maddalena!" but there was nothing soft, nothing pitiful in the cry; rather one would have said a curse than a cry.

She fell down on her knees, as the peasant women do before the image of our Blessed Lady that stands at the corner of the courtyard, and stretched out her hands in supplication; but he neither spoke nor moved.

Then: "Father!" she cried appealingly.

He looked at her angrily and the great veins of his forehead stood out like cords, and the hot, passionate blood mounted to his face, and he cried, roughly, "What do *you* do here?"

Then she answered almost softly: "I crave forgiveness and mercy, father."

"I do not know them," he answered coldly and would have turned from her; but she took hold of her little one and pushed it towards him.

"Forgiveness for me, and mercy for my child," she said; but the little one, seeing its mother on her knees, plucked at her gown and looked defiantly at the man who was frightening her.

Messer Antonio turned an angry look upon the child, but in some wonderful fashion a little softening smile crept into the hard lines of his mouth.

"What do you do here?" he asked again, but a little less roughly. "Did I not bid you go with your accursed husband, since you elected to wed him? I told you I would never look upon your face again. Is he dead, then, that you have come back to me?"

He said this so brutally, one would not have recognized Messer Antonio.

"He is dead," she answered quietly, but with a great despair in her voice that made every word she uttered seem like a knife-thrust. "Dead to me — he has left me!"

"Left you?" There was a fiendish glee on Messer Antonio's face. "Left you! — and you have come to me!"

"Listen," she said breathlessly, and rose from her knees and confronted her father. "Let me speak! I will confess at once that you were right and I was wrong. You told me he was a ne'er-do-well, a scoundrel, a beggar who married me because I was a rich man's daughter — and I, I who loved him — tell you that you were right. He was all you said and more. He was so bad, so cowardly, so cruel, that my sole remaining desire is to be revenged on him!" (She stamped her foot, as if she could not express her anger sufficiently in any other way, and the great, passionate tears rained from her eyes.) "But I can do nothing! I am a helpless woman with a little child. Therefore I come to you; not on account of the love you have ceased to bear me, but for revenge. You were always revengeful, and I bring you Filippo. I give him to you! He is my darling; the apple of my eye; the very all of me; and I bring him to you to make of him my avenger. Do what you will with him. Here he is — but avenge me!"

She spoke in short, sharp breaths, panting with anger; but at the end she exhausted herself. She would have fallen prone to the ground but that Messer Antonio caught her and laid her, not ungently, on the wooden bench which the apprentices used. He was silent for a moment, and stood with bent head, pondering over her words.

I do not think it was emotion that subdued him, but a little wonder at the suddenness of the whole thing.

"If this is the reason of your coming, Maddalena, you are welcome," he said at last.

This is how Filippo, a little curly-haired child, came amongst us. But as for Maddalena, she would not stay.

"I do not come as a beggar," she answered Messer Antonio, when he spoke some words of protest at

her departure, and she spoke with the self-reliant air that I knew so well in Messer Antonio. "I can work—I do work. I could not come back here and eat your bread after you had cursed me and bidden me begone from your presence; and" —with a sudden gush of feeling that melted the rigid lines in her face— "I could not return here and live here, where I dreamt my girlish, fond dreams of happiness with *him!* The very stones in the courtyard would seem to jeer at me! A thousand stinging memories would crowd in upon me to madden me. No, I could not live here, but I will leave Filippo to you, if you like. Bring him up in ignorance of me. Swear to me you will make of him an instrument to avenge me!"

And now she turned to go.

"Good-bye, father," she said, and a great tremor shook her sonorous voice; she stooped and lifted little Filippo in her arms, and clasped him to her breast with hungry ferocity, and kissed him as if she fain would have left her life upon his lips; but Filippo, not understanding, burst into a passion of childish tears. "You will be kind to him," said Maddalena huskily. Then I noticed that Messer Antonio was standing with his huge back turned towards us all, and that his voice was very thick when he answered, almost gently, "I will do my duty by him."

And many a day have I seen Maddalena stand at the corner of the courtyard where the shadows lie the thickest, to catch a glimpse of Filippo as he passed; and once when he was playing amongst the children, I saw her snatch him up and cover him with kisses. My heart went out to her, poor hungry-eyed mother, poor deserted wife! but I could not make my sympathy known to her— which is the way of the world, you see. Those who suffer most say least; those who wish to speak find the words wanting. They are, as I was then, a violin without strings.

And after some time Maddalena came no more, and I could but conjecture that the fire and grief within her had consumed her.

. . . . . .

The years went on, and I would scarcely have marked their passing had not Filippino grown into Filippo, that is to say, from a curly-haired, chubby-cheeked child, into a slender, brown-skinned boy, and then into the most beautiful of youths. There are few things on earth as lovely to look upon as he was, and when he grew old enough to sit with the other apprentices on the long bench, and learn Messer Antonio's craft, there was none to compare with him in beauty of person or in the deftness which he showed in the making of violins. He put his soul into his work, as indeed every artist should; but he also possessed a most wonderful instrument of his own, in the form of the loveliest voice that had ever been given to mortal man. When he sang, his voice sounded like a thousand strings in unison. There were tones in it that reminded me of the sound of church bells, which floats in through the open windows, and brings with it its divine message of peace. There was a solemnity and yet a gayety in it that told of a reflective mind and of a gay young heart.

But the strangest thing of all was that Messer Antonio, who could not but love the lad, hated to hear him sing; this was all the more curious, as he was so gifted a musician that it seemed to me as if all

true music must needs have been delight in his ears.

As I have said, many years passed, and nothing of any importance happened, until one day a bearded stranger entered, who greeted Messer Antonio as if he had been acquainted with him in bygone days.

"You do not recognize me," he said; "yet, Messer Antonio, I was once an apprentice here, and it is to you I owe the renown I have gained. I am Giuseppe Nardi, whose violins almost rival yours."

Messer Antonio looked right glad to see him. "You are a great honor to me," he said. "I am always proud of you. Are you well — and married?"

Nardi shook his head. "No," he said, sombrely. "I told you then, I tell you now, life ended for me when *she* left us."

Messer Antonio stood silent for a little while, and then he pointed to Filippo, who sat amongst the apprentices. None of them, so much in awe were they of their master, durst lift their eyes from their work.

"That is Maddalena's son," he said. Giuseppe Nardi gave a great start.

"Her son?" he asked. "Then where is she? Was she not happy, my beloved one — tell me, for pity's sake, she is not dead?"

"I know not," answered Messer Antonio slowly, "whether she be alive or dead. Seventeen years ago she brought me her little one, brought him to me with but one desire, that I should educate him to avenge her. That villain, her husband, still lives, and Filippo shall be taught revenge when he is man enough to understand it. It is no boy's revenge but a man's that we need; in two years he will be twenty-one, and then my day will be at hand."

Giuseppe looked at Messer Antonio. "That is very wrong," he said gravely. "Maestro, he is a beautiful youth and deft with his hands. Make of him a useful man — you have made me one — and forego your revenge."

"He is only an instrument to me," said Messer Antonio; "he means nothing but the dagger with which to stab a traitor. What! have you forgotten Maddalena? Had you seen her seventeen years ago, you would not have spoken of forgiveness for *him*."

"Have I forgotten her?" asked Nardi. He had such a pleasant voice it was good to listen to it, even when it rang out sharp, laden with poignant regret. "Does my life not prove that I have *never* forgotten her? Yet my every thought is of the past joyous days, when I was young, and loved, and fancied myself beloved! But this boy now — with the golden light in his eyes — why should he not be a happy man, and a stay to your old age?"

"My old age requires no stay," said the maestro, and drew himself up proudly; and indeed he seemed so vigorous that it was almost an absurdity to talk of old age to him.

Nardi sighed. "I wish I could persuade you," he said.

"But you cannot," answered Messer Antonio. "No one, as you well know, has ever succeeded in diverting me from any purpose. I am too old to change now."

"May I speak to the lad?"

"As much as you like."

Then Nardi walked over to the apprentices' bench and held out his hand to Filippo. "I used to sit

here when I was young, and I knew your mother, Filippo. I want you to remember that if ever you want a friend you have but to come or to send to Giuseppe Nardi of Florence. I will always help you, for the sake of bygone days."

The young man looked up in surprise. "I thank you, sir," he answered, "and will think of your words, and if aught happen to make me require friendly aid I will come to you."

"That is right, my lad," said Nardi heartily; but he turned away with something like a sigh. He made his adieux to Messer Antonio, but returned of a sudden. "The singer Brondoni," he asked under his breath, "is the man, is he not? Remember, I never knew aught save that I had lost her."

"Yes," answered Messer Antonio fiercely.

"Can the lad sing?"

"Yes."

"You will make him his father's rival on the stage, then?"

"I had never thought of *that*. I had a far more vulgar way of snuffing him out; but, per Dio! you are a man of invention."

"I wish you would forego this revenge."

"I will *die* first," said Messer Antonio, and he spoke as if he meant it.

. . . . . .

The next occurrence that impressed me with a sense of importance was of a much softer character, — indeed it was what was then, ay, and always will be, the loveliest thing in a world brimful of lovely things to me — namely, a pair of young lovers, very young, very shy, feeling love for the first time, so ignorant of love itself that they scarce knew it had come to them. Words were few between them; yet there was a subtle language, spoken by their eyes and even by the movement of their hands, that was most eloquent. I was so happy to be a witness of it, for though I had an intuition that there was something called love in the world, yet I had never seen it. I knew of vague yearnings, dim longings, confused medley of sounds that needed but one thing to make them into music. I knew of all that, ever since I came into being, only it was all so difficult to me; and of a sudden all grew quite clear. That was when first I saw Filippo and the little Maria, whom I had seen grow up from childhood into shy girlhood, together.

Maria was the daughter of the woman who kept the fruit stall which the apprentices patronized, and she had always been so pretty that she was a joy to look at. Her tawny curls ran riot over her forehead, clung to the arch of her eyebrows and strayed down from her head to dance on her shoulder. It used to remind me of a beautiful silken net in which birds might be snared. I think that neither Filippo nor I, nor she herself, dreamt that she was approaching womanhood until this very afternoon I speak of.

It was mid-Lent; Messer Antonio had given his apprentices leave to enjoy themselves as they saw fit on this one holiday plucked from amid the sombre fast days. All of them were away, save Filippo, who, having the love of his craft strong in him, was intent on shaping a beautiful piece of seasoned wood. I heard a timid rap at the door, and when Filippo had cried "Come in," I know not who was the more sur-

prised, he or Maria, when the latter entered.

"I have come to see Messer Antonio," said the girl shyly. "Mother sent me to ask concerning the rent. It has been told us that the padrone wishes to increase it, and, indeed, we are too poor to pay more."

"I know nothing of it," answered Filippo. "Messer Antonio does not confide in any one, but I hope he will not increase your rent. He is quite rich enough as it is, he has no one belonging to him in this world to whom he could leave his money." Now I knew that Filippo ignored his relationship to Messer Antonio. "But he is not in the house just now. Will you sit down and wait a while?"

"Thank you," answered the girl simply, and Filippo pulled out the bench on which the apprentices sat, and made room for her. I think it must have been the first time in his life that he noticed how pretty she was, for he looked at her with much attention, so much so that the girl blushed and finally asked him, "Why are you looking at me?"

Filippo made no answer, but presently laid down his tools and seated himself next to Maria on the bench. "I am sorry about the rent," he said. "Are you quite sure Messer Antonio does intend to increase it?"

"I fear so, and then I know not what we should do, for here you see we are well known, and each morning the apprentices buy fruit from us because we are near — but so they would from any stranger, and our place would soon be filled up; but we — we must go out into the world and starve, for indeed we are too poor to pay more."

"You must not go away," said Filippo softly, with a little emphatic stress on the "you" that made the girl blush again.

"Ah!" she said, shyly, "I know you would help us, but how can you? Messer Antonio is a hard man."

"He is a very just man," answered the lad gravely, "and if you will let me, I will plead your cause for you."

"Will you?" she asked, joyously. "I should be so grateful. I am a little, only a very little, afraid of him, you know. I do not understand him."

Filippo smiled. "I do not fear him at all," he said. "He is always good to me and just."

"Then I will go," she said; but she showed no great alacrity.

"Why?" asked Filippo. "See, I am here quite alone and would be so happy if you would stay with me a little longer."

And then there fell between the twain a few moments of delicious silence. Maria's eyes were downcast. Filippo was trying to put into words a new conviction that had come upon him, but for a long time he could not. At last he said, with a certain awkward hesitation that did not sit ungracefully on him,—

"Maria, had you ever dreamt of loving any one?"

Maria looked up, startled; her eyes gave a sudden flash. "I do not know," she murmured.

But Filippo scarcely heeded her answer. "Because I have — often!" he cried, with growing fervor. "I have dreamt of it all through the summer nights and winter days. Whenever I have heard anything that was beautiful, anything that was good, I have known that love must needs be like it, and even more divine. And now, Maria, I *know* that my dreams of what love must

be are true, and that it is *you* whom I love."

He had knelt down beside her and reverently taken her hand in his. The two young heads were very close together, and suddenly as if by magic, ere either of them had realized the other's action, their lips were clinging in a first lover's kiss.

"You must be my little wife, Maria," whispered Filippo, and she drooped her head on his shoulder like a flower on its stem, but said nothing.

Then suddenly there was heard a great clatter up the stone stairs.

"The padrone!" gasped poor little Maria, and without another word she sped down the stairs, through the courtyard, and hid herself within the shelter of her mother's house.

"Was that not the little Maria who ran past me down the stairs? She was like a little whirlwind. What brought her?"

Messer Antonio was evidently in great good humor. He was not looking at Filippo when he asked the question; but when the lad answered, he turned round sharply.

"She and her mother had heard a rumor that you intended increasing their rent. I hope it is not so, padrone." It was only the sound of his voice, only the tremulousness in it, the tender way in which the "she" fell from the lad's lips, and yet Messer Antonio *knew*. His ruddy cheek turned pale. He faced the lad suddenly and looked at him fixedly.

"Whew!" he said — a long-drawn whistle, and that was all. Messer Antonio cruelly waited for Filippo to speak first.

"I hope you will not be hard on them, padrone, for I love her and have asked her to be my wife." He said it quite boldly; it was true that he did not fear Messer Antonio. It seemed to me that the old man was making a mental calculation as to what course he should take. He did not look very pleasant when he said —

"You are very young, Filippo."

"I shall grow older," said the lad. "Besides everything is so vague as yet. We should not want to marry for a long time. My wage is not sufficient."

"Oh!" quoth Messer Antonio, with a sigh of relief. "Listen to me. Of course it is nothing to me; you are not bound to do my wishes. Gratitude counts for nothing in this world, and you are your own master. But this very day I made some arrangements which I thought might please you. They will not interfere with your matrimonial engagements, in which, of course, you can please yourself entirely. Everybody manages their own marriages — mismanages, I should say. But if you will follow my advice, you could far better afford to keep a wife in a little while than by working out your time with me. For the matter of that you were never properly apprenticed and are an independent workman. Well, Filippo, to begin the matter, you have a money-making machine in that throat of yours, in the shape of a beautiful voice."

Filippo looked up much surprised. "Why, I thought you hated to hear me sing, padrone."

"But you have a fine voice, nevertheless, answered the padrone dryly. "The best tenor in Italy, I think, when it is cultivated, which it shall be, by the finest master in the world. Now do not thank me. I have pri-

vate reasons for what I do, a grudge which I owe to Brondoni, the tenor, whom I want supplanted. He thinks he can sing, the vain fool! Why, every note he sings rings false, as only a villain's notes can sound; and he shall be hissed off the stage yet, and 'tis you who shall show the people what singing means!"

"Can I do that, padrone?"

"You can — you shall; you are a musician. And as for that little revenge of mine, it need not concern you. Play into my hands, that is all; and as for the little Maria, it will be a proud day for her when she is the great tenor's wife!"

Filippo looked as if the news were too good to be true. With a sudden impulse he seized Messer Antonio's toil-worn hands and kissed them.

"I will do all you tell me, padrone," he cried, "and I will work for your sake and for my Maria's!"

"That is right," answered the old man. "I trust you, Filippo; remember that you do not disappoint me."

. . . . . .

And now there must be a little gap in my narrative, for I was presently pronounced to be a finished instrument, and removed to the keeping of a most excellent musician, and so was at last permitted to make music, which needs must be the greatest desire of a violin.

We were all much excited on the evening of which I am about to tell you, for there was to be the first representation of a great work by the famous master Gluck. There was always a great feeling against German music in Italy, and it was with difficulty that this work was allowed to be performed. I had been with my master to rehearsals, and had been delighted with a certain tenor whom all men called Filippo Filippino, but whom I knew to be my own dear Filippo, who was singing a part which has since been sung by women, so fresh was his voice; and all along I heard great discussions as to how Brondoni would take his dismissal from his post of *primo tenore*. Of course my knowledge that Brondoni was none other than Filippo's father added great piquancy to this performance. It seemed to me that no one knew it except myself, and I counted for nothing, for I was but a violin in the orchestra,— one voice amongst many; but for all that I knew a great deal, and looked forward with no small excitement to the evening's performance.

Well, it is divine music — we all know that — and as for my Filippo, he was perfect. I had looked around for Messer Antonio, and sure enough I had found him, radiant, glowing with pride; and next to him, in the full charm of her young womanhood, sat Maria.

"Dear lad! He has been faithful to her, then," I thought with satisfaction, for Maria's presence with Messer Antonio was a sure sign that Filippo was still her betrothed, if not her husband.

The first part went superbly. Filippo surpassed himself; and then suddenly there arose, I know not whence, a sinister rumor. It was whispered, first amongst the musicians in the orchestra — whispered by some with horror, by others with derisive smiles and shrugs; and when the curtain was over-long in rising, I knew the report must have reached Filippo, and the rumor was — "Brondoni has stabbed himself!"

It came upon me like a thunder-

bolt. Did Messer Antonio know? I wondered that he sat there so erect, so sure of himself, so proud of Filippo's success, and then I trembled at the horror of it all, for it meant nothing else but that, through the son's instrumentality, the father had made away with himself. It was so horrible! My poor unsuspecting Filippo singing away so lustily for art's sake, for Maria's sake, for love's sake; all the time an instrument of revenge — himself innocent of all revenge.

I thought of Giuseppe Nardi. "Forego revenge," he had said. And then I remembered Messer Antonio's answer: "I am too old to be diverted from my purpose," and it seemed to me that the world had become more jangled and out of tune than ever, and that no amount of striving could ever put it right.

Yes, the news travelled to Messer Antonio, for he had become impatient of the delay, and had asked the reason, and had learned it. I saw the ruddy color leave his cheeks, the sunken eyes flare up, and then suddenly he sank back in his seat, an inert mass. Most likely the horror of it had burst upon him; perhaps for the first time he realized that he had made of the son the father's murderer.

Maria's thoughts were revealed in her face. Her anxious eyes gazed at the curtain. Doubtless she was impatient to witness her lover's further triumph, and a little anxious withal, lest aught should ail him. Presently there was a commotion on the stage behind the curtain. Filippo's young voice rang out lustily, louder than any other: —

"Of course we will continue; why not? I am sorry, of course; but why should Brondoni's death stop us? A man should learn to take defeat. It is only cowards who kill themselves!" said the bold voice, whose owner had never known what it was to suffer a day's unhappiness. "And he was not worth much — Messer Antonio always said he was a villain!" There seemed to me almost a cry of exultation over the defeated and dead singer.

"Oh, hush — I pray you hush!" said another voice in an agonized whisper.

The curtain was still down, and we of the orchestra could hear, but not the audience.

"I will not hush!" said Filippo impatiently. Perhaps the thought of his beautiful sweetheart, and how she had come to enjoy his success, made him a little ruthless. "Are we to stop a whole performance, because a man has killed himself, Nardi?"

Then I felt a little relieved, for I remembered that Nardi knew, and would surely tell the lad in the gentlest manner why it was that he, of all singers, must sing no more that night.

"You must stop!" said Nardi firmly.

"You are mad!" cried Filippo. "Leave the stage, Nardi, and ring the curtain up."

"You must not, Filippo! *You* of all men, must not sing."

"Why I?" cried Filippo furiously. Why I, of all men? What was Brondoni to me that I must not sing because he is dead?"

There was a little pause, and it seemed to me as if Filippo even must have begun to suspect something, for his voice was hoarse when he whispered, "Speak!"

"He was your father," said Nardi.

"You lie!" was the answer, in sharp, decisive tones.

"It is God's truth," answered Nardi. "He was my rival. We both loved Maddalena, Messer Antonio's daughter—your mother. He won her, married her, and deserted her; and this is Messer Antonio's revenge."

"Do you know what it is you are saying?" cried the lad. "Do you know that I have this man's blood on my head, and that if he is my father, I have killed my father? Do you know that I have worked to supplant him, that my one aim was to show the people what a worthless singer he was, that I have driven him to his death, and you tell me quietly he is my father? It is horrible — horrible!" No one spoke, and then suddenly Filippo cried, "Where is Messer Antonio — my grandfather — that I may have my revenge on him?"

"Leave revenge," said Nardi once more. "There has been too much revenge already!"

And so it was that the great master Gluck's work was not performed in its entirety, and that gradually the astonished audience left the theatre, and I was sad at heart indeed, and wondered what end there could be to so calamitous a story.

For a long time I heard nothing more, for Filippo never sang again; but one evening we had been taking part in a grand service that had been performed in the cathedral. As we came out of the dark church into the still night air, we stumbled against a monk who was crouching in the shade of the porch, trying to hear the notes of the voluntary which the organist was playing.

"Pardon," said the monk, as we stumbled against him, and the white face, wan in the moonlight, and the voice were Filippo's; and it seemed to me not unlikely that he should have taken his sorrow and his remorse and consecrated them with himself to the service of God, not as a criminal does, but as a victim.

Of Messer Antonio and of Maria, I heard that he had endowed the latter with all his wealth, and that she was about to be married to a well-known maker of violins. Poor little Maria! I suppose she was not an instrument of very fine tone herself — but then we cannot all be violins of Cremona.

TEMPLE OF ARTS.

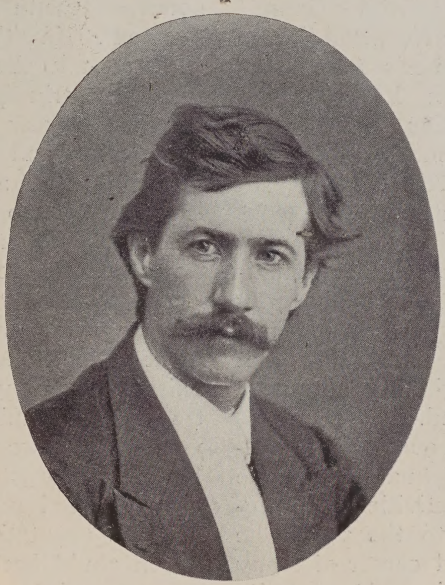
From Hœsslin's painting.

Augustin Daly of To-day.

AUGUSTIN DALY.

JOHN TALBOT SMITH.

FOR thirty years the most noted and successful manager of his day has been laboring in the field which nature and taste urged him to enter almost at the beginning of his career. Much has been written of him within the last decade, mostly of a contradictory character; but friends and enemies agree that for tireless activity, lofty standard, and fruitful labors, Augustin Daly is not only the greatest theatrical manager in the United States, but probably in the world. He has united in himself the offices of dramatist, adapter, stage-manager and business man, trained an entire school of actors, built up a fortune, and carried through financial enterprises which might easily take up the time of a clever financier; and he has done this between his thirtieth and his sixtieth year, preserving up to this moment a youthfulness of appearance, expression and spirit, which belong only to well-regulated men of forty.



AGUSTIN DALY AT THIRTY-FIVE.

It is perhaps superfluous to describe a career so well known to the community; but in order that readers may get an idea of its energy and activity, a bare summary of what Augustin Daly has accomplished in the last quarter of a century will not come amiss. So varied and numerous, so original and successful have been his enterprises, that a summary is difficult for the writer and in a measure unjust to the manager. Daly has always been far ahead of his day. In consequence it has been his hard lot not only to write and adapt plays, but also to train actors, build theatres, collect and educate audiences; in a word, to create a whole order of things which would meet the requirements of his own standard, and which did not exist before him.

He began his career as a journalist, became in time an adapter of plays, then turned dramatist himself, and so mounted the managerial throne. As a playwright he had remarkable success. His sensational melodramas "Under the Gaslight" and "A Flash of Lightning" held the stage for

many years, and provided him with the means to carry out his first great enterprises; and both possessed such vitality as to be the source of many profitable imitations. The former play is still on the stage, a great favorite with small companies. In a frontier play called "Horizon" he used the character of the American Indian with better effect than either dramatist or novelist has used it before or since; in "Pique" and "Divorce" he won two of the great successes accorded to American dramatists; he was the first to dramatize and stage "Griffith Gaunt" by Charles Reade, "Norwood" from Henry Ward Beecher's facile pen, Dickens' "Pickwick Papers," and Wilkie Collins' "Man and Wife;" from the sentimental drama of France and the farcical comedy of Germany he has made two score adaptations for his various companies; and into all these dramatizations and adaptations he has put so much of his own work, his own methods, his own personality, that they enjoy an originality not usual in works of this kind.

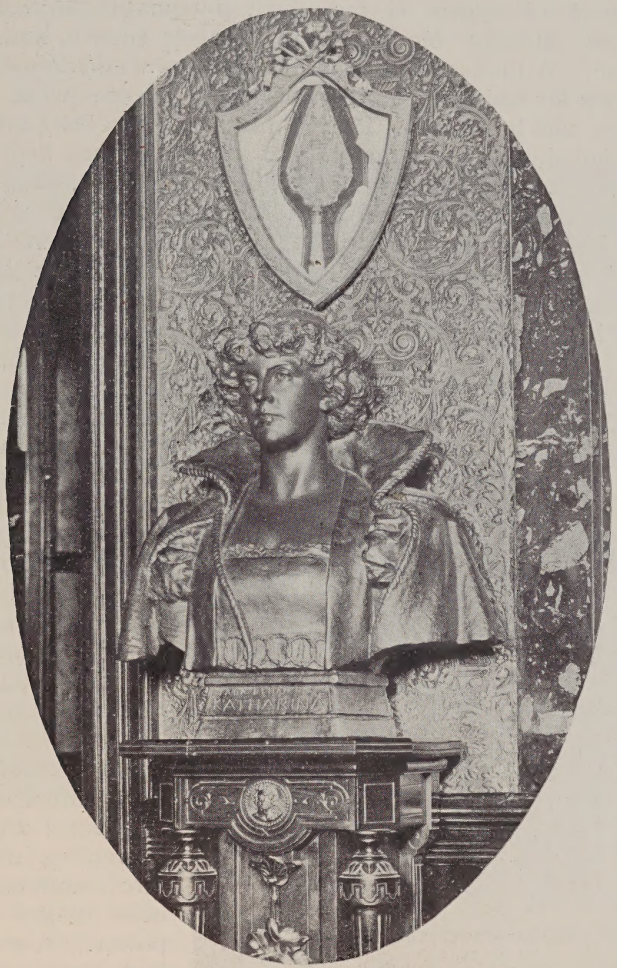
It would take a comfortable volume to describe adequately this one department of his activities. In presenting his plays to the public he made the name and career of many famous actors of this and an earlier day. The list is long; such stars as Agnes Ethel, Clara Morris, Fanny Davenport, Edith Kingdon (now Mrs. George Gould), Kate Claxton, Bijou Heron, Ada Dyas, Mrs. Scott-Siddons, Emily Rigl, Catherine Lewis, Sara Jewett, Isabel Irving, and Ada Rehan, with a host of minor abilities, made their entrance into fame's temple under his tuition and training. Actors of such merit as George Clarke, Louis James, James Lewis, John Drew, Charles Coghlan, Charles Richman, with many others, received their earliest training from him; until it has become a recognized fact with managers and actors that a schooling under Daly means talent in the actor and perfect development of that talent. The careers of the people just mentioned have been so conspicuous and successful that readers can learn from them the value of that training which Daly lavished on his company of actors.

While writing and adapting plays, and training his actors, he was deeply concerned with the business management. In this respect he has suffered all the reverses and enjoyed the triumphs that accompany the rise of any financier to public confidence; and if his hair is not yet white, from anxieties of this sort, it is a tribute to the strong will and resourceful ingenuity which found a way out of every difficulty. The sum and test of his achievement in this department was the establishment of his London theatre, now in existence some years, and in spite of tremendous difficulties giving each year greater promise of permanency. It was a characteristic achievement, accomplished not alone by money and the reputation of his company, which could hardly carry an American enterprise near to the hearts and pockets of our chilly well-wishers in England.

It was not a mere financial venture. Its artistic significance to American dramatic art was of greater importance. The foreign dramatic artist used to think it condescension to act in America, — an illumination at the same time of the Americans. Daly's company in London, Paris and Berlin, with its finished performances of Shakesperean comedy and German

farce, brought many a wrinkle to the brow of European conceit.

Such, in briefest outline, is the material side of Mr. Daly's career for the past thirty years. The experienced can easily calculate the vast amount of labor involved in the writing, adapting and staging of seventy distinct productions of his own, in staging two-score plays by other authors, in preparing and staging twenty-two comedies; and in reviving fifteen Shakesperean comedies and tragedies, — in round numbers one hundred and fifty different and mostly difficult pieces within the period of thirty years! Add to this numerical statement the Daly method of preparing these plays, the splendor of presentation, the infinite pains in choosing and training the actors, the originality of thought ex-

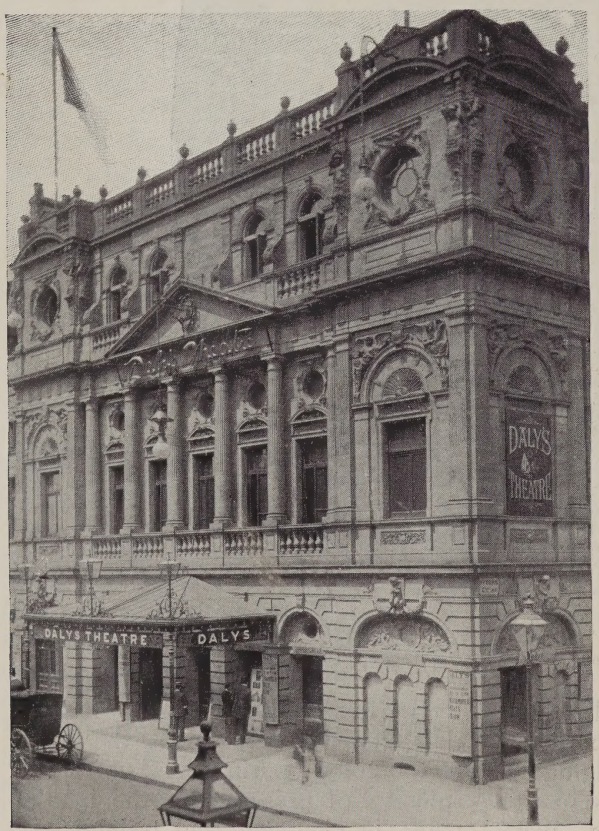


BRONZE BUST OF REHAN AS KATHERINE, IN "TAMING OF THE SHREW."
(The Silver Trowel above the Bust was used in laying the corner stone of Daly's London Theatre.)

pended on each production, and one has a fair idea of the engrossing labors of those three decades.

The personality of the man who has accomplished so much is not well known even in the dramatic profession, a proof of which is the legendary lore already blooming about his name. A thousand stories are told of Daly for which no legitimate parentage can be found. The critics praise and abuse him by turns, his actors are either mildly laudatory or grimly silent, playwrights seem to fight shy of him, and his brother-managers, being for the most part his imitators, and not infrequently poachers on his preserves, are as discreet in speaking of him as he is silent about them.

Besides the legends in circulation in dramatic circles, there is an occasional outburst of controversy among the more vehement critics; but Mr. Daly pursues his career and his ideas in absolute silence, and as a result the general world knows very little of him except what they learn through his successes and failures on the stage. He has kept up this admirable reticence, and still more admirable eloquence of good deeds, for three decades. It may be surmised that he will be thus reticent and thus eloquent to the end.



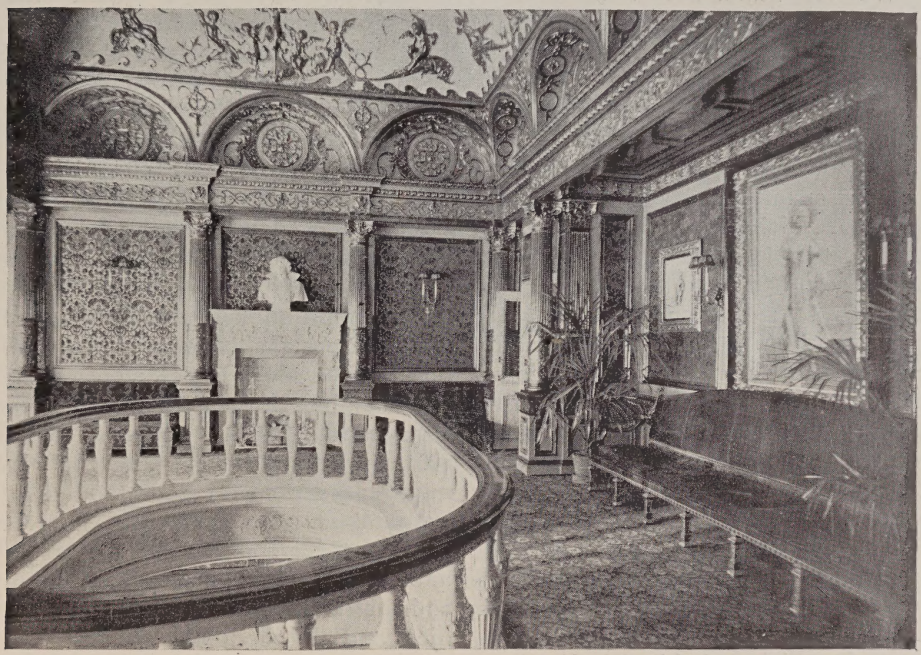
DALY'S LONDON THEATRE.

To meet him for the first time after forming a mental picture of him from his profession and his achievements, means a rather pleasant surprise. He looks like the ideal poet, rather than the successful manager: tall, slender, well-proportioned, graceful and nervous in movement, self-possessed in repose; face delicate in outline, thoughtful and serious in expression; hard as a flint in business moments, flexible, mischievous, humorous in social moments; dreamy and sad in repose, indicating the rare combination of business ability and poetic power. Almost sixty, he looks no older than a scholarly man of forty, and the average acute observer would take him for a college professor of the most intellectual sort. He is undoubtedly ambitious; his energy has been proved, and he is probably im-

patient and irritable in the immediate labor of reaching a goal, as one mostly finds the brainy and energetic. His love of retirement is as much the result of his methods of work as of his temperament, but the latter is largely a determining cause. In the early days, when a large display of his personality might have been advantageous, he remained steadily

grief, which in Augustin Daly's case have not lessened his activity, and have perhaps elevated his standard of thought and labor. As can be suspected, it is much easier to deal with him as a neighbor than as a manager; and this accounts, perhaps, for the diversity of opinion about him.

His immense labors have not



FOYER OF DALY'S LONDON THEATRE.

in the background; and at this moment he finds it quite difficult to control his nerves when called upon to address an audience from his own stage, in response to enthusiastic greetings.

Adversity in his early career and deep domestic sorrow in the days of his triumph have thoroughly chastened his great success in life. No capable and thoughtful man but is all the better for both adversity and

shortened his life, nor lessened his interest in the future, and he is as busy to-day extending the great influence acquired in his career as if he were but at the beginning. He loves work. He has seen many of his early dreams realized. His position as the most original, successful and high-minded manager in America is assured. He has no rival among all his imitators, nor among his peers. Better than all this, he is now, as he

has been from the start, an abounding and potent force for good. How he came to reach this fine position, unique in the dramatic world, is more truly the history of his career than any chronological account or detailed description of his productions could be. The source of his influence is that from the commencement he strove for the best, and his standard was very high.

We all remember the dubious reputation which hung about the theatre thirty years ago. It was in fear and trembling that the young stole within its unhallowed precincts, half dreading a manifestation of infernal powers, or of the flames that encompassed infernal existence. There was more diabolism to be found in the theatre of that day than the eye could see, and Augustin Daly was the first to make war upon and to destroy it. The demi-monde made the theatre their chamber of commerce, their spider's web for the unwary fly; and the unsavory class known as the men about town sought out in it the victims of their leisure hours.

The evil was universal, and well known to managers, who mostly feared to do battle with it, until Daly showed the way by inviting a struggle which ended in the complete withdrawal of the pleasure-mongers from the theatres which he controlled. It was a sharp contest, but the end was never doubtful; and the victory was so decisive that Daly's theatre has ever since been known as one to which the young might be sent with perfect safety, as far as the human spiders were concerned. His example was speedily followed by other managers, and his success certainly contributed to theirs; so that in our day it has become a necessity of the situation that the patronage of a city theatre shall be thoroughly respectable, and the theatre precincts free from unholy callings.

The plays which Daly presented were ever as clean as his theatre. He prepared them with such care, mounted them with such splendor, and interpreted them through actors so admirable, as to make clear the fact that audiences can be interested successfully by plays which the purest can attend without regret. For this he has been much sneered at by certain critics, whose cavillings brought more money to his treasury than to their own. The beauty of his stage-settings is very well known now throughout the land, but it is not so widely known that in this regard he set the pace for the American manager.

His ambition has always been of the intellectual sort, not the financial, and in later days the element of the spiritual has been added. In consequence he lavishes upon his plays all the care and beauty that the circumstances demand and good taste permits. He selects the noblest plays that have illumined the stage, and gives them annual presentation, as in the case of Shakespere's comedies and the comedies of the old school; formerly he took pains to present them without any traces of old-time looseness of expression and situation, and now he endeavors to present them with their fullest spiritual significance. He has striven for dramatic expression so complete in all its parts that the stage might come to be looked upon as a beneficial rather than an indifferent, or harmful, force in society.

It was he who made the first wholly successful attempt to give the actor his proper place in so-

ciety as a member of the artistic brotherhood. The unconventional personage who acted in ante-bellum days was as much beyond the pale of society as the gypsy, and had a similar reputation. He was as great a freak of nature to the ordinary citizen as any in the dime museums, and his conduct was really freakish. Daly introduced the methods which have helped to transform the average actor into a staid member of society; he began by paying his actors salaries which made the acting-world stare. Charles Coghlan came over from England to act for him at a salary of $350 a week, and the news paled the face of every manager in the land. He insisted on certain rules of conduct for his actors; rules which made the green-room as orderly as any assembly-room of self-respecting citizens and did away with many painful abuses of the earlier days.

REHAN AS ROSALIND.

He encouraged thrift among his actors. He discouraged all tendencies toward that Bohemian life which makes pleasant reading for the multitude, but meant hideous living and mournful tragedies for hundreds of men and women. In carrying out his ideas he has that unconquerable stubbornness and insistence which irritates the sluggish world to madness, by its adherence to plan in the face of argument and persuasion, even bribery. His reforms have, therefore, become the natural order of things at the close of this century. The theatres are respectable and safe; the play is generally clean, and always splendidly mounted; the actors are in good part persons of character, and are very well paid, and the stage has mounted to a position of real influence in regard both to art and to society.

For these advantages the country owes a heavy debt of gratitude to Daly, as well as to those who followed his methods and supported his reforms, or who introduced other reforms in the same spirit. It should be remembered that he worked and succeeded amid all the discouragements which crowd upon men of high ideals. The multitude had no sympathy with him, the intellectual often opposed and ridiculed him; and the speculators in theatrical properties never missed a chance to rend him according to their wolf-

ish nature. His triumphs abroad bred spite in England and envy at home.

With all his success his struggle against downward tendencies has never been laid aside; nor can it ever be. At this moment public taste in New York, which he did so much to elevate, has been attacked by men as far apart as Frohman and Hammerstein. The latter has erected a music hall, which bids for the support both of the mob and the cultured, in Barnum's style; while Frohman, a manager of some success, introduces the nasty plays of refined life at his best theatre, and for the common crowd presents and forces to a run, as he did last winter, a play distinguished by the worst bit of obscenity New York has seen in its dramatic history. These managers are merely money-makers, caterers to the public, ready to provide anything which will sell; and men like Daly and Palmer are forced in self-defence to resist their assaults upon the patronage which taste, self-respect, and lofty ambition built up and instructed.

Men of Daly's ideals always build better than they know, and to my mind his greatest achievement lies in a measure outside the circle of his main ambition. He has done all that one man could do, and it may be said that he won the honor unaided, to give the Christian world in America some idea of the social and educational importance of the stage, of their relations to it, and of the obligation of the leaders towards keeping it in sound moral condition.

All Christians are behind the age in this matter, and quite behind their European brethren. The fashion in church circles is to hold the theatre in horror, and to forbid its precincts to clergymen, and to the more devoted Catholics. This conduct is the more curious when it is seen how favorably the press is treated by comparison. The daily journals of New York are found on every hand, almost in every household; yet there is more villainy for old

REHAN IN "THE HEART OF RUBY."
(Painted by a Japanese Artist.)

and young, more pruriency, more dirt in a week's issue of the New York journals than in all the plays which are produced on the American stage in a year.

At the present moment the American stage is a remarkably clean institution, and if it is to remain so the Christian leaders must support with might and main such managers as Daly and Palmer. No thanks are to be given to churchmen for the present moral condition of the stage. The credit belongs to the men who fought for decency, and proved to us that decency pays, when the clergy were silent and indifferent, or spoke only to denounce particular stage immoralities.

My own experience in this matter is instructive. Convinced years ago that the leaders had no call to neglect so important a social force as the theatre, which the clergymen themselves had revived in the early centuries, I gave a place to criticism of current drama and notices of Catholic actors in a Catholic journal then under my charge. The usual hue and cry arose from the scandalized, and authority was asked to use its gracious influence in suppressing the scandal. I pointed out to the authorities the significant facts in the case as a vindication of my course: that the play was more moral than the press, that American actors were at least one-third Catholics, that it would not do to ignore them and their plays; that if Christian sentiment was to have any influence on the play Christians must take an interest in it other than that of the watch-dog; that in Paris such Catholic journals as *Le Correspondant* reviewed plays both good and bad, while I noticed only the good; that no public paper in Europe presumed to ignore the theatre, and that even so conservative a journal as the London *Tablet* often reviewed the current drama.

Perhaps none of my arguments was considered worth a straw except the mention of the *Tablet*. As good luck would have it that excellent journal had just devoted two numbers to an exhaustive criticism of a play then running, "The Village Pastor," afterwards a failure in New York at Palmer's under the title of "The Broken Seal." This settled the matter, and the complaints of the unsophisticated were passed over. Since that time the Catholic temper has changed for the better under Daly's tutelage. His charitable loaning of his theatre and his company to needy institutions, the bringing together on these occasions of all classes of Catholics, the clean plays presented, the better understanding of the stage and its possibilities, and the object-lesson of a perfect theatre, perfect company, moral play, well-behaved audience, have had their proper effect.

In due time the natural result will arrive. The religious play will find its way to the stage to reproduce in the twentieth century the scenes of Christian life in all ages, the martyr of the Coliseum, the missionary to far lands, the hero, the statesman, the Pope who fought the good fight of his people in those rugged days of old, called "dark" by the bats of the Reformation.

Already the realists of France and America have seen the wealth of dramatic incident hidden in Catholic life; Sardou in "La Tosca" finds place for the crucifix, and intensifies a climax with the Catholic's dread of judgment; Wilson Barrett announces "The Sign of the

Cross;" Marie Madison makes her Heroine in "The Witch" kiss a crucifix in the godly, witch-burning town of Salem. Catholics alone are still forbidden to do that which pagans are paid and praised for doing. However, the road is being paved for their feet, and Mr. Daly may be said to have done most of the paving.

He has been true to his own ideals, without bothering himself, I suspect, about the religious side of the drama; yet in all that he has achieved there has been a steady building up of that better structure which may not have been in his mind. He has demonstrated that the stage can be made a power for good, that the artistic and the true, when sought for in dramatic art with judgment, can even be made to pay, — that is, can be made a success. This is the highest form of labor, to bring the multitude up to the temple of beauty, or of truth, or of right, and hold them therein by the splendor of one's interpretation of the beautiful, the true, and the good. The teacher's sole aim is successful interpretation of this kind.

Augustin Daly has won this very great success. At this moment he is laboring harder than ever to keep the people on the heights. All around him is indifference, temptation, opposition, and very slight encouragement; but the stubbornness of his nature carries him right on, through trouble, to his ideals. It is useless to burn the incense of wordy praise before such a man. His career, his success, his mighty battle for the best, his happy welding of the artistic with the profitable, his wonderful activity, his youthful heart and youthful appearance, his business enterprise, his intellectual culture,— these are gifts from God, and human praise is as the idle wind beside them. Still we can give him the approbation which even the great Augustus craved from his friends, though conscious how weak is approbation before such a career: "It seems to us, Augustus, Imperator, thou hast well played thy part in life's comedy."

APOLOGIA MEA.

FREDERIC E. WEATHERLY.

CHIDE not your spouse because he sings
Of half a hundred loves,
Of Daphne's hair, and eyes, and rings,
Of Chloe's fans and gloves;
This is a mercenary time,
And these — degenerate days,
And so your spouse must sling his rhyme,
Because — because it pays.
Think him not fickle as the wind,
Nor deem his heart untrue,
Because he rhymes a thousand times,
And not one verse to you;
Leave him to turn them as he will —
A wife such homage spurns;
You have his heart, and, better still,
The guineas that he earns!

RECENT LEGISLATION AND INDIVIDUAL RIGHTS.

HON. WILLIAM SULZER.*

LL legislation in some way, directly or indirectly, affects individual rights. This being a conceded fact, it ought to follow as a logical sequence that the least legislation is generally, for all the people, the best legislation. This is so, especially, when legislation seeks to curtail and infringe upon the liberties, privileges, rights and immunities of the individual.

Every citizen should enjoy the largest degree of individual liberty compatible with the welfare of society, and consistent with the rights and privileges of others. The individual man is supposed to be a free man in this country. Here he is supposed to enjoy the largest share of the blessings of individual happiness and liberty; to think for himself, to act for himself, to speak for himself, in fact to be a free agent in all things concerning his constitutional rights and privileges. Therefore, all legislation that hampers him, interferes with him, or clothes him with unnecessary and additional restraints is pernicious, unless it be essential to the absolute welfare of the state and the rights of his fellow-man.

There is undoubtedly too much legislation to-day. Its trend against individual rights seems to be increasing with alarming rapidity and amazing facility. It takes within its scope about everything conceivable, and if it goes on much longer, it will make the American citizen a mere statutory automaton. It will surprise any student of passing events to glance over the session laws of the different state legislatures during the past few years. A superficial examination will, I think, fully convince him that there is much legislation to-day that is as useless and foolish as it is obnoxious and dangerous. The legislative mills grind on and on, year after year, until at the present time, I believe there is hardly an individual in all the land who does not violate some unnecessary, ineffective, useless and forgotten statute, every day of his life.

One of the crying legislative evils of the day is the tendency toward paternal legislation. In some of the state legislatures, during the past few years, this kind of legislation has run mad. The representatives of the people seem imbued with the idea that their constituents, or at all events most of them, are unable to take care of themselves, unable to conduct their own affairs, and hence must have a guardian in the nature of some inane enactment of statutory interference with personal rights.

Some of this busybody legislation concerning the affairs of individuals is ludicrous, and if it were not so serious in its ultimate purposes and results, could be treated as a farce for a mid-summer night's entertain-

* Congressman from New York.

ment. It would take too long even to briefly catalogue recent laws of this character; just a specimen here and there will answer.

Within a few weeks the legislature of Ohio treated the world to a serio-comic enactment against high hats in theatres. Why, I wonder, did it not in its wisdom entirely prohibit hats in theatres? Another state legislature has been amusing itself, and adding to the satisfaction of cranks, by solemnly debating a bill to make it a misdemeanor to ask anyone to take a drink of spirituous or malt liquor. Why not adopt prohibition in all its entirety and be done with it? The Illinois legislature has just made itself ridiculous by enacting a flag-raising law, and incidentally casting odium on the good name of its state by indicting the Governor as the first offender. New York's representatives have just passed the odious and discriminating Raines Law, and another state, a curfew law for bad little children and scolding women; and so on and on ad infinitum in all the state legislatures, exhibitions of experimental legislative paternalism run mad;— a veritable epidemic of extravagant farce comedy and opera bouffe.

An epidemic seems to have broken forth among law makers, in all the states, that everything must be regulated by the legislature. The sanctity of no one is safe from legal regulation; no privilege left without statutory restraint, and no vested right free from legislative disturbance. How much longer will it continue? How much longer will the people submit to it, and endure it? If it is not speedily checked, there is no telling the end of the mad enthusiasm for this odious legislative paternalism incident to the dying decade of the nineteenth century.

All of this pernicious legislation affects the rights of individuals to an alarming extent. Half of it should never be on the statute books, and more than half is never enforced by the constituted authorities. Besides too much unnecessary legislation, there is too much legislative officiousness. Many of these useless statutes are unconstitutional, but as they are never enforced, their constitutionality is never tested by the courts. Many are void because unintelligible, and a hasty investigation demonstrates their utter absurdity and inefficiency.

In legislation, as in all other things, the best rule to follow is plain, every-day, practical common sense, not only in purport and intent of the statutes, but in their construction and phraseology. "More common sense and less tautology," would be a good motto over the chair of every Speaker of every legislature in the country; more plain Anglo-Saxon English and less ambiguity, a good rule for every legislator who drafts a bill, and more care and discrimination in the enactment of laws the best remedy for the relief of overburdened statute books.

No legislation should be enacted into law unless essential, and demanded for the good and the protection of all. No more new laws, unless imperatively demanded by sober public sentiment, or by some obvious pressing need or emergency. If this view is taken there is some hope for relief, and some improvement in statute making to be hoped for, in the future. The remedy is with the people.

Wm Sulzer

A HUNDRED YEARS OF ROBERT BURNS.

THOMAS O'HAGAN, M.A., PH.D.

IT is just a century since the remains of Robert Burns were committed to their kindred dust in Saint Michael's churchyard, Dumfries, Scotland. Like Shakespere, the prince of lyrists has grown greater through the ripening years, till now, a hundred years after his death, at the close of the nineteenth century, his genius holds in the heart of mankind universal sway. What potency, what witchery did the monarch poet of Scotland possess? Something assuredly more than art. Let us briefly trace the character of his gifts and the character of his times.

First as to the age he lived in: He was born when democracy was beginning to assert itself.

> The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
> The man's the gowd for a' that.

So sang Burns in that greatest of democratic poems, "A Man's a Man for a' that." The message of the eighteenth century to man was "Thou shalt cease to be the slave of nobles and despots who oppress thee; thou art free and sovereign." Hallam, referring to this period, says: "Upon the whole matter it must be evident to every person who is at all conversant with the publications of George the Second's reign, with the poems, the novels, the essays and almost all the literature of the time, that what are called the popular or liberal doctrines of government were decidedly prevalent. The supporters of the Walpole and Pelham administrations, though professedly Whigs and tenacious of Revolution principles, made complaints both in Parliament and in pamphlets of the democratical spirit, the insubordination to authority, the tendency to republican sentiments, which they alleged to have gained ground among the people."

The seventeenth century dethroned the divine right of kings at the point of the sword, but it required the first half of the eighteenth century to prevent the return of the evil spirit cast out, for the Georges would have played the rôle of the Stuarts had the power and will of the people not restrained them. In philosophy and literature a mighty change was taking place. Materialism, which in a changed form we see continued to our own day, found its strongest exponent in John Locke, and the philosophic doctrines of Bolingbroke jingled through the hobby-horse couplets of Pope, whose Essay on Man is as false morally as its style is artificial and wearisome.

The Church of England was in a dead state. The fox-hunting parson described in one of Cowper's poems had let his spiritual vineyard grow with tares and thistles, while he drew his goodly stipend for riding behind the barking concourse of his hounds. The religious life of the country had, however, received something of an impetus from the fervid preaching of a Whitfield and

a Wesley, whose spirituality and asceticism eminently fitted them, had they but received the light of Catholicism for the missionary work of Jesuits.

George III was proclaimed king when Burns was a year and a half old. The conquest of India under Clive was in progress. Among statesmen of that age we have Pitt, Charles James Fox and Edmund Burke. Among literary men we find the names of Dr. Samuel Johnson, William Shenstone, William Cowper, Gray, whose great poem renders his name immortal, Oliver Goldsmith, Edward Gibbon, author of the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," Richard Brinsley Sheridan, who said the wittiest things, made the best speech and wrote the best play of his times, and whose kinsman, Lord Dufferin, is to-day the greatest diplomat in the service of the British Crown, George Crabbe, and during the latter part of it, William Wordsworth and Southey, Charles Lamb and Samuel Taylor Coleridge, Walter Scott and Lord Byron.

Coming to this side of the Atlantic we find that when Burns was a nine-months old babe in his mother's arms, Wolfe snatched the Bourbon lilies from the brow of New France, and Voltaire declared that the loss of New France was of little account, — only a few arpents of snow. Burns was just fifteen when the thirteen States of America, goaded by unjust treatment, revolted from the British Crown, and had reached his seventeenth year when they declared themselves "free, sovereign and independent."

At the time of Burns' birth Louis XV, one of the meanest and basest of human creatures, was on the throne of France. He wasted the resources of France on his vicious pleasures and under his rule the country ripened apace for her doom. Democracy had not yet in France reared its giant arm, but there were already distant rumblings, and it was but a few years later, when an outraged people, cruelly oppressed by the merciless hand and iron heel of a corrupt nobility, rose in their might.

But it is perhaps of deeper concern to us here to know into what kind of a Scottish inheritance (social, literary, religious and political) Burns was born, when in the parish of Alloway, about two miles from the seaport town of Ayr, on a cold winter night, as the poet himself tells us,

> A blast o' Janwar' win'
> Blew hansel in on Robin.

"When Burns appeared," says Principal Shairp in his life of the author, "the spirit of Scotland was at a low ebb. The fatigue that followed a century of religious strife, the restriction of her parliament, the stern suppression of the Jacobite risings, the removal of all symbols of her royalty and nationality, had all but quenched the ancient spirit. Englishmen despised Scotchmen and Scotchmen seemed ashamed of themselves and of their country. A race of literary men had sprung up in Edinburgh, who, as to national feeling, were entirely colorless; Scotchmen in nothing except their dwelling place. The thing they most dreaded was to be convicted of a Scotticism.

Such was something of the conditions into which Burns was born when on the night of January 25, 1759, he first greeted the things of this planet in his biggin' o' clay in old Alloway parish. His father,

William Burness was a good representative of the Scottish type of character, — strongly intellectual, religious and stern. We have an immortal portrait of Burns' father in the Cotter's Saturday Night, where the poet describes how

The saint, the father, and the husband prays.

Burns' mother, Agnes Brown, is described as an Ayrshire lass of humble birth, very sagacious, with bright eyes and intelligent looks, but not beautiful, of good manners and easy address. Like her husband she was sincerely religious but of a a more equable temper; quick to perceive character and with a memory stored with old traditions, songs and ballads, which she told or sang to amuse her children. It is said that in his outer man the poet resembled his mother, but that his great mental gifts, if inherited at all, must be traced to his father. I cannot, however, well believe this. I think the very dower of tradition, songs and ballads held in possession by his mother gifted him with his lyric heart, for it seldom holds wrong that every remarkable man has had a remarkable mother.

It is not needful for our purpose to follow our subject through the scenes, toils and vicissitudes of his boyhood days. It required neither school nor college to stir his lyric genius. Like his own favorite daisy, his songs flowered under his native skies, enfolding in their hearts the fragrance of heather, glen and glade.

Three places in Ayrshire besides his birthplace will always be remembered as the successive homes of Burns; these were Mount Oliphant, Lochlea, and Mossgiel. It was in Mount Oliphant that he received the greater share of his education. It is interesting to note here what books were chiefly in the hands of Burns when a youth. We find according to his own words that in his leisure moments he pored over the *Spectator*, some of Shakespere's plays, the works of Pope, Locke on the "Human Understanding," Boyle's "Lectures," Taylor's "Scripture Doctrine of Original Sin," and the works of Allan Ramsay. To Fergusson and Ramsay Burns owed his chief poetic inspiration, if it can be said that the study of poetry kindles in the heart the flame of song.

When our ploughman-poet was fifteen, a new influence unlocked in him the springs of new emotions, — that celestial rapture which Emerson says falleth down from Heaven and which unlocked every portal and window of Burns' soul took possession of his being and stirred the lyric fire within him. Hear the poet himself tell of its genesis: —

"You know," he says, "our country custom of coupling a man and woman together as partners in the labors of the harvest. In my fifteenth summer my partner was a bewitching creature a year younger than myself. My scarcity of English denies me the power of doing her justice in that language, but you know the Scottish idiom. She was a bonnie, sweet, sonsie lass. In short she altogether, unwittingly to herself, initiated me in that delicious passion which, in spite of acid disappointment, gin-house prudence and book-worm philosophy, I hold to be the first of human joys here below! . . . Among her love-inspiring qualities she sung sweetly, and it was her favorite reel to which I attempted giving an embodied vehicle in rhyme. Thus with me began love and poetry."

The song he then composed is "Handsome Nell" and has much of the simplicity, artlessness and grace which marked his more mature lyrical productions. Here is one verse: —

> She dresses aye sae clean and neat,
> Baith decent and genteel;
> And then there's something in her gait
> Gars ony dress look weel.

The method a poet pursues in composing is always worthy of note. In a letter to Thomson, who was editing a collection of Scottish songs, Burns thus describes himself in the act of composition: "My way is — I consider the poetic sentiment correspondent to my idea of the musical expression; then choose my theme; begin one stanza; when that is composed, which is generally the most difficult part of the business, I walk out, sit down now and then, look out for objects in nature around me that are in unison and harmony with the cogitations of my fancy and workings of my bosom; humming every now and then the air with the verses I framed. When I feel my Muse beginning to jade, I retire to the solitary fireside of my study and there commit my effusions to paper, swinging at intervals on the hind legs of my elbow-chair by way of calling forth my own critical strictures as my pen goes on." Autumn was Burns' favorite season and the twilight his favorite hour of study.

Burns holds in the lyric world well-nigh the same position that Shakespere occupies in the realm of the drama. The immortal crown he weaves as a song writer is sometimes disputed. The flame of his lyrics is not so sweetly-tempered, nor does it possess the delicate and artistic glow of our beloved Tom Moore; yet who shall reign in the kingdom of the lyric if not the peasant-poet of Scotland? Was ever a patriotic poem written that surpasses "Scots wha hae!" Was there ever a greater democratic utterance in verse than "A Man's a Man for a' that!" Was there ever a truer love-lyric fashioned in the fire of the blood than "To Mary in Heaven!" Compare the lyrical heart-throbs of Burns with the lyrics of to-day. We are too studied in body and soul to sing lyrically.

The greatest imaginative poem written by Burns is unquestionably "Tam O'Shanter," though so great a critic as Carlyle is at variance with this opinion. The sage of Chelsea measured the poetic genius of Burns by the grandeur and strength of his own untamed imagination, and little wonder that the sublimely weird and dramatic flashes which mark the strongest passages in this intense and rollicking tale should fail to satisfy the heart and mind of the author of "The French Revolution." Sir Walter Scott, who knew and could appreciate his fellow country-man, has recorded a different verdict. The Wizard of the North says: "In the inimitable tale of "Tam O'Shanter" Burns has left us sufficient evidence of his abilities to combine the ludicrous with the awful and even the horrible. No poet, with the exception of Shakespere, ever possessed the power of exciting the most varied and discordant emotions with such rapid transitions."

During the thirty-seven years of Burns' eventful and tragic life, there was ever waged within him an unceasing warfare between the spirit and the flesh — between what Plato represents as the good spirit bearing him up and the evil spirit dragging him down. A weak will, notwithstanding his nobler instincts, fre-

quently gave the victory to the kingdom of the flesh; but in judging of Burns' frailties we should not forget his own lines: —

Then gentle scan your brother man.
Still gentler, sister woman;
Though they may gang a kennin wrang,
To step aside is human.

And again —

What's done we partly may compute,
But know not what's resisted.

One of the greatest poets of our own day has gathered up the gifts and virtues of Scotland's greatest poet and emphasized the need of charity in our estimate of his strength and weakness in the following just and beautiful lines: —

How could he 'scape the doom of such
As feel the airiest phantom touch
Keenlier than others feel the clutch
Of iron powers —
Who die of having lived so much
In their large hours?

He erred, he sinned; and if there be
Who from his hapless frailties free,
Rich in the poorer virtues, see
His faults alone —
To such, O hand of charity,
Be mercy shown!

Singly he faced the bigot brood,
The meanly wise, the feebly good;
He pelted them with pearl, with mud;
He fought them well —
But ah, the stupid million stood
And he — he fell!

All bright and glorious at the start,
'Twas his ignobly to depart,
Slain by his own too affluent heart,
Too generous blood;
And blinding, having lost life's chart,
To meet death's flood.

. . . . . .

Not ours to gauge the more or less
The will's defect, the blood's excess,
The earthly humors that oppress
The radiant mind.
His greatness, not his littleness,
Concerns mankind.

Burns is the representative poet of Scotland, the representative poet of human brotherhood, the representative poet of much that is greatest and noblest in the human heart. The influence of his genius will be assuredly permanent, widening with the centuries, deepening with the increasing love of mankind.

DYKE AND THE YANKEE CAPTAIN. — A WAR STORY.

SOPHIE HAMMOND.

I HAD finished my morning duties and sought a cool retreat in a corner of the honeysuckle-shaded back porch. From the overloaded work-basket which I had deposited on the floor by my side, I took one of my nephew Cyril's shirts, and fell to studying the problem presented by its frayed cuffs and collar.

My meditations on the subject were interrupted by the appearance, through the green-shuttered door, of Cyril himself, with a discontented look on his sunburnt face.

"Phil's got the rheumatism and can't go fishin' with me," he announced disgustedly. "Ain't it too bad?"

"Too bad for you, and for Phil, too," I said, sympathetically. 'Poor fellow, he's been having a time with the rheumatism these last years."

Cyril frowned; not at me, but at the contrariness of things in general.

"I think this is the poorest holiday of the lot," he remarked, as he rolled one of the playful puppies over with a stick. "A fellow can manage to celebrate Washington's Birthday and the Fourth of July some sort of fashion, no matter where he is. But how can he keep Decoration Day when there ain't a grave anywhere around?"

I really couldn't tell him how. Reading a story of the war, I suggested, would be an appropriate way of spending the day; but he said it was too hot to read.

Fearing another attack of homesickness, like the one he had had during the first week of his stay with us, I felt I must make an effort to render myself entertaining.

"I'll tell you what," I said. "I know you don't care much about stories, but I'm going to tell you one about your grandfather and the Union soldiers, — a story I saw acted myself, — and perhaps when I finish, you'll think there's something on the place worth decorating, after all."

Cyril, sitting on the steps, took off his great straw hat and placed it on his knee, and leaned back against the honeysuckle that entwined the post.

"All right," he said, "it's too hot for any fun, so go on."

With this complimentary encouragement, I began my story.

"Your grandfather, you know, was a very learned lawyer. Since he was a little boy of six, learning the Latin grammar, he had read and studied so much that at the time the war broke out, he was almost blind. His two brothers, your great uncles, entered the Southern army" —

"I'm a Northerner, — I'm glad the rebels got beaten," Cyril interrupted.

"Of course," I said, hastily; "we're all glad now, that the war turned out as it did. But in those exciting times it seemed only natural to take sides with our own section and the

army that held so many of our friends and kinsfolk."

"I suppose I would have myself," Cyril admitted.

"Yes, I think you would," I agreed. "Well, your grandfather's eyesight was so bad that he was unfit to fight, but he sent a substitute in his place. For a time the war seemed to us a long way off, news of it coming to us only through the papers, or the letters that Uncle Tom and Uncle Standish sent at distant intervals. But one day we heard of a great army that was passing near us; and soon after, the men servants that were left on the place — for most of them had gone off to join the Northern army — came excitedly in from the fields to tell us that a large party of Union soldiers had come down the pike and were turning into the lane.

"Oh! how frightened we were! We knew that if they found your grandfather they would make him prisoner, and that seemed to us the worst fate, short of death, that could befall him. Your grandmother and grandfather held a hurried consultation; the negro women were told to collect all the children in the quarters and not to let them out until the soldiers had left; the men were sent on various errands over the place; and your grandfather, hastily snatching up some heavy clothes and some food, set off with a little negro boy called Dyke, to the most secure hiding place that could be thought of, among the willows in the west meadow behind the hill. Dyke was a great favorite of his master's, on account of his cunning and quickness at repartee.

"The servants, who really didn't know where their master was, were directed to say that he had gone to Richmond and on no account to tell at what time he had left. Then we all set about our usual occupations, that the soldiers might not suspect we knew of their coming. When the clatter of hoofs was heard on the avenue, your grandmother went out on the veranda to receive the soldiers. There were about twenty men, and two officers, who lifted their hats and asked to see the master of the house. Your grandmother said he had departed for Richmond that morning and politely asked them to take dinner with us. The invitation was readily accepted. The servants were directed to provide refreshments for the men in the side room; and for awhile, everyone was busy preparing the immense amount of food necessary for all of these unwelcome guests.

"Captain Darby, the commanding officer, professing much regret for the disagreeable necessity, set to work to search the house and grounds; but the search was fruitless, and the story of the servants tallied with ours, so he at last became convinced that no cause for suspicion existed. Dyke had returned shortly after the servants came and was sent by his mother to the cabin to help his sister Rachel mind the children, and threatened with being carried off by the 'Lincum' soldiers if he dared venture forth; but in spite of the threat, as soon as her back was turned, he slipped out again, and crept into the side room to stare at the 'Yanks.'

"Though Dyke was devoted to his master, 'Mars Ed', as he called him, he had learned from his father, one of the men who had gone off to join the Union army, to regard

the Northern soldiers as the means by which freedom, wealth and innumerable other blessings were to fall to his race; and, unfortunately, the excitement of seeing and talking to the beneficent beings threw him somewhat off his guard. Before he was aware of it, he had somehow managed to reveal the fact that his master was still on the place.

"On making this discovery, one of the men quietly left the room and coming into the parlor where we were all sitting with the officers, whispered a few words in the captain's ear.

"With a muttered word of excuse, the officer left us and went back with the man to the side room. Brother Ted and I followed and stood at the crack of the door to see and hear what was going on.

"Sitting down on the egg box, the captain called Dyke to him and began his interrogations.

"'What's your name, little fellow?'

"'Amb'oshus Di'cletian Feophilush, suh.'

"'You don't say so! How would you like to go up North with that magnificent name and grow up to be a rich man?'

"'Hunky!' said Dyke, his white eyes rolling.

"'Very well,' said the captain, and then, lowering his voice,—'Show us the place where your master is, and you shall go along with us. Mind, if you don't we'll find him anyhow, and it will be the worse for all of you.'

"'I dasn't,' quavered Dyke, 'Miss Ma'y she kill me w'en we comes back!'

"'Neither Miss Mary nor anyone else shall touch you,' said the captain reassuringly. 'Didn't I say you should go along with us?"

"But Dyke only stood there shivering and shaking.

"'Come!' said the captain, sternly, laying his hand heavily on Dyke's shoulder. 'Are you going to do it, or shall I tie you up and send you off to prison?'

"'I — I gwine, suh,' said Dyke, glancing apprehensively around him. 'Soon's I get my chah'm, suh.'

"'Your what?'

"'My chah'm w'at Daddy Rube done gib me, suh.'

"The captain told one of the men to follow him and Dyke started off for the quarters. When he came to his mother's cabin door, he dodged in and disappeared like a squirrel up the ladder that led to the loft above, while the man waited below watching the antics of half a dozen little pickaninnies on the cabin floor.

"Shortly Dyke reappeared, wearing around his neck his charm,—a frog's foot tied to a piece of red calico.

"When they returned to the side room, Captain Darby took Dyke aside and asked him in which direction his master was and whether he was alone.

"Dyke grasped his 'chah'm' tightly and answered in a terrified whisper: 'He ober in Mars John Ryan's place by de ribber in a hole 'tween de rocks. Mars John, he dah, too, en Mars Hinry W'ite en he boys, en Doc Baker, en Mars Jake Martin en he men, en Jedge Elley en Mars Ned Elley en Mars Dick en Mars Tom, en —

"'What on earth are they all doing there?' interrupted the captain, in astonishment.

"'Hidin', suh. Dey done took dey guns en dey dawgs, en dey say

de Yankees ain't gwinter ketch dem alibe. Dey 'low dey all gwinter git kilt fus'.

"'How many of them are there altogether?' asked the captain.

"Dyke held up the fingers of his two hands.

"'The devil!— Ten!— And rich slave owners and cankerous hot rebels, every one of them, I'll be bound. Do you think you could lead us to the place, without them seeing us, till we are right upon them?'

"'Yaas, suh,' said Dyke.

"Well, they set off, all of them except the lieutenant, who was left behind to keep an eye on the movements of the family. Your uncle Ted and I stood at the window and saw them start, Dyke leading them over the orchard fence into a patch of blackberry bushes, through which they had to jerk and tear their way.

"Dear, dear, the horrible suspense of the next two hours! Poor mother and sister Ellie, your mother and grandmother, my dear, sat with their embroidery in their hands, keeping up a pretence of talking to the young officer, but I'm afraid their conversation was of the dullest.

"That poor lieutenant! How exquisitely uncomfortable he looked! He came to the window for a moment and we heard him swear at the captain, below his breath, for leaving him to play the spy.

"We had been forbidden even to talk to each other and we stood with our eyes glued to the window, expecting momentarily to see the soldiers returning with father bound hand and foot among them. But the weary minutes and hours dragged by, and nothing was to be seen or heard out of doors, except the chickens and the bumblebees and now and then the neighing of the soldiers' horses in the stable yard.

"But at last brother Ted started up with a cry, 'Here they come!' and there they were sure enough, coming slowly back through the orchard, and your grandfather nowhere to be seen. I shall never forget the expression of thankfulness on your grandmother's face; and the lieutenant looked almost equally relieved.

"How hot and cross Captain Darby looked as he mounted the steps! He called the lieutenant out on the veranda and talked to him for awhile, casting many scowls and black looks in the direction of the pike. Then they began another search all over the house and grounds. We thought all was up with us when the captain, guided by Dyke, made straight for the west meadow. But he came back as unsuccessful as the rest. At length he came into the parlor and begged mother to let them have something to eat as soon as possible. They must hurry off, he said, to join the army. Dinner had long been waiting, so they all sat down. While they were eating we heard the soldiers say that the captain expected to overtake the rebels on the way.

"During the meal, Dyke kept close to the captain; and when, after dinner, they all mounted their horses and rode off down the avenue, he ran on ahead and disappeared with them among the trees.

"It was an hour later, perhaps, when we saw your grandfather coming through the orchard fence, with Dyke and Rachel clambering after him.

"We flew out to meet him, wild with delight at his safety, and with

the desire to know how he had escaped the captain's rigorous search.

"'Dyke shall tell you all about it,' he said, leading us back to the veranda, and making your grandmother (who was crying with joy) sit down beside him, he listened with great enjoyment to Dyke's story.

"'Fo' de Lawd, Mars Ed, dem Yankee men am cute; deed dey is, suh,' Dyke began earnestly, holding his torn hat in both hands and staring at his master with his wide, white eyes. 'How you reckon dey done 'scovered you ain't gone ter Richmond? Dey done fin' it out, but I ain't tell em; deed I ain't, suh.'

"'All right,' said your grandfather, laughing, 'A blackbird whispered it to them, I guess. And what did they do then?'

"'Dey 'low dey gwinter sen' me ter prison ef I don' tell whar you is; I took on like I mighty skeered; I study awhile; den I 'low I have ter git my cha'hm, en I goes up in de loft ter look fer it. Dis heah niggeh Rachel, she set dar blubbin' 'ca'se she feared de Lincum sojers gwinter git her, en I say, "Git up dah, niggeh, en lis'n w'at I tell you. Soon's you see me en de sojers lebe de house, you git one ob Mars Ed's hankchers en a dawg, en start off fas' es yer kin t'ar, fer de hole 'tween de rocks on Mars Ryan's place, den t'row de hankcher in a co'ner en mek de dawg walk in de wet san' till it 'pears like a whole pack ob dawgs been ambulatin' roun'. Den sen' de dawg home, en hide in de rocks whar de sojers can't see you. En when you see we 'uns ma'ch back agin, you lite out fer the west meadow whar Mars Ed is, en take 'im back wif you ter Mars Ryan's place, en stay dar twil I comes. En ef you don' do ebery blessed ting I tell you en keep yo' mouf shet, I gwinter sen' a monstrous big b'ar arter yo' gizza'd.'

"'Den I git my cha'hm en goes ter de house. De cap'n he ax me is you by youse'f; en I 'low no, suh, deys a monst'ous lot of gentermans wif you, an' I tell him a string of make up peoples,'—Dyke chuckled at the recollection,—'en I 'low de dawgs am powerful fon' ob de leg ob a Lincum sojer. En I say ez he betteh tek all his men case dey gwinter be a sight ob fightin' 'fo' dey git t'rough, 'c'ase Mars Ed, he kill a man ebery time he lif he gun." This Dyke considered specially witty because your poor grandfather could not have hit a barn door at ten paces. 'Man, suh, dat Yankee cap'n he blebe me, en off we goes. Firs' I teks em ober de ploughed fiel'; den I teks t'rough de woods en dey stumble ober de logs en ketch dey foot in de roots; den I teks dem into de big gully—slow down one side and fas' up de udder. De fat cap'n he puff en he blow, he blow en he puff. Den dey gits in a lot of crackley bushes en I 'low ef dey meks a noise de dawgs gwinter heah em. Dey tries ter be keerful but ebery time dey moves de bushes cracks an de cap'n he swar' at 'em. Putty soon we comes ter de hole. Dey ain't nobody dar. Bi'mbye de cap'n he fin' de hankcher, an he 'low dey done been heah shue nuff, en de men say, 'Yaas, suh, heah whar de dawgs been drinking de wateh;' en de cap'n he ups and axes me whar I tinks dey gone. I 'low maybe dey gone ter de house, en maybe dey done set off fer Richmon'. De cap'n he cus and he swar', an' he say he gwine back ter look fer 'em. Back we goes t'rough de wateh en de woods en de bushes; but dey ain't

in de house en dey ain't hidin' roun' de place. Den de cap'n he 'low he go afft' you en grab you afo' you git ter Richmon'. En off he goes."

"'Didn't they want to take you with them?'" asked your grandfather.

"'No, suh, dey didn't. I 'low I feared to go back c'ase o' Miss Ma'y, an' dey say I kin run away den, en gib me some money. I 'low I'se werry much obleeged, en lite off fer Mars Ryan's place. En de sojers, dey am lookin' fer Mars Ed.

"Your grandfather laughed heartily and promised Dyke a brand new set of fishing tackle. Dyke was never a rich man, but he grew up to be a good and trusted servant and was much happier, I expect, than he would have been if he had gone North with the Yankee captain."

"Dat's so," said an emphatic voice behind me. Cyril and I both turned; there stood Phil with his rheumatic arm bound up in red flannel, and in his sound one, a hamper of packages from the country store.

"Did you know him, Phil?" asked Cyril with some interest.

"Dat I did, suh," Phil answered, with a grin. "Dey ain't nobody I knowed better dan dat little niggeh Dyke."

"And do you know where his grave is?" Cyril asked eagerly.

Phil looked somewhat aghast. "Dat I don'," he replied very soberly. "But I gwinter some ob dese days. Law, chile, I dat Dyke mysef! — Amb'oshus Di'cletian Feophilush. But dey calls me Phil, now; nobody done call me Dyke sence Mars Ed died."

The look of grief on Phil's face was as deep as it had been on the day of his master's funeral.

"And there's nothing for me to decorate after all," Cyril said much disappointed.

"O, yes, dey is," Phil replied. "My rheumatiz is betteh so I'll git de fishin' tackle w'at Mars Ed gib me, en we'll go fishin' in de ribber up on Mars Ryan's place. En you kin decorate de supper wif de fish you ketch."

Cyril agreed. But I doubted if there would be any decorating done after all.

THE FAN IN CHURCH HISTORY.

ANNIE G. MURRAY.

THOUGH the fan has been a recognized adjunct of beauty and coquetry from time immemorial, and thus deemed worthy the rarest art of lace maker, jeweller, and colorist, its more dignified part in ecclesiastical history has been as generally unrecognized.

The earliest mention of the church fan occurs in the Apostolic Constitutions, compiled from tradition in the first century, which say: "Let two deacons stand on both sides of the altar, holding a small fan made of parchment, peacocks' feathers, or fine linen, and with a gentle motion let them keep away the flies, in order that none of them may fall into the chalice."

The use of the fan arose in tropical climes, but, having been transferred to the Western church as an altar furnishing, was retained in countries where cause for its use was never known or questioned. Mention of the fan is common in the writings of the early saints of the Church. A gilded bit of glass found in the catacombs, where it had lain probably from the first or second century after Christ, represents a deacon fanning the Infant Saviour, who is seated on the knees of his Mother. Donatian, one of the early martyrs, is described in 285 A. D., as standing at the right side of the holy table, swaying the fan, while Saint Eusebius is celebrating.

ANCIENT ENGRAVING, SHOWING USE OF FAN AT MASS. THIRD CENTURY.

DEACON SWAYING THE FAN.

Saint Jerome, writing about three hundred and fifty years after Christ, alludes to the holy fan. Allusions are also found in the liturgies of Saint Basil, and Saint Chrysostom, both of whom lived in the fourth century. In these liturgies deacons are directed to fan the oblations

LITURGICAL FAN. NINTH CENTURY.

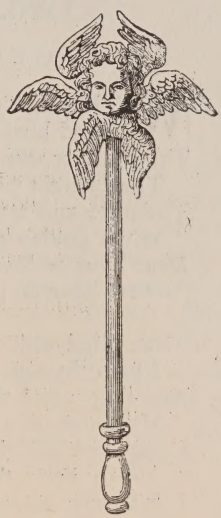
during the prayer of consecration. St. Fulgentius, in his African cell, made fans for the altar in 506. In an inventory of church furniture handed down from the year 624, at the altar Alexandria, fan occupies conspicuous description. Cardinal Bona is authority for the translation that the flabellum, or fan, is mentioned in the Apostolic Constitutions. Bona also cites the use of the flabellum during the offering of the Mass by Pope Agapetus, 536.

At the present day two very ancient fans are to be seen by the curious. One, formerly the property of Queen Theolinda, of the Lombard dynasty, who lived in the sixth century, is preserved in the treasury of the cathedral at Monza, near Milan. This fan is constructed exactly like a common modern one, opening and shutting in the same way. It is made of purple vellum with an inscription circling the edge, describing its purpose, and when closed can be put away in a long wooden box, similar again to the modern fan box, and ornamented with silver clasps.

This fan was evidently not designed for liturgical use although preserved by the cathedral. Another most interesting fan, supposed to have been used in the chapel of the Abbey of Tournus in the ninth century, is to be seen in the museum of the Hotel de Cluny, Paris. (When open it is like our illustration.) The rim is circled with the figures of fourteen saints, the patron saint of the old French town of Tournus being conspicuous. The handle is composed of ivory and is two feet long.

The further prominence of the fan in church practices is made evident by designs found in the Book of Kells, that marvellous example of illuminated manuscript, attributed to the eighth century, and now most sacredly treasured by Trinity College.

Among the manuscripts of the cathedral of Salisbury, is one referring to the use of an altar fan of pure silver, in 1222. The cathedral of York preserves data of a precious fan embellished upon one side with the picture of the bishop of that see. Hano, Bishop of Rochester, presented to his cathedral in 1346, a fan composed of silk and long ivory handle. When the crypts under old Saint Paul's were invaded, in 1298, many ornaments, including a fan formerly used upon the altar, were brought to light.



FAN USED IN THE GREEK CHURCH.

In a Suffolk church warden's account for 1493 occurs this entry:

PAPAL FAN. CARRIED BEFORE THE POPE UPON STATE OCCASIONS

"For a beskok's feath- same of peers, IVd." The peacock having been unknown to Europe before Alexander the Great brought it from Asia, church fans were usually formed from its rare plumage. Peacock feathers were used because of their many eyes, — significant of circumspection necessary to the priestly life, also the eye of attention which should be riveted upon the performance of the holy service.

The making of fans has always been a trade among the Syrians. In the Greek and Armenian rites which differ so slightly to outer understanding from the Roman, the altar fan is still used. It is cherubic in design, an angel face having six wings, and its motion symbolizes the joyful flitting of cherubs during the service before the throne of God; the insects which the motion is made to banish symbolize vain and distracting thoughts. Some Oriental districts employ a circular fan with little bells around the edge. The fan, as part of the furnishings of the Western church, went out in the fourteenth century, and has never been generally revived, although upon ceremonial occasions, particularly processional days, the attenddants of the Pope, still parade the stately flabellum.

TWILIGHT.

D. J. DONAHOE.

WITH odors soft and soothing
And bird-songs loud and clear,
The summer day is dying,
The twilight hour is near;
The pure and tender twilight,
When golden glows the west;
Dear hour of love and languor,
Sweet hour of peace and rest.

Then filled with rising rapture,
I pass through field and grove,
And sing, amid the sweetness,
My songs of joy and love;
I sing, and like the thrushes
Above me in the trees,
I voice my dearest heart-thoughts
In soul-born melodies.

TRINITY COLLEGE.

TRINITY COLLEGE.

W. F. P. STOCKLEY, M. A.

"Unum Collegium mater Universitatis . . . quod erit et vocabitur Collegium Sanctæ et Individuæ Trinitatis, juxta Dublin, a serenissima Regina Elizabetha fundatum."*

UCH is a statement in the Charter of 1591; and in 1892 was celebrated the three hundredth anniversary of the founding of this college and university — practically one and the same; for no other college but that known even outside Ireland as "T. C. D." has ever been really founded in the University of Dublin. Where it stands was once the monastery of All Hallows and also the holy well of St. Patrick. And in the library are examples of the work of monastic artist scribes — some of what the old writers alluded to as the countless host of the illuminated books of Erin, including what has been described as the most beautiful book to be seen, the copy of the gospel called the "Book of Kells."

* One college, mother of a University . . . to exist and be known as the College of the Holy and Undivided Trinity, near Dublin, founded by the most august Queen Elizabeth.

Needless to say, the beginnings of Trinity College were in the midst of strife. The waters of the century of religious upheaval were boiling and still rising; and the subduing of Irish-speaking Celto-Norman Ireland was being undertaken by the "great" queen, the conqueror of Desmond and the deceiver of O'Neill. And now, in these days of her personal disrepute, her image, resplendent in jewels and ruff, still shines on college medals; and her name is daily, with all the forms of ancient piety, made mention of in grace at meat in the college hall.

Happily, Trinity College is on the whole an object of pride rather than of hostility to all classes of Irishmen; but everything about its foundation recalls its chief purpose as a centre of learning at the seat of the government of the English Pale, aiming at gradually spreading its influence in a common stream with political loyalty to England and devotion to England's church, throughout this Ireland, all whose possibilities of civilization in piety, in law, in national self-reliance and development seemed to spring from sources very different from the civilization of their would-be patrons, protectors or persecutors.

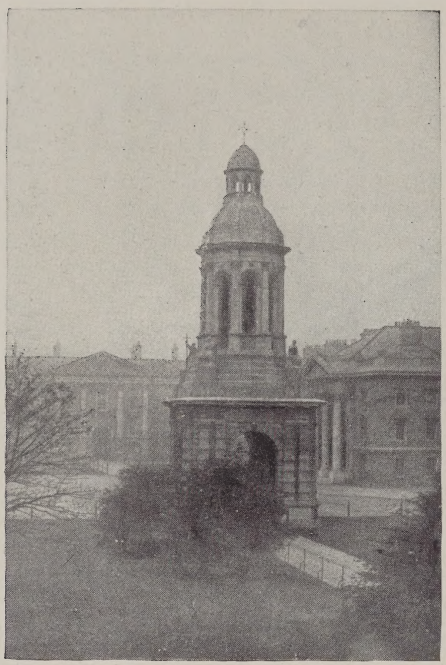
The foundation of Trinity College was part of this policy of political and religious conversion which was tried for so long in Ireland by martial law, plantations, penal law, and coercion; hence the complex Ireland of to-day and the complexity of that Irish question whose infinite variety no age can wither, nor can any custom stale.

STATUES OF BURKE AND GOLDSMITH AT COLLEGE ENTRANCE.

LIBRARY OF TRINITY COLLEGE.

Hence also the Trinity College of to-day, eighty-five per cent of whose students are members of the Church of Ireland, that is, of the Anglican Church disestablished in 1871, which yet numbers only fifteen per cent of the population. Of the remainder of the students, five per cent are Catholics and five per cent are Presbyterians. But though the disestablished Church of Ireland numbers only fifteen per cent of the people of Ireland, yet every one knows that the result of the English policy in Ireland in support of the Establishment, gave this church a prestige which it certainly is far from having lost. This policy gave it worse things indeed; since persecution is often more debasing for the aggressor than the aggrieved; still, the Establishment meant wealth, leisure, cultivation and refinement; and it has transmitted such good things, or the opportunities for them, to many members of the disestablished body.

To the outside world, indeed, we may well allow that the history of a religious minority, particularly when its religion is artificially kept up from without, cannot be as interesting a study as the history of a people's religion with roots deep in the inmost existence of a country; yet it must be repeated that the religious minority in Ireland and its great college do deserve very special interest from anyone watching modern history. We can, when speaking of the college, get pretty well out of political or controversial heat; and whatever may be the failings or the crimes of the system from which this institution sprung, it produced many notable and some great men; its reputation for scholarship, all the world seems to allow, is greater than it ever was;



BELL TOWER OF TRINITY COLLEGE. Chapel at the right

it has had for years more than one thousand students, and it is to-day full of life and hope — whatever reforms are needful there, as elsewhere — with possibilities greater than the recent revolution in its surroundings might have led one to expect.

For, as was said above, Trinity College is not unpopular in Ireland; and this, notwithstanding all the past, notwithstanding its close alliance with semi-forcible conversion, its personification of the rule of a minority, and in later times its opposition to demands made by the majority of the people, there is something pathetic in what seems not only a general respect in Ireland for Trinity College — not unnatural — but also a positive pride in its existence, and a pleasure in thinking of it as an Irish institution. Perhaps one may see in that sentiment not only an expression of the sympathetic heart of the people, but also a sign of their desire to be allowed to take interest in learning, and of their respect for what is not to be had for money; and one may also see there one of the proofs that, stormy as the air seems to be in Ireland still, yet comparative calm might come before long, and suddenly, if Irishmen of various creeds and classes found within their own Ireland institutions to which their loyalty and patriotism might cling, and to which their sentiments might bind them in common.

Anyway it was gratifying to read

GRATTAN.
In the background the Statue of King William III.

TRINITY COLLEGE CHAPEL.

of the corporation of Dublin, with its Parnellite Lord Mayor, giving the freedom of the city to the provost of Trinity College, Dr. Salmon; and of the University conferring an honorary degree on the chief magistrate. These things used not so to be.

And another proof of what has been said is indeed seen in the very manner of the proposals made by the Catholic hierarchy with regard to University education in Ireland. Every foreigner would agree that the present state of things is unsatisfactory. Trinity College is nominally open to all; it is of course actively and distinctively Protestant, at least non-Catholic. What Protestant would naturally send his sons to a college distinctively non-Protestant? What Irish Protestant would do so?

First Campanile and Library Square.
Building (facing entrance gate) where Goldsmith's rooms are said to have been.

Of course the good Orangeman is a subtle and remorseless hypocrite like the rest of his human brethren; his heart does indeed whisper to him that the poor benighted Papist will probably get some truth or see some light if he once passes through Trinity.

That is his point of view. The Catholic bishops have a different one. They have proposed another college for Catholics within the University of Dublin, or the founding of a Catholic University. Within the college, indeed, some excellent and learned Protestants get very much excited; and one has seen them in their distress blindly unable to distinguish what the bishops really did propose, and has heard them describe the proposals according to a preconceived opinion of what they no doubt would be.

The attempts to settle this Irish University question have resulted for the present in the foundation of the Royal University of Ireland, which is an examining board in Dublin, with a system of affiliated colleges throughout the country where candidates for examinations study. But where is the university where Catholics may or will study? And surely, as Mr. Matthew Arnold said when speaking of this matter, the object is to provide means of study that will be taken advantage of. It is useless to legislate for imaginary or abstract beings without such and such beliefs, customs or prejudices.

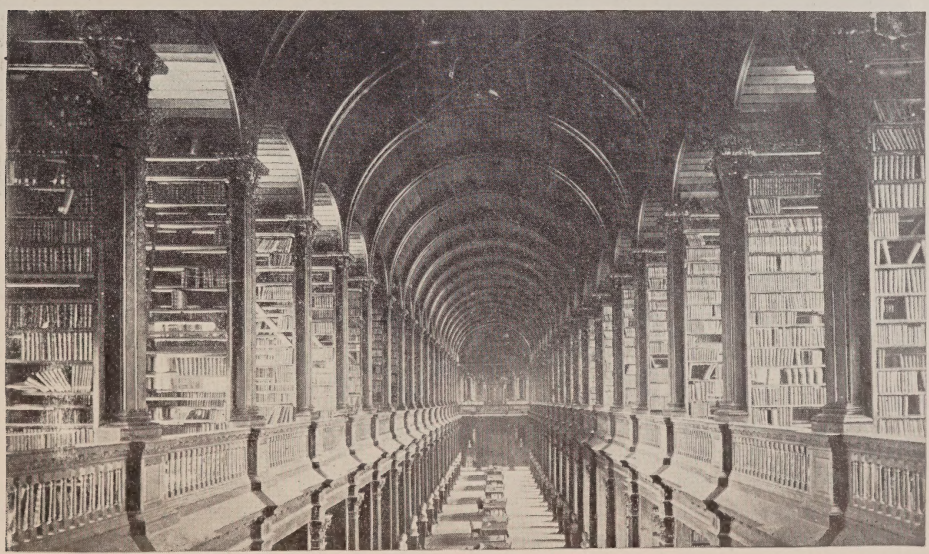
However that, by the way. But Trinity College is, for plain men dealing with facts, an institution as essentially non-Catholic and as distinctively Protestant as it ever was. And

indeed there are some existing things about it which seem irreconcilable with even a nominal impartiality. Not to speak of the chapel with its daily services, which resident members of the Church of Ireland are required to attend, there is the Anglican divinity school, and there are the degrees in divinity, with examinations on "the Roman controversy," showing very plainly, in questions set, the examiner's opinions on that subject of certainly no little living interest in Ireland. To be sure everyone knows it is trifling with ordinary intelligence — except for partisan politics — to ignore all this.

As to the Irish University question, and the higher education of the majority, a writer in *The New Ireland Review* for March, 1896, containing articles on the Irish University question, says that the establishment of a Catholic University would be the "ideal solution" of the problem; but that it would be unreasonable to expect the government to attempt this, because of probable "defections of its own partisans." As to the other line, of admitting a second college into the University of Dublin, it would be unreasonable to expect the government to go upon this, because it would interfere with "the highest privilege which any Irish college possesses, — the singular University self-government which Trinity College enjoys.

The Archbishop of Dublin criticises the above remarks, and says: "The bishops, as the responsible guardians of the religious interests of the Catholics of Ireland, have put forward a definite claim for equality as regards all the privileges and emoluments enjoyed by the Queen's colleges or by Trinity College.

The object is the education of the people. The means must be, as Burke tried to teach rulers in his day, by understanding and acknowledging people's ideas, circumstances, and even prejudices: —



INTERIOR OF THE COLLEGE LIBRARY.

If you mean to please people, you must give them the boon which they ask; not what you may think better for them but of a kind totally different. Such an act may be a wise regulation, but it is no concession, whereas our present theme is the mode of giving satisfaction.

Burke was writing of America. One can hardly but be struck by how applicable his words are to modern Ireland and its seemingly more benevolent rulers. Would that they too could be always true to Burke's "old standing, invariable

The question with me is not whether you have a right to render your people miserable, but whether it is not your interest to make them happy. It is not what a lawyer tells me I may do, but what humanity, reason and justice tell me I ought to do. Is a politic act the worse for being a generous one? . . . But 'they will go further.' Alas! alas! when will this speculating against fact and reason end? What will quiet these panic fears which we entertain of the hostile effect of a conciliatory conduct? . . . Is it a certain maxim, that the fewer causes of dissatisfaction are left by a government, the more the subject will be inclined to resist and rebel?

However, Irish University ques-

THE COLLEGE PARK.

principle, that all things which come from Great Britain should issue as a gift of her bounty and beneficence, rather than as claims recovered against a struggling litigant."

He was there speaking about Ireland. He goes on about America,—no Irishman, 'sensible' (in either signification(but must like to quote these words from a son of Trinity College.

tions are being much discussed again. The differing ideas of life and its aim, of society and the individual, the various traditions and hopes, the instincts and feelings and reasonings are excited all around. And the turmoil is often in the direction of Trinity College.

So much for the relation of the college towards the strangely divided Ireland, still waiting for the healing

of her unhappy divisions, and still so interesting in this expectancy that for many of the delegates at that T. C. D. tercentenary from universities all over the world, it must have been impossible not to wish to observe the college, as well as all notable Irish institutions, especially in their relation to the future united Ireland that may be.

But in that year of 1892 how calm and serene the atmosphere in which all was to be observed! for there was no shrinking, so holy and so peaceful was the time, from inviting even Mr. Gladstone, the Irish church disestablisher himself.

"Juxta Dublin." Where did they find the "Collegium Sanctæ et Individuæ Trinitatis?" It now appears to be in the very centre of the town. "College Green" is almost the meeting place of the most important and fashionable business streets; and faced as it is by the front of the college, there stand at one side of it the Houses of Parliament, as they once were — that admirable line of buildings — and indeed in no spot of the "Green" is there a blade of the national color, unless some scavenger neglect his duty. Just in the same way — only more so — you have Saint Martin-in-the-fields, in London's stony Trafalgar Square. Opposite the Parliament stands Grattan — is he appealing to his University? — and in front of the college stand two good statues of Burke and Goldsmith, one, the distinguished student and orator even then, and the other already a sojourner and pilgrim, finishing no college course, but going off poor, and unnoticed unless with pity or contempt, yet surely already leaving hearts behind that loved him. Years afterwards the two were to meet; but in London. English authors they are, though Irishmen, with that ambiguous existence which with Burns and Scott they must share, as men with a country, or without one, or with countries two.

And another statue is not found. Here, as elsewhere, the terrible and pathetic Swift, whom people almost dare to yearn towards and to love, is only the more present by his apparent absence. Have we been trying to ignore the greatest of his generation? Perhaps for the world, as for the college, he was too strange and wonderful, and at once weak and mighty to know what to do with him, critic, satirist, cynic, and lover, seeing into men's hearts, and most deeply of all into his own. Swift left the university with a degree, given however *speciali gratiâ*. This appears to mean that Swift's reading had been not according to the prescribed courses, or that it had not been sufficiently so to warrant his degree being given in exactly the ordinary way;* the qualifying remark does not mean that he failed to pass a degree examination, which thing did not then exist.

Close to the college, at the side of the façade and safe, Moore has a statue, worse than none. It is heavy, gloomy, and hunch-backed. Moore graduated in 1798. With Emmet, then a student, he had been asked if he had any dealing with the United Irishmen. Moore had none; and so though he refused at first to answer, he afterwards spoke out, not thinking it well to suffer expulsion for a not committed college offence. Emmet, of course, refused to answer, for a very good reason, and suffered accordingly.

* *The Church Quarterly Review*, January, 1892.

Those four names are the great well-known literary names among students of Trinity — as an Irishman is inclined to call the college by the Liffey, forgetful of its fairer sister by the Cam. And that reminds us that we are now within the gates of the rather gloomy gray buildings, nearly all of the eighteenth century, and none earlier than the end of the seventeenth. First we find ourselves in one large square, then in another, and so out into the college park. All is surrounded by high buildings or railings; so it is not quite unlike what Harvard University would be if buildings were put up joining the existing blocks, the streets and horse-car lines becoming private college walks; and then round every piece of college ground, even the farthest, great high railings. Trinity College grounds cover some thirty acres. The possibility of a college with numbers of resident students being open, as Harvard is, would not readily occur to a member of Trinity who had not stepped westward. The contrast is such as exists between American hotels and European, between railroad cars here and carriages there, and between life less reserved and more reserved, with the advantages and the disadvantages of both.

Not nearly all the students live in the college, however; there is not room; and besides, of course, in a city of some three hundred thousand, many live in their own homes. And then attendance on lectures is not compulsory; so some students simply present themselves at the dates of examinations, and pass the rest of the year it may be in teaching. As to life within college it is like such life elsewhere with, however, all the comparative absence of American camaraderie — men not necessarily speaking to each other in the world, though at lectures together, and with an ignorance of any such entities as "students" and "faculty," with a like ignorance also of what a "class" means to an American, whether in the United States or in Canada — places of such similar life and institutions.

But one of the things most to be valued about such an individualistic system is the way in which character has an opportunity of preserving its independence; and this, it seems, American colleges must have a comparative tendency to repress.

In the matter of study the same freedom is seen. Lectures are held for but eighteen weeks in the year; and an ordinary undergraduate has to attend only about two hours a day for half or a third of this time. And in some cases attendance at lectures suffices for keeping a term, without any examination. The result is that a man anxious to study or to read what he most affects has long spaces, harried by neither classes nor papers. He may pass them in the immense and noble library; but it is very easy to just do nothing. And yet there are a good many who take interest in something more or less serious, as it has to do with religion, or politics, or society; and there are some, perhaps, who really love "letters." Is the proportion greater than in an American university, with its constant round of regular work? But one cannot help wishing that the University of Dublin (with its material, in men anxious to be guided in study, men with leisure and with readiness to use leisure) were more awake and paying attention to the best among its students, undergraduate and graduate,

and giving them help, such as is being given more and more (to the admiration of all who have beheld it) by the larger universities of America. And in America the material to work on is not so abundant; men here more instinctively hurry away from college to set about active work.

The same contrast between Europe and America is seen in the position of professors. Some professors in Dublin deliver only some thirty or forty lectures a year; yet such a professor may be one of the hardest working; though not constantly teaching, and though in his lectures he pay no regard to possibly approaching examinations and their subjects. In America, do we entice students to hang on too much to the helping hands of professors? To be sure, in Dublin, the result is that much of the teaching, and most of the preparation for important examinations is done by private "grinders," graduate or undergraduate. But there is more of individuality and self-reliance in study.

The word "professor" there has, in fact, a meaning such as it has at Oxford or Cambridge; "fellows" mean more or less American "professors;" but the fellowships, unlike those in England, are held for life, with gradually increasing incomes. The ideal at the close, then, is immense learning, great past experience in teaching, and consequent power to take part wisely in the chief examinations — for the senior fellows no longer teach — and leisure for study and for enriching the world by imparting of knowledge, while the wise men of eld direct the busy college of younger teachers and taught, — a beautiful ideal, which both succeeds and fails. At present the college is happy in having at its head its greatest scholar, Dr. Salmon, known now as a biblical historical critic and as a theological writer, unbecomingly flippant in his anti-Catholicism; and more widely known as a mathematician in the past. Dr. Ingram, the political economist of whose learning in all directions it is hardly less of an impertinence for the present writer to speak, is also among the senior fellows and those who rule; and he has lately been made president of the Royal Irish Academy. The world knows even better, probably, the general classical writer, Dr. Mahaffy. And in closer circles of scholarship Mr. Palmer and Dr. Tyrrell are known as classical critics, Mr. Williamson and many more in mathematics.

Of all those professors who are not fellows, no doubt the best known is the professor of English literature, Dr. Dowden.

Trinity College has been spoken of here as it is seen from within, and so sympathized with. Cardinal Newman says he would rather have a college that taught nothing and brought young men into interesting mutual relationship, than one which was only a teaching or examining machine. Now Trinity College is a something, in this sense, and so better than a royal university. Cardinal Newman disclaimed speaking, just then, for morals, still less for religion. We all know what the attitude of the Church is and must be towards education, once are admitted any premises of Christianity in a mind not suppressing a little common sense, honesty and logic. But T. C. D. when you say that, does not know what you are talking about, much less follow what you

are saying. Trinity College had its origin, it is what it is. It has a great good work to do of its own, in its own sphere. It never was Catholic. It is not an Oxford. It has not over it the glamor of the Middle Ages. It has no cloisters, no gorgeous chapel, no disturbing echoes of Catholicism, no haunting visions of Faith in the past, and no teaching for mind or for soul to live by, in the present.

PERILS OF THE SHOP GIRL.

One of the many questions we hear discussed at the present time, by earnest men and women of every creed, is how to assist young working girls who earn their livelihood in the stores of our large cities.

I have spent fifteen years in the retail dry goods district, and my position has afforded me an opportunity of knowing many facts, and of studying a few of the causes that lead so many from the path of virtue. My experience has taught me that a number of them would have been saved, had their parents or guardians taken as much interest in their business lives as they take in the school lives of their children.

In shops and stores girls and boys meet with many objectionable men and women, who have little respect for youth or virtue, and whose influence has a degrading effect upon the minds of the young. To a thoughtful person it is certainly astonishing to observe the indifference of parents in regard to the acquaintances a girl makes where she is employed; and their blindness to the ruinous influence some people exercise over the youthful mind, by their manners and conversation.

I know of many girls whose first wrong step was in meeting these men and women at their rooms and at hotels, at street corners and at almost any place except their father's house, which is the only proper place for them to receive their friends. It is sometimes said that mothers have no time to watch over their sons and daughters, no time to follow them

when they go out at night to meet doubtful acquaintances,—no leisure, in fact, to stand between their children and spiritual death.

If parents had the faintest idea that their children were contemplating suicide I think they would manage to spare time to follow and watch them; yet they allow them to go to meet grave danger to their souls, and do not lift a hand to save them.

There are a great many girls whose lives have been ruined by the men who employed them, or had charge over them, and on inquiry into several of the cases, I found that these young girls received some pretty present or gift of wearing apparel, and the parents never showed the least interest, or came to inquire why a man should give their daughters gifts, or what his motive was in wanting a young girl to be better dressed than her salary or circumstances could possibly allow.

I find that all employers who have a good moral character insist on their employees dressing plainly and neatly. Yet a mother will allow her daughter to accept a ring or some other expensive present, and will take it as a matter of course, that her daughter can receive what pleases her, regardless of the risk she runs.

In this progressive age of countless daily papers, books, and all kinds of publications, where parents can read for themselves of the many dangers that surround working girls, they only seem to grow more indifferent, and think their children are able to take care of themselves, as long as they are able to work. Young people need much more sympathy after they have entered upon a business career than they did in childhood; and so long as parents simply look to the few dollars their children earn, and never give a thought to the many dangers they encounter while working, our young people will continue to be exposed to the loss of what is dearer to them than life itself.

If the parents would win the confidence of their children with kindness and sympathy, and use the authority that a parent should exercise over minors, firmly yet with gentleness, we should soon see a change for the better in many of our young people. If children are denied kindness at home, they soon find it abroad, and they often accept the imitation for the genuine article.

AN EYE WITNESS.

CAN PROTESTANTS PROVE THE BIBLE INSPIRED?

Rev. P. Griffy.

ROTESTANTS who still retain belief in the inspiration of the Holy Scripture accept the Bible, interpreted by reason, as the only rule of faith, the only infallible authority upon earth, the only guide and teacher to which men can have access. Upon the Bible their faith is founded. Therefore, the Protestant must be able to satisfy himself as to the divine authority of the Book in which exclusively he believes; he must be able to assure himself that the written record, in which he professes to put his whole trust, is really a volume of divine revelation. Unless he can prove that the Bible is inspired by God, and that all the books or writings collected in that volume are inspired, and not merely human documents, and that no inspired book has been excluded from that collection, his faith has no foundation. To show that the inspiration and the canonicity of the Holy Scriptures cannot be proved by Protestants on strict Protestant principles is the object of this paper.

What are the proofs advanced by Protestants for the inspiration of the Bible? They are twofold; internal arguments drawn from the books themselves, and external ones, from the testimony of others.

The intrinsic arguments and criteria relied upon by Protestants to prove the inspirations of the Bible are three: the historical, the dogmatic, and the empirical. * The historical criterion they make to consist in miracles recorded in the Scriptures themselves; the dogmatic in the sanctity, sublimity, and unity of their doctrine; and the empirical in the wonderful effects produced in the minds of their readers.

Now, there is not one of these characteristics, which Protestants say are peculiar to the inspired writings, which may not be found also in uninspired writings. The fact that miracles are related in the Sacred Scriptures is not a proof that these Scriptures are inspired. The sacred writers may have worked miracles in proof of the truth of their doctrine; but they did not work them in proof of the inspiration of their writings. Barnabas worked miracles in proof of the Christian doctrine, yet his Epistle has not been considered canonical even by those who think it genuine. "Such recorded miracles," writes Cardinal Wiseman, † "might satisfy me, that those who wrote the records of them would tell the truth, if they should ever say that they were inspired; because God's working miracles to support their assertions would give the sanction of this authority to what they wrote. But show me where Saint Matthew and Saint Mark say that

*Franzelin, De Trad. et Script., page 327.

† Lecture on the Protestant Rule of Faith, page 41.

they have written their books under the inspiration of the Holy Ghost; or by the command of God, or for any other than human purposes? Unless you can show this, any miraculous evidence of their character will prove that whatever they wrote is true; but not that it was written under the guidance of the Holy Ghost."

The dogmatic criterion, that is the sanctity, sublimity, and unity of the doctrine contained in the Scriptures, could at most prove (supposing of course the veracity and infallibility of the writers) that in certain parts the Sacred Books contained revealed doctrine. But to say that the Bible is inspired because of the quality of the doctrine it contains is an assumption of the point to be proved. From the very book under examination, Protestants assume the characteristics of inspiration, and then apply them as tests to itself.

The empirical criterion, i. e., the effects produced by the Bible in changing the character of men, cannot certainly prove the Bible inspired. If the doctrines of the Bible have this effect, it only proves that the doctrines are good and salutary; but it does not prove their inspiration. The "Imitation of Christ" may be thus proved to be an inspired work.

It is evident, then, that these intrinsic arguments are inadequate to prove the inspiration of the Bible. How, for instance, without presupposing inspiration, would the presence or absence of these characteristics show with certainty the Second and Third Epistles of Saint John, or the Epistles of Saint Paul to Titus and Philemon, to be inspired, and at the same time show with equal certainty the wonderful Epistles of Saint Ignatius or Saint Polycarp to be not inspired?

Equally inefficacious is the guarantee for inspiration assumed for certain books, from the fact that their authors were apostles. The fact that an apostle was the author of a book does not at all prove that the book was inspired. The gift of inspiration, as Cardinal Franzelin points out,* is distinct and separable from the gift of the apostolate. Inspiration in order to writing is a "charisma," or special grace, which is (as Saint Thomas says†) not permanent by way of habit but transient by way of act; that is to say, it does not belong to, or remain with, the writer apart from his writing, but is given to him in order to, and in the process of, that writing, and when that writing is effected, then its cause, the charisma or grace of inspiration, ceases. The charismata intrinsic and proper to the apostolate, according to its institution by Christ, were those of immediate revelation of divine truths, and of infallibility in preserving, preaching and explaining them. There is no argument to show, from the institution or from the promises of Christ, any intrinsic or essential connection between the apostolic character or functions, and the charisma of inspiration in order to the writing of books.

All the precepts of Christ to His apostles relate to preaching and not to writing. The promises made by Him to them relate to these precepts; and the gifts bestowed on them were in order to the fulfilment of these precepts. An apostle would have been infallible in committing to writing any part of the divine revelation committed to him, as he would

* De Trad. et Script., page 323.
† Cf. S. Th. 2. 2q. 171. a. 2.

have been infallible in preaching it; but that is not inspiration. If his book contained matters not relating to the divine doctrine, in the writing of these he was not only not inspired, but not even infallible; because they were outside the sphere to which his infallibility extended. It does not follow then that a book is inspired because an apostle wrote it, or that a book is not inspired because it was written by one who was not an apostle.

Now if all these methods of proving the inspiration of Scripture fail, you must have recourse to extrinsic authority — to a testimony worthy of credit. How is this testimony to be obtained? Inspiration is a supernatural psychological fact in the mind of man, an internal, secret, mysterious communication that passes between the innermost soul of the writer and the Holy Ghost. It is known, therefore, only to God and to the inspired person, and can be known to others only from its external results, or from a testimony worthy of credit. We have shown that inspiration cannot be demonstrated from its external results; that is, from the nature and effects of the doctrines contained in the book itself; therefore the only criterion by which the fact of inspiration can be known to us is a testimony worthy of credit. What is this testimony? If it be a merely human, fallible testimony, then the fact of inspiration is believed with a merely human, fallible faith, and with the same faith and with no higher, can it be believed that all contained in the books supposed to be inspired has been revealed by God by means of inspiration. A divine testimony is therefore necessary in order that the fact of inspiration may be believed with a divine faith. It is not necessary, of course, that this divine testimony should come immediately from God: the mediate testimony of God through a divine ambassador to whom God has immediately revealed the inspiration of the book is sufficient.

Have we this divine testimony for the inspiration of the Bible? We have the divine testimony for the inspiration of many of the books which are received by Christians as inspired preserved to us in the apostolic writings; but for the inspiration of the full catalogue of books, which even Protestants retain on this canon, there is no divine testimony except that which is preserved in the infallible tradition of the Catholic Church. We have the testimony of Christ and the apostles regarding the fact that the books contained in the Jewish canon were divinely inspired; * but we have nowhere a clear statement or a catalogue which might assure us what books and parts of books are actually comprised in this collection of the Sacred Scriptures of which our Lord speaks. The testimony of Christ and His Apostles is not, as Cardinal Franzelin points out, † exclusive. It does not affirm that there were no other inspired books of the Old Testament; and it is, to say the least, highly probable that the Hellenistic Jews received as inspired, books which were not in the Jewish canon. Protestants, therefore, who do not admit tradition as a fountain of revelation, cannot be certain from the testimony of the apostolic writings that this canon, in which they have retained only the protocanoni-

* John v, 34, 39; x, 34, 35; Matt. xxii, 29, 31; Luke xxiv, 25, 27; Acts i, 16, 2 Tim., iii, 16.

† De Trad. et Script., page 338.

cal books of the Old Testament, is complete.

Again, we must have a divine testimony for the inspiration of the books of the New Testament. We have not the explicit approval of our Lord for the New Testament, for the simple reason that it had not been written and was not completed for about a hundred years after His death. Nor can it proved from the apostolic writings that all the books of the New Testament, which Protestants themselves receive as canonical, are inspired. Saint Peter in his Second Epistle (III, 16) connumerates the Epistles of Saint Paul with the other Scriptures. "Our most dear brother Paul," he says, "according to the wisdom given him, hath written to you, as also in *all his Epistles*, speaking in them of these things in which are certain things hard to be understood, which the unlearned and unstable wrest, as they do also *the other Scriptures*, to their own destruction." We can conclude from this text that all the Epistles of Saint Paul written up to that date, that is, all except his Second Epistle to Timothy, are inspired. But Saint Peter's testimony would not apply to all the books of the New Testament, because all were not yet written. Saint Peter's Epistle was written about the year 66 or 67, while the writings of Saint John did not appear for twenty years after.

If Protestants fail to get a divine testimony for the inspiration of all the books in the New Testament from the apostolic writings, they fail in their proof for the inspiration of their Bible. They may be able to prove the genuineness, the substantial integrity, and the veracity of the Sacred Books, historically and critically; these are external facts. It is quite another thing to establish the internal fact of inspiration. Whether the Holy Ghost has guided and guarded a writer, and protected him from error in his writing, can be known only by an appeal to authority; and unless that authority is an infallible one, we cannot be absolutely sure that the Scriptures are inspired. It may be true indeed that the Church, or body of Christians, believed the books of the New Testament to be inspired. But if that Church and its traditions be not infallible, that belief goes no farther than a mere human or historical testimony.

The New Testament was written by different men at different times. The books that compose it were floating about in different parts of the Church, with several other Epistles and Gospels, and it was not till the fourth century that the Catholic Church inserted in the canon of Scripture the books it now contains. If the Church which made that selection is fallible, she may have erred in her selection, and you have no certainty that you possess the Scripture at all. Human testimony is not agreed on the question of the canonicity of the Scriptures; because different Protestant denominations have different Bibles. What certainty then can a Protestant have that he possesses the true Bible, the whole Bible, and nothing but the Bible? This is an insuperable difficulty against the Protestant rule of faith. The infallibility of the Church and the inspiration of the Scriptures are so entwined that we cannot reject the authority of the one without thereby doubting the certainty of the other.

"I should not believe the Gospel,"

said Saint Augustine,* "were I not influenced by the authority of the Catholic Church." To the sacred authority of the Church the precious legacy has been confided; and it is through her authority that it becomes entitled to our respect.

If our Lord wished us to accept the Sacred Scriptures, He must have provided an authoritative and clear method which would lead us to an unerring conclusion in regard to what is and what is not the inspired word of God. This, we know, He has done. Looking upon the Gospels simply as historical works, abstracting altogether from their inspiration, we find that to these works are attached all the motives of human credibility which we can possibly require. We can satisfy ourselves that they are genuine; that is, that they are the works of the authors to whom they are attributed, and were produced at the time when they profess to have been written. We can satisfy ourselves as to their substantial integrity. We can also prove historically their veracity — that there is in them an absence of every element which could suggest the suspicion that there has been a desire to deceive or a possibility of having been mistaken.

These points established, we conclude that all that is recorded in these books is certain and true. We find these books unfolding to us a system of religion, preached by One who wrought miracles to establish and confirm the divinity of His mission; and therefore we must yield implicit credence to whatever we find Him to have taught. Having satisfied ourselves as to the divine mission of our Lord, we go a step farther, and we find that He selects a certain body of men and invests them and their successors with authority and with power even equal to his own; He makes them teachers, gives them a body of doctrine to preserve and to teach, and promises the divine assistance to them and their successors in order to the preservation and propagation of His divine doctrine in its entirety. He did not give them a book, nor did He command them to write books; but He gave them an unerring Spirit, who would abide with them and their successors until the end of ages.* This apostolic succession — i. e., the Apostles themselves with their successors — must always exist for the preservation and propagation of Christ's doctrines; and this apostolic succession, having the guarantee of infallibility in preserving and teaching the "deposit of faith," is what our Lord calls His Church. Now, this Church, this ever-living and unchanging organism, invested with divine infallible authority, tells us that the Bible contains the revealed word of God, is inspired by the Holy Ghost, and contains all that has a right to enter into the sacred collection.

This is not arguing in a vicious circle. We do not prove the authority of the Church *from the Scriptures as inspired.* We suppose that the Gospels and other Scriptures are genuine documents. We suppose from the genuineness of these documents the truth of the Gospel narrative and the divine mission of Jesus Christ. Given this, His doctrine is to be regarded as revealed, apart from any question as to the inspiration of the Scriptures. From this doctrine we prove the au-

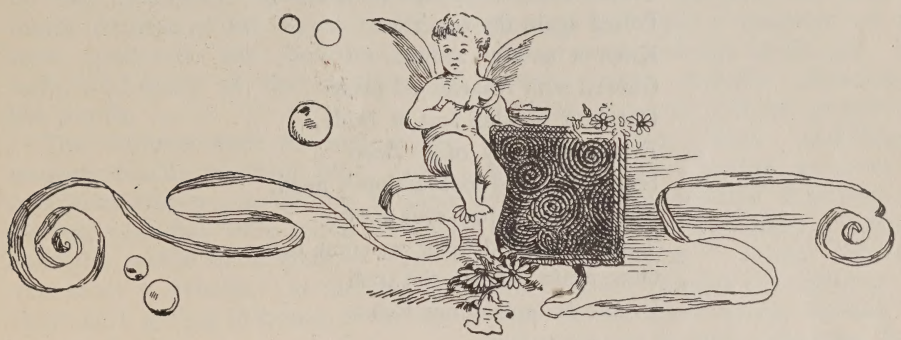
* Lib. *contra* Epis. Fundam. Cap. V.

* See Matt., xxviii, 18, 19, 20; John, xiv, 16, 26; Luke, x, 16.

thority of the Church, and thus from the testimony of the Church we prove that the Sacred Scriptures are not only genuine but inspired documents.

This is the means, and the only means by which the inspiration and canonicity of the Bible can be proved; and those who reject the infallible tradition of the Church as a course of revelation can never prove these points, which are absolutely essential to the Protestant rule of faith. "Protestants," says a Protestant scholar, *"have built a new church on the foundation of Scripture, first without understanding, then without the will to understand, that Scripture itself rests on nothing but tradition."

* Credner, Zur Geschichte des Canons.



THE INDEPENDENCE BELL — A VISION.

MARGARET M. HALVEY.

MIDNIGHT — JULY THIRD.

HUNG the portraits in a row:
Pictured dames of long ago;
Dainty forms and dainty faces,
Stiff brocades and wondrous laces;
Curls that free as zephyrs flowed,
Cheeks that fair as blossoms glowed;
Lips that smiled their sunniest
For the joy of maiden breast,—
When there rang on maiden's ear
Earliest chimes of patriot cheer.

Hung the portraits quiescent,
While beneath them came and went
Merry girls in festal guise
Glancing in the pictured eyes —

Flashing back the pictured smile —
Studying graceful pose, the while
Prattling on of grandma's time,
When it rang — that historied chime —
Fate-bell of the foreign king.
Hark! again its clamoring!

Hung the portraits in a row,
Round them died the din and glow.
In the silence, long approved,
Woke the memories well-beloved.
Bent the fair heads each to each,
Curved the red lips ripe for speech,
Poised again the eager ear
Knell of tyranny to hear,
Glowed with resurrected pride
Cheek of maiden and of bride,
For the memory of *his* deed
She had spared to Freedom's need.
Flashed the happy eyes anew
Thro' the proud tears' welcome dew,
Once again beneath the spell
Of the Independence Bell.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

MORNING — JULY FOURTH.

Hang the portraits as before,
Sunlight on the fleckered floor;
But the merry girls, grown wise,
Gazing in the pictured eyes,
Know their earnest glances tell
Selfsame tale as midnight bell —
Of a price unquestioning paid
By the matron and the maid;
Read on smiling lips' command,
"Love as *we* have loved our land."
Copy, with the gracious pose,
Loyal hate of Freedom's foes,
Loyal love,— whose guerdon given
Of a loyalty-loving Heaven
Is that moment's ecstacy
Of the slave acknowledged free,
Still recurrent, 'neath the spell
Of the Independence Bell.

SOPHIE.*

MARY F. M. NIXON.

IT was the Mother Superior's feast day at the *Abbaye aux Bois* where many of the children of the nobles were educated in the eighteenth century.

In the large recreation hall built by the Duchesse D' Orleans, formerly Abbess of the royal convent, were gathered the boarders, the nuns, and many of the mothers of the pupils.

The children were dressed in the convent-black, wearing blue, white or scarlet ribbons, according to their grades, and they were much excited over the recital of a play,—several acts from "Athalie," in fact, which they were giving in honor of the Superior's feast.

The actors grouped themselves in the flies, eagerly awaiting their calls, and the rosy faces and sparkling eyes of the young girls looked quaint and yet pretty with their strange adjuncts of patches and powder.

Mademoiselle de Montmorency played the part of Joal, and wore a white, curly wig over her blonde curls, Mademoiselle de Conflares was Abner, with a moustache and imperial, and little Sophie de Montcernay posed as Joas. Sophie was a little maid of eight years and she pressed to the side of the stage peering eagerly through the curtains.

"What is the matter with you, Sophie?" demanded one of the older girls. "I was looking to see if mamma had come," replied Sophie slowly. "Nonsense, little one. You know she wrote she could not be here. Hurry! it is time we went on," and the speaker, who played Athalie's part, drew the reluctant child with her. Her hesitation and shyness fitted the part she was to play so well that a murmur of applause went over the audience. An instant later Athalie demanded, "Child, are you without parents?" "Alas! They have abandoned me," cried little Sophie, in tones of such piercing sadness that her auditors looked astonished. "How, and since when?" asked Athalie; but Sophie, instead of replying as Joas should have done, looked at her questioner with quivering lips, and as she continued, "Do you not even know from what country you come, nor where are your parents?" the child buried her face in her hands and burst into a storm of sobs.

"Poor little one," the tender-hearted mistress-general cried, "My child, come with me into the garden," and she led the little girl away, trying to soothe her and draw from her the cause of her tears.

But Sophie, although she soon controlled her sobs, and dried her eyes, refused to tell anyone the reason she was weeping and soon the incident was forgotten by nearly all who witnessed it.

There was one young nun, however, Sister Saint Teresa, who often

* From the French of Jules Lemaître.

noticed the child and saw her loneliness and sadness. Sophie was not like the other children; she seldom played or romped; she often sat wistful and dreamy in the garden, seeming to watch and listen for every knock at the portal or every footstep in the cloister.

One evening the little girl sat on a stone bench in the *Cloître des Ames*, as the interior court was called. The Angelus had just ceased to ring and the soft summer twilight was falling upon the peaceful scene, but the child seemed to feel neither the beauty nor the sweet restfulness of the tranquil spot. She cried bitterly and gave herself up without reserve to the grief which seemed to rack her slight frame.

Suddenly a gentle hand was laid upon her shoulder and a tender voice said, "Dear child, tell me what troubles you?" and starting up hastily, Sophie saw Sister Saint Teresa looking down upon her with her great brown eyes full of tears.

Something in her glance broke down the wall of reserve which Sophie had built about her and she flung herself into the kind nun's arms crying, "Oh, Mamma!"

"Ah! it is that, poor little one! I too, miss my mother. Let us console each other," and she drew the weeping child beside her upon the stone bench, soothing her gently.

Sophie had a mother and she was not indeed a wicked woman. Her husband — who had been much older than herself — had died when she was but twenty years of age, and left her young, beautiful and wealthy. She lived but for pleasure. Sophie was to her a plaything; a toy to be shown to her friends and dressed fantastically, as a doll for the amusement of the owner. The child was very loving and old for her years and she made of her beautiful mother an idol. However, the butterfly tired of everything; and Sophie, when she was six years old, was sent off to the convent while her gay mother travelled about enjoying herself. She came less and less to see the child and this not wilfully, but because of those countless engagements which occupy a fashionable woman. Sophie missed her mother sadly and pined in secret for her. With that magnifying of trifles which is one of the traits of childhood, she had built all her hopes upon the chance of her mother's coming to the fête given for the Superior, and her disappointment had been too keen to be concealed.

When Sister Saint Teresa found her weeping in the garden the childish heart had been full of misery, and only the ready sympathy of one who really understood the nature of her grief could have comforted her. From that very moment she felt for the young nun a perfect passion of devotion, and her new friend loved her too, with the chastened love a religious may give.

Sister Saint Teresa had been, in the world, Madelaine de Frégeneuilles. Her father was a colonel in the army, her mother well-nigh an invalid, and upon Madelaine it had devolved to educate her young brother and sister. The latter had recently died and, feeling a strong call toward the religious life, Madelaine had renounced her share of the family fortune and entered the convent, leaving her brother well maintained as one of the royal pages.

Her mother's death, shortly after Madelaine had taken the white veil, had given pain to her tender heart and she understood Sophie's lonely

longings, and felt for her much as if she had been her own little sister. Between the two began a warm friendship and poor little Sophie was more than happy in her love, and in the atmosphere of affection and tenderness about her the child blossomed like a rose thereafter. On the rare occasions when her mother visited her, she spoke of Sister Saint Teresa, but her mother only laughed, and tapping her gaily with her fan exclaimed, "*Ma foi!* child, thou art well amused! I see thou dost not miss me. They will make a nun of thee, before one knows it!"

Then came the year 1791. The *Abbaye aux Bois* was deserted. The nuns were dispersed; all was desolate and sad.

Sophie — heart-broken at being torn from Sister Saint Teresa — was sent to her old foster-parents at Sologne, where with Germaine and his good wife she was well cared for.

Her mother remained in Paris with a brave *iusouciance* which laughed at danger.

One day Sophie, searching through the columns of a journal, saw her mother's name in a list of recent arrests. To the vivid imagination of the young girl there appeared the most frightful scenes: she saw her beautiful mother starving, alone, sad, in some frightful dungeon, then dragged in chains to the scaffold.

All her childish adoration for her mother rushed back upon her and she determined to seek her at all hazards.

She made her preparations, forced Germaine to accompany her to Paris, and after many difficulties obtained permission to visit her mother.

Madame de Montcernay was already condemned to death. She met her daughter with a calm graciousness, and seemed sweeter far than in her days of prosperity, more beautiful too, in her plain black gown than she had ever been in her butterfly garments.

Her once sparkling eyes were sad and sweet; her hair, no longer powdered with rice, was snowy white; and her smile had the chastened loveliness which differed greatly from the gayety of former years.

Sophie flung herself on her mother's breast, weeping bitterly. Madame de Montcernay clasped the child close, drawing her beside her on the stone bench.

Sophie remembered another stone seat — the one in the dear old convent garden — and thought of how Sister Saint Teresa had comforted her, and the child's heart was in a strange tumult. She felt, in her old idolatry for her mother, almost a resentment against Sister Saint Teresa for having received all those years the love she should have given to the mother alone; yet Sister Saint Teresa had loved and comforted her so often!

The mother too felt something of the struggle and exclaimed, "Ah! my daughter! I have not treated thee well! Forgive me!" And Sophie clung closer to her and answered only, "I am so happy, mother, so happy!"

But this interview so sweet, the first real experience of maternal love which Sophie had ever had and alas! too, the last, was soon to end, and the jailer's harsh voice interrupted them: —

"Go, Mademoiselle, if you please," he said. Sophie wept unrestrainedly, but Madame la Marquise said gaily, "*Au revoir*, my child," although her eyes said "*Adieu;*"

"I cannot, cannot leave thee," cried the young girl, flinging herself at her mother's feet. "I have but just found thee."

"Alas, little one, I would gladly end my life if need be, since the prospect of my death has brought me the knowledge of my daughter's love. But go, my sweet; thy tears make me sad. To-morrow I shall see thee if the good God will."

Her words roused Sophie. She must not make her mother sad. She smiled sweetly, though with much effort, and said only, "Till to-morrow then, sweetest mother," turning to leave the room. "Stay!" cried the marquise; then she added hurriedly, as if with difficulty, "Sophie, thy friend Sister Saint Teresa is confined within the cell next to mine own. Perhaps, if thou desirest to see her, the jailer will allow it." A flash of joy overspread the face of the young girl, then she hesitated.

Was it that she divined that with the birth of the mother-love there came too a trace of passionate jealousy? Did she fear to cause her mother the pang of feeling she shared her daughter's love with another in that supreme hour? Or could it have been that these had been moments which sweep away the memory of years? Who can tell?

Sophie looked long into the eyes of her mother, eyes in which love and longing and jealous tenderness mingled.

"Does she know that I am come?" demanded Sophie.

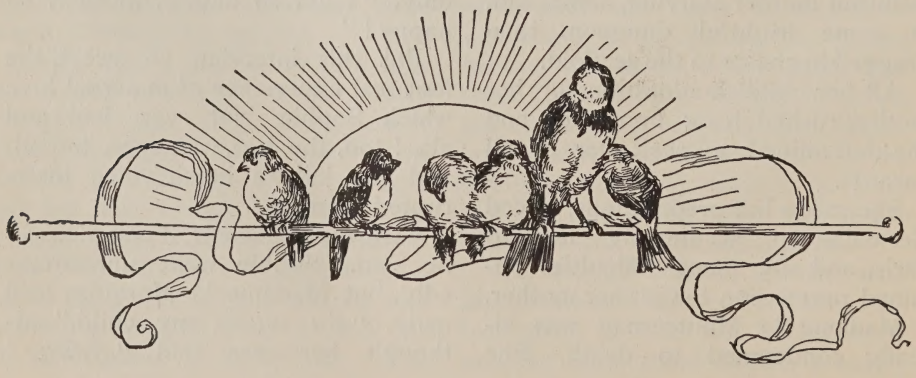
"No," said her mother.

"Then —" she hesitated as the sweet memory of all that Sister Saint Teresa had done for her flooded her mind. "Then," she added firmly, "do not tell her."

The infinite joy in her mother's eyes Sophie never forgot and she flung herself into the arms opened wide to receive her.

"To-morrow, my sweet, to-morrow thou shalt be with her. She will be free and shall take you away with her. To-day is mine!" exclaimed the poor captive. Then— a last kiss, long, sweet, lingering, one last embrace, and the heavy iron prison doors closed with a resounding clang between mother and daughter.

The next day Madame la Marquise de Montcernay, with a smile upon her sweet, patrician face, mounted the scaffold and died, calm and serene to the last.



EDITOR'S REVIEW.

Mr. Gladstone has written a letter upon the question of Anglican Orders and incidentally bearing upon the reunion of Christianity in the Catholic Church, in which he has taken, on the latter movement, a position as advanced and radical as was by comparison to his previous action his change of attitude towards Home Rule for Ireland ten years ago. It will be interesting for the biographer of the greatest Englishman of his day to trace, in after years, the mental processes whereby the opinions, declarations and purposes of a lifetime — and such a lifetime as was Gladstone's — were so essentially altered, in the closing years of his career, upon two subjects that absorbed so much — as did Ireland and Catholicism — of his public career and private energies. But whatever the historian may evolve of psychologic or character development in Mr. Gladstone's crowning years, the fact most interesting to his contemporaries is that upon these two great questions, from a plane of prejudice and antipathy, actively manifested for years by voice, pen, and personal labor, he has broadened at the twilight of his life into a feeling of the warmest advocacy and support.

Mr. Gladstone's change of mind and action upon the Home Rule question it would be at present superfluous to review. But the controvertist of Cardinal Newman, the author of the pamphlet on Vaticanism and of many other easily remembered essays against the claims of Catholicism in the rôle of a promoter of Pope Leo's project of Christian reunion, within the Roman Catholic Church, is something to linger and ponder upon in wonder. It is as remarkable a spectacle at the end of the century as it is consoling to those who yearn for the consummation of the Holy Father's sublime intention. Mr. Gladstone, in his previously published utterances upon the claims of Catholicism, was always a hard-and-fast adversary, and brought to his arguments all the force of his natural eloquence, and habit of indefatigable study, as well as the prestige of his eminent personality and public position. Yet now, *mirabile dictu*, he writes a letter as deferential and favorable to the Roman Catholic Church and her movement for the unification of all Christian sects, as his former utterances were flatly averse to the position she maintained among professing Christian bodies. To quote briefly from this noteworthy declaration: —

"The one controversy which, according to my deep conviction, overshadows, and in the last resort absorbs, all others, is the controversy between Faith and Unbelief. It is easy to understand the reliance which the loyal Roman Catholic places upon the vast organization and imposing belief and action of his Church, as his provision for meeting the emergency. But I presume that even he must feel that the hundreds of millions who profess the name of Christ without owning the authority of His Church, must count for something in the case; and that the more he is able to show their affirmative belief to stand in consonance with his, the more he strengthens both the common cause — for surely there is a common cause — and his own particular position.

. . . . . .

It is surely better for the Roman and also the Oriental Church to find the churches of the Anglican succession standing side by side with them in the assertion of what they deem an important Christian principle, than to be obliged to regard them as mere pretenders in this behalf, and *pro tanto* to reduce the "cloud of witnesses" willing and desirous to testify on behalf of the principle.

. . . . . .

It is not for me to say what will be the upshot of the proceedings now in progress at Rome. But be their issue what it may there is, in my view, no room for doubt as to the attitude which has been taken by the actual Head of the Roman Catholic Church in regard to them. It seems to me an attitude in the largest sense paternal, and while it will probably stand among the latest recollections of my lifetime, it will ever be cherished with cordial sentiments of reverence, of gratitude, and of high appreciation."

It is with pleasure we reprint, with a hearty endorsement and a special recommendation to American statesmen, the following short extract from the editorial of our valued contemporary, the *Liverpool Catholic Times*, on Mr. Gladstone's noble letter: —

"We look upon Mr. Gladstone's letter as a

noble pronouncement, not on account of its bearing on the controversy of Anglican Orders, but because it is the courageous and sincere testimony of a great man on behalf of the Christian religion. How few are there like him amongst political leaders or public men at home or abroad! They strut their brief hour on the stage of human activity, grasp at all the honors within their reach, live for the distinctions and enjoyments which the world affords, and concerning themselves little with spiritual affairs, miss the very purpose for which the boon of existence was given to them by the Creator. Mr. Gladstone, by his words and his acts, acknowledges that the sunshine, nay, the very breath of life, is our relationship with God, and the fondest desire of his closing years is to see that relationship more closely established for the masses of the people."

A glance at the vexed political situation of this country is sufficient to show the need of reorganizing existing national parties, or creating new ones, with something higher than local and selfish interests as an informing and actuating force. The fact that the successful candidate for the nomination of one party has deemed it best to keep cowardly silent on the leading issue of the day, for fear of losing support by whatever declarations he might make, and that the nomination of the other party is practically going a begging up to the very date of the convention is the best commentary upon a condition of things as confused and distracted as has beset the country in any presidential contest since the war. The questions before the people have rent the older party organizations and thrown the masses of voters, outside the special localities interested in the free coinage of silver, into a state of doubt and perplexity difficult for calm judgment and right decision to enter. There has never been an election in which it more behooved American citizens to be, before all, American patriots, subserving private and local ends to the general good. To the extent to which the people realize and act upon this principle, or ignore it for individual or sectional benefits, will the coming election insure or jeopardize the prosperity of the whole country. The people are on the eve of a contest in which the greatest good of the greatest number should be the paramount issue, and the election provides a test for the sincerity of every voter's professed allegiance to this underlying principle of the republic. It is to be hoped that the sections of the country most interested in special measures will defer to principles that have broader patriotism, as well as tested soundness, to commend them to men's intelligence.

Nicholas II and his gracious consort Alexandra have been crowned amid circumstances that fitly symbolize the Russia of to-day. On the one hand, the glory, pomp and magnificence of the coronation ceremonies and subsequent festivities; the wealth and splendor of the coronation gifts; the concourse of foreign princes, nobles and diplomats — typifying the greatness, power and resources of the Empire among the nations of the earth; on the other hand the appalling tragedy among the Moujiks at the popular festival on the plains, where human lives were crushed out by hundreds, and thousands were maimed and mutilated, while still the banqueting and rejoicings went uninterruptedly on in the glittering palaces and halls of the imperial capital and cities. This terrible catastrophe was as truly a symbol of the downtrodden condition of the people of the Czar as the dazzling glories of his coronation elsewhere stood for his own mighty power as a ruler, and though he could in nowise be personally deemed responsible for the calamity, it could not fail to strike the foreign imagination as an eloquent lesson of the vast distance and inequality existing in everything between the Autocrat and his subjects.

Nicholas II had an opportunity to prove himself a great character and to make his coronation one of the grandest events in human history. Ascending his throne almost at the end of the nineteenth century, the century by excellence of the vindication and development of the doctrine of human liberty and democracy, he might have shown himself in sympathy with the inevitable progress of the world, by granting his people the rightful boon of constitutional liberty. Instead, he proved himself merely the son of his father and contented himself with the customary coronation gifts, indemnities and pardons, assuming his imperial crown and sceptre without an endeavor to remove any of the perils which threaten them from the disaffected and exasperated classes in his domain. Democratic peoples cannot but view with keenest regret and disappointment the failure of the young Emperor to rise to

the opportunity presented to him, a failure which in all probability will keep Russian progress and civilization stationary for many years to come. Nicholas, though mild and pacific, has thus far been but a figurehead, and his people will scarcely receive more from his initiative than what he feels compelled by circumstances and events to grant. More's the pity for his reign and fame!

The failure of Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau, operatic and dramatic managers, has elicited considerable sympathy from the American press, which thus sought no doubt to give back sentimentally something of the immense advertising patronage bestowed by these impresarios during the run of their many ventures. But there is a feature of this financial disaster, which, in spite of the natural condolence one may have with those sustaining it, must strike the American public as something akin to, let us say, dramatic justice. For many seasons gone the opera and drama-going public have been at the mercy of foreign artists, managers and speculators, who took advantage of Americans' love of the best musical, vocal, and dramatic art to impose ticket prices as exorbitant and unjust as the hapless purchasers were gullible or unselfish enough to pay. Let alone the inconveniences attending the securing of tickets, which might be overlooked in cases where some extraordinary attraction necessitated unusual alertness on the part of buyers, opera patrons particularly have often been obliged to abide the whims and vanities of over-paid, over-advertised artists, or to find lesser and inadequate luminaries substituted with little warning for the special stars in whose brilliance they had expected, after much trouble and expense, to bask. Add to this the insufficiency and inaptness of the accommodations in many places, the unproficiency of a large portion of the subordinate performers, the polyglot and frequently meritricious character of whole presentations of certain works, as well as many minor causes for complaint and protest, and it is not surprising that thousands of those who have endured all these things without murmuring, will contemplate in the light of a retribution the fact that some of the parties responsible for such conditions have now to bear the results of forcing a willing horse too far.

It may be argued that the public themselves, by their willingness to be fleeced, are responsible for the forcing of operatic and dramatic prices beyond the point of fairness and reasonable profit to artist and manager. This is partly true, and in so far as it is, the public are served aright, on the late P. T. Barnum's principle that the man who loves to be humbugged should be accommodated to the full extent of his endurance. But the truth is that vast numbers of people have paid the prices demanded under protest and at no inconsiderable sacrifice. Outside the fashionable and faddist minority, with more money than artistic intelligence, who affect the opera and foreign drama for society reasons mostly, the cost of the opera and the foreign drama has been a positive hardship for at least ten years past. Thousands of real music and drama lovers have been compelled to forego the pleasure altogether, and many other thousands have been forced to satisfy themselves with a single opera or play, when, at reasonable prices, they could have afforded and been delighted to attend many. The results have been neither just to the public at large, nor helpful to the cause of musical or dramatic art, which after all should not be regarded solely from the mercenary standpoint of profit to artists or managers. The failure of Messrs. Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau demonstrates that the system has not even been productive of profit to the managers, and the conclusion remains that the only persons benefited by this Eiffel tower scale of prices are the individual foreign artists, who thus grow rich in a short time, and with small effort, through the easy indulgence of their deluded American supporters and worshippers.

It is right that genius and skill of every kind should be well paid, and it would be invidious to detract from the artistic merit or just salary worth of any of the foreign singers or actors who find America, so far as they at least are concerned, a land of free and unlimited coinage; but it is nothing short of outrage to exact sums which cause the oppression of their patrons and the bankruptcy of their impresarios. Hardly one of these foreign artists vocal, or histrionic, expect or receive anywhere in Europe anything like the fabulous remunerations they demand from American managers, and it is idle to contend that they cannot be hired for less than they now command. If managers made a firm and business-like stand with foreign artists, and if

the American public were less inclined to yield them such obsequious homage and extravagant payments, the outcome would be all the better for manager, public and art. What the transplanted European artistic crop of every variety should be most treated to is one or two seasons of wholesome American frost. It would do more good than all the pamperings, perfunctory enthusiasm and newspaper flattery of the last decade. Perhaps the business reverses of the managerial trio, lately announced, will be the means of bringing about the needed healthy reaction.

Several of the more prominent newspapers of inflated circulation have rescued the burlesque valentine from oblivion. Time was when ill-bred or ill-advised youth employed the flash vulgarity and coarse doggerel of the penny pictures displayed in small shops around Saint Valentine's Day as a legitimate means of gaining amusement or satisfying spite, at the expense of unconscious victims; but the custom had largely died out, under the influence of better taste and an increased regard for the proprieties. Some journals, however (the same which have in other ways perverted journalistic enterprise into reckless and indecent activity), have taken pains to preserve the decaying art of these pictured monstrosity makers. They even reserve the exhibitions of it for their Sunday editions, as a means, no doubt, of elevating the artistic sense of their readers and inspiring other thoughts becoming to the American Sabbath. Any citizen who appears on the street nowadays with one of these Sunday "art" editions may easily be mistaken for the bill-poster of a circus, on his way to work; while the homes littered with the dismembered sheets of two or three of these publications have the appearance of the waste rooms of a cheap chromo factory.

The Sunday newspapers had once upon a time to defend their existence against a considerable portion of the pulpit and the strictures of many well-minded critics. These have latterly been largely lived down, and Sunday papers have prospered because they have filled an undeniable and extensive public want, to which they have for the most part catered creditably to the publishers and with some respect for the sanctity of the day. The evolution of the Sunday press, however, is sad to say, not in accord with its innocent and commendable beginnings. Some of the papers which now print the largest editions are in their predominent features mere catalogues of rank sensationalism, and worse, varied with pictorial displays quite as offensive to good taste in their hideous ugliness and mistaken power to amuse. To this extent has the mad ambition for the greatest circulation driven some publishers. It is no augury of better things for the press to find the influence of such papers vitiating other journals of hitherto unblemished standing. The result, if unchecked, will be to bring the American Sunday newspaper into just disrepute, entailing its banishment from the firesides of respectable people, along with the more notorious journals whose professed purpose is to record and illustrate the low side of life in all its phases. The friends of a clean, moral, newsy, well-conducted Sunday press will welcome a speedy reaction from the methods now most in evidence to obtain circulation.

It is more than thirty years since Appomattox; time enough assuredly for race prejudice against the negro to have died from the heart of the white man under influence of the Constitutional Amendments in his favor. Yet here is the United States Supreme Court lending its weight and sanction to-day to what must necessarily tend to prolong and solidify in the republic the olden antipathy of the white man against his colored brother. The declared constitutionality of the Lousiana law requiring railroads to provide separate cars for white and colored passengers is a decision from which the intelligence and heart of the country revolt, and though it may make such distinctions lawful according to statute, can never render them just or consonant with the spirit of American liberty, with its equal rights to all.

Events are shaping themselves strangely in this free land of late. With legislation against the negro backed up by the highest tribunal in the country (just as if the Dred Scott decision had not passed into lasting infamy, and as if there had been no Civil War); with Congress passing restrictive immigration laws directed perceptibly and unfairly against special European nationalities; with religious prejudice organized into a conspiracy against the expressed pledges of the Constitution to American citi-

zens, the United States presents to the world a sad spectacle of inconsistency and contradiction, — a spectacle which reflects most significantly upon our boasted human freedom and brotherhood. Selfishness — individual, class, sectional and racial selfishness — is the great curse and danger of the American republic to-day.

We print the following communication without comment, as it speaks forcibly enough for itself. It is one of many similar expressions of opinion kindly sent to DONAHOE'S within the past month.

PATENT OFFICE, OTTAWA, CANADA,
May 17, 1896.

EDITOR DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

Sir: — That you aimed at some adverse critic of your "Magazine" in the opening note of your "Editor's Review" department of the issue for May, I am certain; but beyond this fact I know nothing. Precisely at whom you aimed I have not the remotest notion, nor do I desire to learn. When I state further that I have not the honor of being acquainted with yourself or with any of the other gentlemen connected with DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, the confession will, I hope, fully prove that what I am about to say is entirely disinterested.

I have been a constant and generally careful reader of the New Donahoe's, almost since its first appearance, and it gives me great pleasure to be able to testify that I find your publication at all times either instructive in its essays or interesting in its fictions; very often both one and the other, and amusing as well. It is my good fortune to peruse many monthlies, both American and foreign, but of none of them could I say more and of few as much.

I consider your issue for May an ideal number. The paper on "The Public Speaker" is, to me, worth more than twice your annual subscription. There are besides (to mention only my own favorites) "The Spirit of Leighton," a carefully prepared and valuable essay; "Shakespere's Authorship and Religion," a highly instructive contribution to our Shakesperean literature; "The End of Anne's Love Story," a strikingly original and carefully worked out sketch, barring, of course, the quite impossible "Irish brogue," and back of this array is a well-informed and charmingly expressed paper on "Life Insurance." Now, here is a bill of fare suited for every intellectual taste.

I come forward with this humble testimony all the more willingly as I am compelled to blush for a great portion of the monthlies and weeklies at present forming a large part of "the Catholic press." Your good city of Boston is, in my humble opinion at least, fortunate in being able to boast that it produces the best Catholic weekly and the best Catholic monthly of the English-speaking world.

Very sincerely yours,

MAURICE W. CASEY.

It is seldom in a time of peace that the record of deaths by violence, accidental and intentional, runs so high as the number chronicled during the past month. The harrowing casualities on the plains of Khodinsky, at St. Louis, at Victoria, British Columbia, off the island of Ushant, swelled by the extraordinary number of murders and suicides with which the papers of both continents have fairly reeked, foot up an aggregate, in comparison with which the loss of life in some of the fiercest battles of ancient war was trifling. When to this unusual mortality is added the slaughter in Cuba, Armenia, and Crete, the imagination is really appalled at the dangers besetting mankind in the midst of its greatest modern civilization. A thousand years ago such dreadful happenings would impress the minds of men with the conviction that the signs prophesied for the approaching end of time had appeared. At the end of the nineteenth century, however, the human race peruses the most direful intelligence with something like callous equanimity. Disasters by land and sea have become of such frequent and terrible occurrence that people's sympathies have become largely perfunctory and dry, and men betake themselves to a species of stoical indifference, not unnatural in their evident helplessness to avert calamity. It is consoling to realize that the advanced discoveries of medical and surgical science are doing much to offset the loss of life through accident and the outbreak of human passions; and the philosopher will be inclined to see some compensation and adjustment of things mortal, in the benefits conceded to suffering man from such marvellous inventions as the Cathode ray, anti-toxine, and all the other boons perfected or perfecting by modern science.

WOMEN'S DEPARTMENT.

A Talk With Girl Graduates.

From school and college, institute and academy pour the announcements, so much alike in tenor and text, which summon us daily to sympathize with glad graduates, and incidentally to pity the "valedictorian." At no other stage of any possible career can the latter realize more vividly than on this occasion that under the sun there is absolutely nothing new; even the available quotations are worn threadbare.

Their beauty may remain a joy forever, but the intimate acquaintance of many years is likely to dull the hearer's appreciation. One comes to recognize the curves of a sentence leading onward to Lowell and Longfellow or upward to Shakespere and Emerson and this anticipation is fatal to the success of the climax. It is not that our nineteenth-century progressiveness promises improvement on these great phrase-makers of our mother tongue, — it is rather the old story of perfection palling on our human perversity.

Another proof of this perverseness is the doubt which crosses many minds as to whether the task of *unlearning* may not in the future prove more difficult than that of *learning* has been through the school days which constitute the graduates' past. As a nation we may well be proud of our educational facilities, their wonderful growth, and adequate appreciation. The path of learning, while not absolutely thornless, has certainly been smoothened to an unusual extent within the few years that separate two generations of scholars. Master minds have bent themselves to the study which Pope diagnosed as the proper one for mankind and as a consequence, the talent overlooked or undeveloped is now a rarity among us. From kindergarten to university all doors are accessible to the seeker after knowledge, and little more than the key of perseverance is needed in the circuit. Learning made easy is the boast of the age — to learn, its aspiration — highest learning, its ultimatum.

To unlearn remains an unconsidered phase, but we must admit its existence. It faces us occasionally as a tangible necessity. Now it is a method — now an impression — now a prejudice, all of which we remember as having been easily learned and find exceedingly difficult to unlearn. It may be remarked that we of mature years experience most difficulty in the task, as we should likewise in the acquisition of knowledge (the rust of disuse having touched our abilities). Our difficulty should in this case be the opportunity whereby our girls may profit.

"Facing the future with experience for teacher" is a favored phrase of the valedictorian, but unpleasant experiences are unwelcome teachers and may in many cases be avoided. A choice of method, although deliberate, should be rarely irrevocable, and this applies to every-day happenings as well as to the larger concerns of life. For instance: I cannot imagine my girl graduate in a position more unaccustomed or probably less congenial than the kitchen of her own home, although I should not want to imagine her unwilling to take turn there and endeavor to relieve or share the mother's responsibilities.

Whether this assistance means handiwork or supervision the necessity of choosing a method remains, and here as in other matters a proviso is to be recommended. That proviso is *to adopt*, unless a better way should be discovered; "mother's way" may be good (it is always worthy trial at least); the way suggested by your own experience in chemistry or cooking class may be better, notwithstanding the jokes perpetrated at their expense; a way differing from both and only proved by test may be best of all. It may take a long while, perhaps a happy accident, to discover this best, but when discovered it is easy of adoption, if you have purposely remained open to conviction.

I know of a housekeeper who counts, among her trials, the frequent change of kitchen help which falls to the lot of the many, and she admits that from each incumbent she has learned something, be it ever so little, which each in turn had learned of someone else, that was an improvement on some particular method; all such information she garners carefully, and she is another authority for the statement that

while most women can learn a method entirely new, few can unlearn an old method of long standing. I remember, in this connection, the distress of a particular maid in the small matter of setting away a broom on the handle instead of the head. "It just seems to turn in my hand" was her favorite explanation of what was simply force of habit.

Nor do I think the difficulty a matter of class or intelligence, or lack of adaptability. Indeed, I am rather disposed to believe that the greatest obstacle to improvement is that consciousness of superiority which unfortunately so many receive with their diplomas and retain with even more tenacity. "The little learning" grows not less dangerous, for all the shining examples, easy to quote, of women of acknowledged preëminence entirely free from affectation of superiority. It is only such women, who have learned the extent of knowledge, that we find willing to admit their individual limitations. To the young and crude "success" consists in the admiration and plaudits of a commencement day audience, which first error it is wise to unlearn as speedily as may be.

As with methods, so with impressions; they should be accepted only on trial. Dependence on one's unassisted vision is a dangerous experiment, as is the "first-sight" impression of which we hear occasionally.

Prejudices are the most difficult of all, as they are usually the most necessary to unlearn. Imbibed, as the air we breathe, they become insensibly as much part of our daily existence. The classroom does not generally allow of their discussion, although it may permit their growth; it is only the friction of every-day life that proves their strength, even to their possessor. Prejudices die proverbially hard — therefore the work of destruction should be inaugurated before they have taken deep root. While the future still holds so much to learn, it is truest wisdom to simplify the process of unlearning by the careful study of method, the analysis of impressions and the suppression of prejudices.

We may trust the world to teach the hard lesson of individual insignificance. Happy the girl who in all gentleness and humility is prepared to sit at the feet of her elders in wisdom; who realizes that were life to run twice its allotted span, there would yet be much to learn and who simplifies life's plan by remaining receptive of all proffered good, and always open to conviction, even though it may mean a method changed, an impression effaced, or a prejudice disproven.

MARGARET M. HALVEY.

The Normal School Course.

As one of the educational reformers has said, the duty of a teacher is not to inform, but to develop. In the child's mind are implanted the germs of knowledge, wisdom, and learning, which are to be developed under the teacher's guidance and stimulation. A young woman may be well educated and possess a storehouse of knowledge, but this knowledge is not sufficient to make a teacher. A teacher must also love and understand children, and know how to guide and stimulate them in acquiring knowledge. The very best preparation for teaching is a normal school course.

Normal schools for the training of public school teachers are established and supported by the State. In Massachusetts, young women who intend to teach in the public schools of the State, pay no tuition. Those intending to teach in other states or in private schools pay fifteen dollars a term, that is thirty dollars a year for tuition.

A young woman desiring to enter any one of the State normal schools of Massachusetts must be sixteen years old, and must have received a high school education, or its equivalent. The examinations for entering take place at the close of the school year, and also at the beginning of the year in September.

There are several courses which may be taken. There are two courses of two and three years each, which fit pupils for primary and grammar school work. Then there is a four years' course which prepares them for higher work, such as grammar school principals, principals' assistants, and high school teachers. There is also a course for kindergarten work and an advanced course for college graduates. In all these courses pupils have practice in teaching in the model schools so that when they take classes of their own they may have some knowledge of the practical as well as of the theoretical side of teaching.

The cost of the normal school course is very little. Books are supplied free of cost. For those who board at the schools, expenses are

made as light as possible. At Bridgewater, a fee of thirty-seven and a half dollars is paid at the beginning of each term, making the cost of board for the year only seventy-five dollars. Pupils are required to furnish bedding, towels, napkins, and clothes-bags. Students who wish to board at home, if they are under eighteen, can obtain half season ticket rates on any railroad. If they are over eighteen they can obtain season tickets. The state makes annual appropriations to be distributed among those pupils who require pecuniary aid. This aid is not given to pupils during the first year.

Boston maintains a normal school in which teachers are trained to teach in the city schools. Those who have completed the four years' course in the Boston high school may enter the school. Pupils from other schools may enter by passing the examination which is held at the beginning of the September term.

For pupils who reside in Boston, tuition is free. Those who do not reside in the city pay about seventy-five dollars a year.

The course in the school is two years. Pupils are instructed in the theory of teaching, and have ample opportunity for practice. Nearly all the work treats mainly with subjects taught in the primary and grammar schools. Pupils study a subject from the teacher's standpoint, analyzing and studying it to see how it can best be presented to a class. Sample lessons are given by the teachers, and the pupils learn to teach by teaching their classmates. Psychology is a new study. This teaches the students to understand the faculties of the mind and the laws which govern its actions, so that they may not be working in the dark when they come to guide the minds of the children. Logic and the history of education are also new studies. Special elective courses are given in gymnastics, science, music, drawing, and sewing.

Pupils are sent out to training teachers in the schools throughout the city for practice work. The first year they spend two weeks in the primary and two in the grammar schools. The second year they spend three months in practical work. The training teacher observes the pupil at work and points out her errors to her and suggests improvements.

A normal school course is fully worth the time and energy given to it, even if a young woman never taught, and it is necessary for the teacher. It broadens her character and makes her eager for self-improvement. She learns to know herself, and to see what her faults are and how they are to be remedied. It is a course of study which requires a pupil's whole attention and best efforts. Most young women who enter a normal school have a definite end in view and are willing and ready to work, and by faithful attention to daily work lessen the difficulties of the course.

EVELYN M. PEARCE.

A Delusive Stimulus.

The day-dreams of young people have no foundation in experience or in observation of real life. They are visions of dreamland, of a state of bliss, saved from monotony by an occasional tragedy fitted to develop the heroic qualities of Una and her Red Cross Knight.

They see their elder brothers and sisters enter upon married life, and look on with affectionate interest not unmixed with disdain; very different are such everyday transactions from the high-strung sacrifices practised in dreamland. They see their parents growing gray with cares borne together through many a year of joy and pain; but they perceive nothing in such a union akin to the sublime crises known in Utopia. "Why that's father and mother," they think; "Of course they are dearer and better than anyone else." And they turn from the sweet, familiar life of every day, and scale the ladder which leads to their castle in the air, to pursue their quest after happiness of a kind sadly lacking in our nether world.

A Pressing Need.

"The Writer" quotes this remark of an anxious mother: "I was simply struck dumb by a speech made by my daughter, a girl of fifteen years old. When I had talked with her some time, to get her reasons for the use of such language, I found she had been reading '———'." The name of the novel is suppressed. In the same periodical we find the following statement: "We have many writers who tell most charmingly a story that will please a child of from five to eight years old, but very few writers who can interest a boy or girl of from eight to sixteen. Possibly this is the reason why our youth take to reading novels at such an early age."

A Mission for Some One.

There is a great work to be accomplished by some story-teller who would do for the girls of to-day what Miss Charlotte Yonge and Miss Louisa Alcott did for an earlier generation. Their success came from their power of looking at the great questions of human life as young people look at them, and then solving the problems by means of interesting tales full of humor and sympathy and common sense. These stories are a series of episodes, such as take place in all family circles, rather than romances based on a well-defined plot. I do not hold them up as master-pieces of literary art, but as the successful efforts of wise and clever women to teach young girls to see the beauty of real life, as it passes before their eyes in their own homes and the homes of their friends and schoolmates.

The Coming Writer.

The story-teller yet to be must understand, as well as Miss Yonge and Miss Alcott have understood, the art of coaxing young people to leave dreamland and listen to tales of domestic life just like their own lives at home, with a lovely light of poetry thrown over everyday events. But she must not reproduce pictures of life as it was thirty years ago; her tales must be founded on a thorough knowledge of the chances, hopes and preplexities of a girl's life to-day. She need not write about college courses, college settlements, professional careers for women, or any other project now on trial, unless she thinks it wise to do so; but she must understand that these objects of ambition enter into the day-dreams of the girls of to-day. Would that this coming writer might be a Catholic familiar with all that is most worthy of respect and emulation in this world. Such a story-teller would be prophetess and seer to the young people of the twentieth century. God speed her coming! EMMA FORBES CARY.

Emigrant Ships.

The suggestion in the April number of DONAHOE'S that something might be done through the influence of Catholic women for the protection of Catholic girls, who travel by steerage in ocean steamships, is most worthy of consideration. In addition to the danger mentioned by the writer of the interesting article, from the attentions of the sailors, there is danger, also, from the evil example of some of the women passengers, whose uncultivated minds and want of principle make the idle life of an ocean voyage only a time for mischief making. I remember that, during the last voyage I made to Europe, the stewardess came to me very late one night with many apologies for not having been as attentive as was her habit. "But I have been," she said, "nearly out of my mind with those women in the steerage."

"I did not know that you had charge of them," I answered. "I am not supposed to," she said, "but the two steerage stewardesses are quite worn out with them, and cannot manage them at all. When they think they have them all locked up for the night, they get out and are up on deck with the sailors."

"What nationality are the women?" I asked. "Oh, not Irish Catholics! I have been on steamships thirteen years, and never had any trouble with Irish Catholic women."

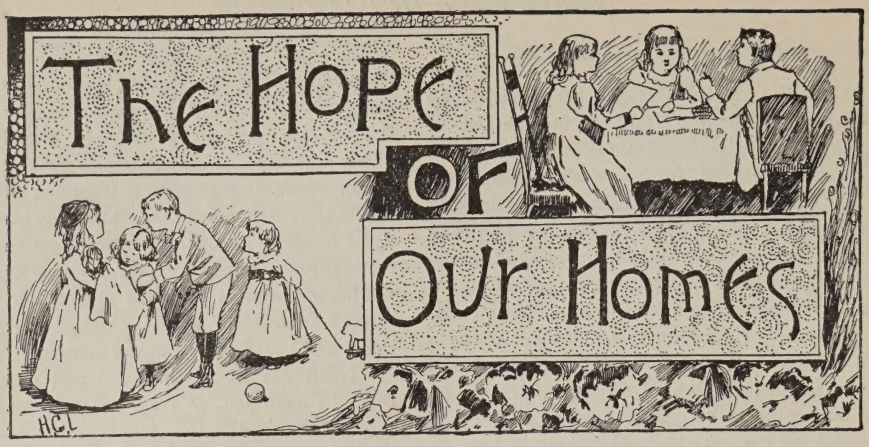
I have been told the same thing, repeatedly, by almshouse physicians, but was surprised to hear it corroborated by this Scotch Presbyterian. She was a fine, big, motherly creature, and strong enough to have "battened down hatches" on a whole shipload of emigrants, one would think. I asked, with some curiosity, "Is it because they are Irish, or because they are Catholic?"

"It is because they are *Irish Catholics*. I am Scotch, and a Presbyterian, but I know that the Irish Catholic girls are all good girls."

Such testimony from the other side should make us feel that these innocent women deserve every help and protection that can be furnished during that most forlorn phase of existence, an ocean voyage, when even the most fortunate cabin passenger often finds himself so cast down by illness or loneliness as to feel cut loose from all his moorings and adrift on a strange sea. ISABEL WHITELEY.

An Ounce of Prevention

is cheaper than any quantity of cure. Don't give children narcotics or sedatives. They are unnecessary when the infant is properly nourished, as it will be if brought up on the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk.



Prize Watch Contest.

A sharp word spoken in kindness has been productive of good. Our boys have been roused to action, and in the most practical way are protesting against the charge of idleness preferred against them in the June number. Well, we said that if they responded to the call for more essays and letters we would apologize for what we said, and we are prepared to do it, and very happy also to show our satisfaction by granting an extension of time. We must never be too proud to acknowledge ourselves in fault, and it may have been just a trifle unreasonable to expect so much of our young people when school duties were beginning to crowd upon them, and anxiety about examinations driving every other thought out of their troubled young heads.

In view of this fact, and also to encourage the better spirit shown by the boys, we will defer the closing of the contest until the 12th of August, thus giving competitors the long holiday weeks in which to prepare their essays; and (it is always well to be honest) it will also give the examiners more time to read over the great pile of compositions, and to decide upon their merits.

The subject for the boys' essay, is "How to earn a Dollar," and for the girls' "How to help Mother."

The conditions are repeated below, for the benefit of the new competitors who may not have seen the first announcement.

Conditions for Competitors.

1. Express your thoughts as clearly and concisely as you can.

2. Write the essay yourself, and write only on one side of the paper.

3. Mail your copy before the 15th of June.

Address, "Prize Watch Contest," Donahoe's Magazine, Boston, Mass.

The Growth of the Flag.

Daughters of the Republic.

When the Declaration of Independence proclaimed the separation of the colonies from the mother country, the sturdy champions of liberty demanded a national flag giving individual representation to every colony while combining all in a design standing for the Union. As the outcome of this agitation, when Congress convened in 1777, in the city of Philadelphia, a resolution was passed decreeing that "the flag of the thirteen United States be thirteen

stripes, alternate red and white, that the Union be thirteen stars, white in a blue field, representing a new constellation."

The designing of this flag has been credited to several, but the strongest evidence proves that it was made by an upholsterer, Mrs. John Ross, who worked from a rough drawing submitted to her by Washington, the leader of the congressional committee.

The resolution establishing the flag was promulgated on September 3, and acted upon so quickly that eight days later the stars and stripes floated over the battle of the Brandywine.

In February of the following year the foreign naval forces first paid tribute to the national standard, saluting the colors flying from the masthead of the good ship Ranger commanded by Captain Paul Jones.

From time to time, as the Union grew, further legislation became necessary to give every state admitted to the Union national recognition.

Finally it was decreed that on the first Fourth of July following the admission of a state a new star should be added, and thus the number grew, an ever-increasing constellation adding new lustre to the blue field and crimson stripes of Old Glory.

One Fourth of July.

All my life I have lived by the sea, but many are the changes that have come in the village where I live, none more marked than the fact that no Indians ever come there now, though when I was a child the Indian camp was a source of delight to me and all my playmates. On the shore, on some beach easy of access for the canoes, our dark-faced friends used to pitch their tents, once white no doubt, but dingy ever since I can remember them. There the pappooses took endless naps in hammocks slung from pole to pole in the tents; there the women, old and young, made baskets for sale. These were not skilfully made like the pretty ones sold to-day all along the New England coast by Indians. They were made of coarse strips of wood, interwoven with finer strips of colored osier, so primitive that we children used to buy materials of the Indians and make baskets very nearly as pretty as theirs.

The men went fishing in canoes, and if they had very good luck they came home towing a porpoise behind them. The women cooked the fish in great kettles slung from crotched sticks over a fire, as gypsies do, and to see one thing popped in after another by the dark, haggard women who did the cooking you would have thought of the witches in Macbeth, and been ready to believe that "eyes of newt and toe of frog" made part of the stew. But it used to smell very good, I can assure you.

Sometimes the Indians were good looking, and now and then there was a pretty squaw among the women. As a rule they were clumsy in figure and had flat faces, but they were most harmless beings, and their yearly visit to our village was looked for with pleasure by young and old. Nevertheless, they are banished by law from our community because of something which happened on a Fourth of July nearly half a century ago. They can come to the long, outlying beaches far from our houses but they cannot make the old-time cosy encampment, on the edge of the village, within easy reach of the one shop.

On this particular "Fourth" all the men of the camp had gone fishing, leaving no means of protection for squaws and pappooses. Who ever thought of their needing protection in our village! As they went about their peaceful tasks, the Indian women saw a canoe turn into the cove, suddenly coming in sight from behind a headland. The Indian in the boat was not of their own tribe. He was a splendid looking fellow, but with the wild glance of a savage, wholly unlike our peaceful Penobscot Indians. The women took fright quickly and their fears were confirmed when he leaped on shore and they recognized a man of a different tribe who had some cause of quarrel with their husbands. To their horror he had some kind of whip or scourge with which he beat about him to the right and left, driving before him the shrieking women who caught up their babies and ran down the one road with their children clinging to their skirts or running on before them.

Just in the line of flight was the house of a gentleman who spent only the summer by the sea. It so happened that all the family had gone to the city except one of the daughters whom I shall call Imogen, though she really bore the name of another heroine of Shakespere. She was a delicate girl, not made by nature for adventure. She saw the herd of terrified women and children rushing down the road with the pursuer in full chase, and going down stairs

she opened a door on the ground floor within sight of the fugitives.

When they had run into the house and the door was fastened, Imogen locked herself in a room on the next floor and listened. She heard the Indian batter on the door in vain and then she heard him smash a window and spring in among his victims, whose screams of terror and pain pierced her ears and heart. Soon he drove them out again into the road, and back to the camp.

In those days many people went to the city for the excitement of Independence Day. The men of our village came back that night to witness a strange scene. The Indians had returned from their fishing expedition and found the marauder in their camp. On the beach they put an executioner's block of stone, and forced their foe down upon the ground with his head on the block; his hands and feet were bound and the axe was lifted above the criminal's head, when a posse of law-abiding white men rushed in and stopped the execution. The offender was given over to the hands of the law, but alas! the reputation of our dear Indians was so damaged by the tragic disturbance, that they were banished forever from our village. So do the innocent suffer for the deeds of the wicked.

A CHRONICLER.

What God Gives a Boy.

A body to keep clean and healthy, as a dwelling for his mind and a temple for his soul.

A pair of hands to use for himself and others, but never against others for himself.

A pair of feet to do errands of love and kindness and charity and business, but not to loiter in places of mischief or temptation or sin.

A pair of lips to speak true, kind, brave words.

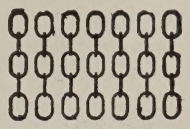
A pair of ears to hear music of bird and tree and human voice, but not to give heed to what the serpent says, or to what dishonors God or His Mother.

A pair of eyes to see the beautiful, the good and the true — God's finger print in the flower and field and snowflake.

A mind to remember and reason and decide and store up wisdom and impart it to others.

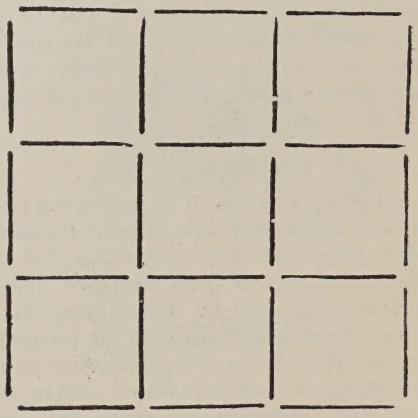
A soul as fair as a new-fallen snowflake, to receive impressions of good and to develop faculties of powers and virtues which shall shape it day by day, as the artist's chisel shapes the stone, into the image and likeness of Jesus Christ. — *Selected.*

Puzzle.



A customer brought seven pieces of chain with five links in each and asked a jeweller the cost of having them made into an endless necklace of thirty-five links. He said he would charge four cents for cutting a link open and seven cents for soldering it again. How much did it cost?

Puzzle.



Lay twenty-four matches so as to form nine square pens.

Now pick up eight of the matches, so that there will be just two square pens left and nothing over.

Rebus.

CATHOLIC QUESTION BOX.

[There is much that even Catholics do not know regarding the Church of Christ, its history, its services, its ceremonials. To an intelligent man, believer or unbeliever, there can be no more interesting subjects. The story of the Church is a romance of fact, human and divine. The significance of the ceremonials, by which it commemorates Christ's acts and impresses His truths, are vital with reason and with beauty, when understood. To the work of spreading this information, this department is devoted. Readers are invited to ask any questions regarding the Church upon which they are not fully informed. We desire every reader of DONAHOE'S to be prepared to answer any question about his faith that may arise in his experiences in the world. Inquiries must reach this office before the first of the month to be answered in the next issue. Questions asked later than that date cannot be answered until the second month following. Address all letters to "Editor, Catholic Question Box, DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, 611 Washington Street, Boston, Mass." As a guarantee of good faith, every letter must give the full name and address of the writer, which will not be published. In future no unsigned letters will be answered.]

L. F. inquires: —

1. Is it right to ask the priest's blessing when he calls at your house?

2. Is it best to have Mass said for a departed friend on the same day of the month as he died?

3. Do the dead know what we do for them?

1. When the priest was ordained, he received the power to bless, and this is one of his special functions. Many old people have a laudable custom of asking the blessing of the priest when he visits their home. There can be nothing unbecoming in it, but at times it would be scarcely convenient to ask it. When the priest comes on a sick call he blesses all in the house, because in conformity with our Lord's word, he says: "Peace be to this house, and to all who dwell in it." There are times when it would be perfectly right to ask a blessing; at other times not so opportune. Use a little discretion. It is a pity that the many and beautiful blessings the Church has provided for the faithful are not more in demand, and among these, the priest's blessing.

2. If it is a month's mind, have it on the same day of the month, if possible. Outside of that any day, because the Mass is always of benefit.

3. They can know as much as God wills for them, and what may be His pleasure in this, we cannot say. Still, the pious belief of the faithful tends to this, that the saints to whom we pray are aware of what we ask, and offer our petitions to God for us, and also that the suffering souls for whom we may make intercession know their benefactors, and remember them when in Heaven they can repay them by prayers.

Lawyer asks: —

1. What is the authority of a General Council?

2. Is the authority of the Pope dependent upon that of the General Council?

3. Does the Church in the United States make laws for itself in its Councils?

4. Give the grades in the hierarchy and in Councils.

1. The General or Ecumenical Council is composed of all the bishops and archbishops of the world, with the Pope at their head, either personally or by one sent to represent him. Its deliberations have the value of the arguments, opinions and doctrines of the men who compose it, and also, when acting with the Pope, and under his jurisdiction when confirmed by him, and promulgated by him, the same authority as a decree emanating from the Pope himself. It must be always borne in mind that the Pope speaking *ex cathedra* is himself infallible, alone, or as the head of an Ecumencial Council whereas the Council is infallible only by and with the Pope. An appeal therefore, like that of Luther from the Pope to a General Council could have no weight.

2. No.

3. It makes the laws subject to the approval of the Holy Father. The bishops of this country are naturally cognizant of the needs of the Church here, and frame laws accordingly. These are then submitted to Rome for approval, or modification, or rejection. The whole Church, no country excepted, comes under the jurisdiction of Peter. It sometimes happens, too, that the bishops of a nation are divided in their opinions as to the best course to be pursued. Their various ideas being submitted, with the reasons therefor, to Rome, after careful and weighty consideration, as the subject may require, Rome decides what is to be done.

4. The priests are not considered in the hierarchy. There are bishops, archbishops,

cardinals, and the Pope. Associated more or less with these different degrees, either in power or dignity, or both, are such as vicars-apostolic, vicars-general, monsignors, abbots, prelates, etc.

The Council of a diocese, the priests of the diocese, with the bishop at the head, is a synod; of a province, that is of the suffragan bishops, with their archbishop presiding, is a provincial council; of a nation, that is of all the archbishops and bishops of a country, under the primate of that country, is a Plenary Council; of the world, that is, of all the bishops and archbishops of the world, under the Pope, is a General or Ecumenical Council.

Historian asks: —

1. Why is Tertullian frequently quoted by Catholics as an authority, since he left the Church?

2. What was the error of Arius? Of Nestorius? What action did the Church take on these heresies?

1. Tertullian lived in the earliest days of Christianity, the time of his death being about the year of our Lord 220. He wrote of what he knew regarding the doctrine and discipline of the Church of which he was a member, and of Rome of which he was a resident. He is considered a reliable historian in the narrative of events, and is so quoted.

2. Arius practically denied the divinity of Jesus Christ. Like all heresiarchs, he knew how to invent many subterfuges, and to combine error with error. But through all his variations, the main doctrines stood forth that he believed in Jesus, only as a created being. His error was condemned by the Church in the General Council of Nice, A. D. 325. The Catholic doctrine, which is at the same time the refutation of Arianism, is formulated in the Nicene Creed, which states explicitly the divinity of Jesus Christ. The word "consubstantial" was the touchstone of orthodoxy in this council.

Nestorious said that Mary is not the Mother of God, but only of Christ as man. The Church condemned this error in the General Council of Ephesus, A. D. 431, and declared that Mary is really and truly the Mother of God, because she is the Mother of Him, who though He has two natures, the divine and the human, yet is only one Person, and so she must be the Mother of that Person, who is Eternal God. The general tradition is that at this time were added to the Hail Mary, the words: "Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners, now, and at the hour of our death." The joy of the Catholic people at the Church's decision was extraordinary, and in every place thanksgiving was offered to God who had vindicated the divinity of His Son and the honor of His Mother.

Examiner asks: —

1. Who can grant indulgences?

2. Is there any authority in Scripture for extreme unction?

3. When is the oil used in the sacraments blessed?

1. The Pope and the bishops; the Pope without restriction, and the bishops with restriction, viz., a year at the dedication of a church and forty days on other occasions; whereas the Pope can grant indulgences to all the faithful of the entire world, and, as often as he deems expedient.

2. In the Epistle of Saint James v, 14, 15, it is written: "Is any man sick among you? let him bring in the priests of the Church, and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord. And the prayer of faith shall save the sick man, and the Lord shall raise him up, and if he be in sins, they shall be forgiven him." So the Fathers of the Council of Trent said that this sacrament was indicated by Saint Mark, vi, 13, recommended and announced by Saint James, but instituted by our Lord. Only Christ could institute a sacrament. As this sacrament is the completion of the sacrament of Penance, it is thought that its institution was subsequent to that of Penance, which was principally instituted on the very day of the Resurrection.

3. On Holy Thursday, by the bishop.

Anxious Inquirer asks: —

1. Is a sacrilege always a mortal sin?

2. Is a lie told to the priest always a mortal sin?

3. When should one perform his penance?

1. No, there can be light matter in this, as in many other sins. For instance, to steal something from the Church is a sacrilege, but if it be a few cents only it is a venial sin here as elsewhere.

2. No, it can be but a slight lie, and so only a venial sin.

3. As soon as possible after confession, so that the penance may be united to the sacrament, of which it forms a part.

KINDERGARTEN CLASS OF ST. PAUL'S SUNDAY SCHOOL, NEW YORK.

See Article, p. 115.

A Rose Among the Heather.

From the Painting by Schwenzen.

Donahoe's Magazine.

VOL. XXXVI. BOSTON, AUGUST, 1896. NO. 2.

CHILD STUDY IN A SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

B. ELLEN BURKE.

AT a meeting of the National Educational Association held at Denver in 1895, Professor Earl Barnes of the Leland Stanford University, California, made the remark that when you give a new movement a name, it becomes an object of ridicule and derision. He was addressing the members of the child-study department on the progress that had been made in recent years in spite of opposition.

There are many ready to champion any cause that seems to possess the element of novelty; who consider change and progress as synonymous, or who have a feverish desire for the new; and there are others who can see no merit in a thing unless its origin can be traced to the remotest antiquity. The subject of child study is not new, as may be proven by the literature of the world, but it is new to many in this day and generation, and it always will be a new study and a proper study for those who are associated with children or are in any way responsible for their education.

The men and women of to-day who, by patient research, intelligent observation, and untiring perseverance, have discovered, or re-discovered, the laws governing the development of the child, are deserving of the praise of all thoughtful people. Child study has suffered much from both its friends and its enemies, though in justice to the latter be it said, they have railed more against the methods employed than against the subject itself. The friends of a cause sometimes injure it as much by their unwise zeal as the foes by their unjust criticism.

The phrase "method of education" has a different signification to-day from the one given to it twenty years ago by the majority of teachers. Then it had reference to the ways and means of presenting a subject; now it deals with the manner and matter of supplying proper conditions for the development of the child physically, mentally and spiritually, in accordance with laws of growth established by the Creator. A most important work is the edu-

cation of children, the directing, leading and guiding them so that they may attain that full and complete manhood or womanhood for which they were created.

The claims of childhood, the rights of children, have not received that degree of attention their importance demands. When we look over our land, out on the world, and see wrong rampant, fraud invading high places, sin in all forms in all parts of society, we know, so surely as certain results follow certain causes, that the training and the education of the children have been, in a great measure, defective.

Chief among the leaders of the modern movement for child study is Professor G. Stanley Hall, president of Clark University, Worcester, Massachusetts. He is a conscientious, patient investigator, willing to give to the world the results of his labors, fearless in expressing his honest convictions, regardless of whose prejudices may be disturbed, if convinced that his words and works will be for the advancement of true education. The reports of the work done in Clark University are valuable to parents and teachers. Enough has already been accomplished by Professor Hall, his coworkers and his followers, to prove that the cultivation of all the brain-areas is essential to the perfect growth of an intelligent being, that all subjects necessary for the accomplishment of this object are proper and pertinent for the schoolroom, and that no topic is of worth in a course of study only in so far as it influences the right development of the child.

Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler of Columbia College, in his address as president of the National Educational Association for 1895, said, on the subject of educational values: "No knowledge is worthless, for it all leads us back to the common cause and ground of all, yet that knowledge is of most worth which stands in closest relation to the highest forms of the activity of that spirit which is created in the image of Him who holds nature and man alike in the hollow of His hand."

Courses of study in all parts of the country have been modified because of the ringing, sometimes stinging, words sent out from Clark University. Nothing that has been said in connection with the movement is of more importance than Professor Hall's recent utterances about fallow brain-areas. The statement that less than one-half of the areas of the brain are awakened by those who take a full American university course is, to say the least, startling. He is alarmed because of existing conditions, and well he may be. It is not a matter for congratulation to contemplate our colleges, universities and academies as sending out men and women, halt and blind mentally and spiritually, graduates with mis-shapen, distorted, crippled brains and with a woful lack of power that might have been aroused by proper soul-awakening. He gives some causes that contribute to this inactivity and suggests some remedies.

We will quote his own words on one topic, as reported in the *Journal of Education*:—

> Religion, directly and indirectly, would influence vast areas that are now wholly fallow. No virtues of a secular school system can atone for the absence of all religious cultivation. We have much to learn from the Catholic Church in this regard. I am a Protestant of the Protestants, but I would rather a child of mine should be educated in a nunnery, or in a rigid parochial school, with its catechism and calen-

dar of saints, then have no religious training. The Catholic Church is strong where we are weak: namely, in the veneration of the saints. We have allowed our prejudices to deprive us of one of the grandest features of brain-awakening and mental development in this matter of saints. It is no sufficient answer that they do not get from the study all they might. There are at least sixty-three large books devoted to the saints in the Catholic Church, while there are but three discoverable that attempt a similar work with Protestant children in school or Sunday-schools.

Our Sunday-schools and theirs ought to study pedagogics. The home leaves the child to the school for his mental training, and to the Sunday-school for his religious culture, and neither is equal to the demands placed upon them. This is especially true of the Sunday-school.

All that we know of men is in a critical state just now. The emotional life conditions the intellectual. Religion is and always has been the centre of life. It always will be.

These thoughts of a conscientious man of broad experience and deep study deserve the attention of all teachers, especially those engaged in Sunday-school work in the Catholic Church. If the Sunday-schools are not doing their best work, not getting from the material at hand all that should be obtained, not using all resources available so as to energize the mind and develop power as well as increase knowledge, they should be criticised, but with reasonable allowance for the difficulties involved. The room in which the Sunday-school holds its sessions, the teachers, the literature, the music, should contribute to the soul-awakening of the child, and are matters deserving the continuous attention of our best thinkers.

This is an era of "New Education," not new truths nor new laws of growth, but new ways of teaching. More than ever before the teacher is attempting to teach according to law. The child's spiritual growth is retarded and dwarfed by defective methods of teaching; time and force are economized by intelligent co-operation with the natural laws of development. History proves the truth of Professor Hall's statement that "Religion is and always has been the centre of life." Looking back into the centuries we see that religion was ever the central thought running through life, that when it was neglected in a nation or home, intellectual death followed close upon the abandonment of religious training.

In order to form an estimate of Sunday-school work from a pedagogical point of view, the writer spent some time recently in New York City studying the question. In this article but one Sunday-school will be considered. Facts will be given, and an effort made to state the exact working of the school, give the true conditions and then determine its place as a factor in guiding the self-activity of the child onward and upward.

The Sunday-school selected for study is attached to the Church of Saint Paul the Apostle, situated on Columbus Avenue, between 59th and 60th streets. The children attending come largely from what is now called the upper West Side, between 54th and 65th streets, including a half mile of territory on the shore of the Hudson River. The majority are from tenement houses and represent many nationalities. The sessions are held in Saint Michael's Chapel which has its front entrance under the main door of the church. It has been arranged and furnished to meet the needs of the school. It is a large room, 200 x 120 feet, with a seating capacity of about two thousand, including some movable benches in the aisles, offices and library. The altar is on one side in a position

which enables all the children to see the priest celebrating Mass. The space is broken by buttresses which support the floor of the upper church.

On the wall directly opposite the main entrance is a large picture of Christ standing, as in the statue by Thorwaldsen. At each side of the door are panel pictures of singing angels, and a number of copies of celebrated paintings hang on the walls and buttresses. The popular Byzantine picture of Our Lady of Perpetual Help, two of Raphael's Madonnas, one of Murillo's, several saints by other noted artists, serve to add to the educational value of the room. In statuary there are two beautiful figures, Our Lady and Saint Joseph, copied from Knable of Munich, a Saint Paul after one of Raphael's cartoons, a graceful guardian-angel leaning over a child, and several statuettes of singing boys in imitation of Della-Robbia terra-cotta. Rolling partitions are used to divide the room during the recitation hour after Mass. The seats are marked with the names of saints and each class is known by the name on the seats occupied by the class. The value of designating the divisions in this manner is apparent to any one who has had experience with names that varied with the teachers.

The children assemble in Saint Michael's Chapel about fifteen minutes before nine every Sunday morning. The room is usually filled; apparently the very little ones are the only "fair weather Christians." As soon as they step over the threshold the wisdom that permeates the system is made manifest. They know by the absence of the sanctuary lamp, they have been told, that the Blessed Sacrament is not kept in Saint Michael's Chapel. They are not only permitted but encouraged to talk with each other until the beginning of Mass, at nine o'clock. The social element in their natures is fostered, watched, guided. The wise teacher finds here her great opportunity, for in these periods of spontaneity, more of the child-nature is revealed than could be obtained by months of study under less favorable conditions. There is no disorder; only the hum of conversation and the contented, happy faces of nearly two thousand children. The tinkle of a hand-bell transforms the scene: in a moment all are kneeling and assisting attentively and intelligently at the holy sacrifice of the Mass.

All the children who can read have prayer-books, compiled and arranged for the use of this Sunday-school. The melody that fills the room when teachers and pupils say aloud the prayers for Mass is as inspiring as the thoughts expressed by the words. The musical director of the church presides at the organ, the Reverend Director of the Sunday-school announces the hymns and all are urged to sing. The Reverend Director reads the Gospel of the day in English while the celebrant is saying it in Latin, and, at the close of the Mass, he preaches a short sermon, makes announcements about the sick and the dead, the various church services for the week, or whatever may be appropriate for the time and place.

The children have had freedom of expression at the proper time, before Mass began; the prayers, music, lights, attitudes of the body, all aid in increasing devotion; the in-

structions given appeal to the understanding and enable the children to assist intelligently at the holy sacrifice of the Mass. They are recognized as working members of the parish when the announcements are read to them, and they are made to feel that certain duties are required of them as important parts of a whole.

After Mass, the room is divided by the rolling partitions and the class work of the Sunday-school begins. The teachers, or governing force, are a Reverend Director, three superintendents, together with a board of examiners, ten in number; thirteen librarians, seven who attend to books for the Sunday-school children and six to books for the teachers; one hundred and twenty-five regular teachers, and others who assist on Wednesdays and Thursdays, as will be noted later.

The Reverend Director is an attendance officer, method teacher, critic and general manager. The one who holds the position at present has made the study of children and education almost a life work. He is a quiet, sympathetic, many-sided man, interested in various phases of life, sees the value of beginnings, recognizes efforts toward right, discovers the abilities in both pupil and teacher, fosters the good in method and manner, encourages all around him to do their very best. He knows the children; he has learned their needs, their capabilities, their environment; he watches their development, directs, advises and guards, in a great measure, this large number of God's little ones. He devotes considerable time, especially on Saturday afternoon, to visiting the parents of the children.

The examiners submit all their reports to the Director. It is the duty of this board to examine all the classes each month, to test each one sufficiently so as to form an estimate of the correctness and thoroughness of the work being done by pupils and teachers. The teachers, in addition to regular class-work, attend to the records and reports. The librarians perform the usual duties pertaining to a library. One or two teachers of experience have charge of the new pupils. It requires a special knowledge of children to know how to deal with the different dispositions and to decide where to place each applicant for admission.

During the time, usually a month, that the new pupil is being studied and made acquainted with the customs of the school, his attendance is noted on an admission card which is sent to the parents to let them know of the child's presence at Mass and Sunday-school, and also to establish a bond of union between the home and the school. On the back of this card is printed the following instructions to parents: —

> Children are required to be present at a quarter to nine o'clock every Sunday morning for Mass. After the Mass they receive instructions for one hour.
>
> The catechism lesson should always be learned at home, under the guidance of the parents. In the Sunday-school the lesson is to be recited, and further explanations given on the great truths of the Catholic religion.
>
> Parents are responsible for the regular attendance of their children, and should send notice of absence on account of sickness, etc., to the Reverend Director of the Sunday-school.

The record books for the school are models. On the inside pages of the cover are instructions to the teachers both as to their own duties and as to the manner of keeping the class records. The pupils' names, ages, residences, parents' names and occupations are noted, and for each Sunday, attendance, lesson, conduct and number of library book. At the

end of the month a summary is made of the month's work classified under the headings, Confession, Sunday Totals, Week-day Totals. These books, besides being records of present conditions, will be of historical value. For each child who has made his first communion, a quarterly report is sent to his parents for examination. This report records the number of times the child has been present, absent and late; the number of lessons, perfect, imperfect and totally failing; the number of times the child has been to confession and his conduct during Mass and lessons. This report is signed by parents and returned to the Director.

Three postal-card forms are used to report to parents the absences of children. The very first Sunday after the summer vacation, any child not present in his proper place in the room is marked absent and a card is sent by mail notifying his parents of the fact. Sometimes the child reports at the next session that he was in Sunday-school, but sat with some companion in another class. The parents of pupils who are absent from first confession or first communion classes are notified of the delinquency of their children by special cards. During the month of May, because of the short time elapsing before "first communion day," a special notice is sent to the parents of children in the first communion class, that they may give more attention to the work of preparation by insisting on the study of the catechism at home.

The school is divided into grades, sections and classes. In naming the grades the same method is employed as prevails in New York City public schools; the highest grade in the school is called the first, the next lower second, and so on. There are four grades, covering in all eight years' work. The fourth, or lower grade, has two sections, one for the very young children who cannot read — the kindergartners — and the other for the children who can read fairly well and can use books to study the lessons assigned them. These grades, like all the others in the school, are divided into classes, — usually about fifteen pupils in a group. Although the ability to read and get thought from the book apparently enters into the method of grading the pupils, they are in reality classified by their intellectual and spiritual power and advancement.

The work in the kindergarten division is a vast one. In this particular Sunday-school the labor is rendered more difficult by the fact that many of the children come from crowded tenements that can scarcely be called homes, that the large majority of the parents have to toil all day to get bread and they have but little time to pray, except to make a prayer of their work, and less time to instruct others how to pray. The great work with these little ones in the kindergarten is to develop in their souls the idea of God's power, wisdom and goodness, and His love for them. Co-ordinate with this development is the desire to talk to Him. This is fostered and the child is taught how to express thought to God — how to pray. The child is given words, signs and symbols to aid him in his expression of thought to God. Mental prayer, or the directing of thought to God, is begun here with these little unfolding, budding, growing minds and souls. The attitudes of the body, kneeling, genuflecting, making the sign of the cross, bowing the head, are made valuable aids in the great

work begun here. The names of God, the tone of voice used when speaking of Him, everything is considered. The child's benevolence towards the outside world is fostered and directed toward God who made this beautiful world and all things. The child is led to know God in His works and to worship God by thought, word and action.

Pictures, stories, poems, all the world around him are utilized as aids in this part of the work, and are, indeed, used in all grades of the school. The fact that children are attracted by the manner of telling as well as by the thing told is remembered and the tender, beautiful stories of the Christ-Child, the Divine Youth, the patient Teacher and Preacher, and the cross are all related in the most charming way; and patiently, carefully, as the hearts and minds of the children unfold to receive them. The child is studied with care during this formative period, for the truth is too apparent to Director and teachers, that the lives of many are wrecked because of the "unwatched beginnings."

The distinctive work of the next section of this same grade is development of conscience, preparation for the sacrament of Penance. The work of the lower section is continued, the concrete is presented when necessary, difficulties are considered one at a time and in related order; but all the work now centres around the growing and unfolding of the conscience of the child, duties to God, to his neighbor, to himself; the motives which should guide him, formation of habits based upon right principles, the intelligent beginnings of correct character building.

Special attention is given to the enlarging and enriching of a Christian vocabulary. An examination of the questions prepared specially for the children in this section of Saint Paul's Sunday-school, will show the terms given to the children as soon as the ideas have been developed in their minds. The precision exercised by the children in the use of words learned in Sunday-school is remarkable. Gradually they are led to decide for themselves as to the right or wrong of their own conduct. The training which they receive to enable them to make a correct examination of conscience, besides contributing to their moral and spiritual growth, cultivates memory, reasoning and language, as much as any school lessons they are studying during this period of their lives.

One of the strongest and most valuable elements in the present great child-study movement is the confession work of the children. Even if the theory is accepted that the sense development is the all-needed development, in order to test results and determine where the uncultivated brain-areas are, the child's mind must be open, his thoughts must be known, his emotions watched and every laudable means used to study him in order to know what is best to do for him. The Church says that children at a certain age should receive the sacrament of Penance. This necessitates the development of conscience, the cultivation of memory, reason and language, the quickening of the spirit and the whole wonderful work known in the vocabularies of Catholics as preparation for first confession. The educational value of first confession, from the dawn of reason, cannot be estimated.

Every detail pertaining to con-

fession is carefully considered with the child, the motives which should actuate him, the manner of making an examination of conscience, the resolutions to do better, the ways and means to avoid and overcome temptations, all tend to make the first confession an epoch in the life of the child, the culmination of a stupendous work. The great worth of the sympathetic, patient, intelligent teacher is fully recognized, and pedagogical training is estimated at its true value in this school.

The child passes after first confession to the third grade. The distinguishing work now is preparation for first communion. These pupils are given the seats of honor, directly in front of the altar. Council Catechism No. 1 is used. All the work now centres around the "Love of God" and the desire of a closer communion with Him is fostered. Bible stories, the life of Christ, the institution of the Blessed Sacrament, the sacrifice of the Mass, feast days of the saints and the devotions proper for a Christian life are the chief subjects for study this year. The work of the preceding years is strengthened, the vocabularies are increased to suit the child's needs, closer inspection is given to home life and his whole environment.

The work done in this grade manifests itself in the whole life of a child, in the home, the school, his work and his play. It is not the purpose of this article to enter into the details about the preparation for first communion or for any of the sacraments, only to mention the order in which the children in this particular Sunday-school are instructed to receive the different sacraments, and to note the fact that all the work of getting the child ready for the reception of a sacrament is done according to the law of growth. The whole nature, physical, moral and spiritual, is made to contribute to this development. By the reception of the sacraments the great bond of union between the child and his Creator is made more evident.

The catechism is used here, as in the lower divisions, as a guide to the order in which subjects should be studied; the definitions given are memorized, and the whole is considered as a proper and correct form of expressing the thought developed in the child's mind. The work to be done is so great that the Reverend Director has found it necessary to have an extra session each Thursday from October until May inclusive. The day when they receive their first communion is an event in the parish; indeed "first communion day" is a red-letter day in all Catholic churches. The man who cannot look back and say with Napoleon that the happiest day in his life was his "first communion-day" is deserving of pity.

The appearance of the children on that day must be seen to be appreciated. The girls in white dresses and white veils, color of purity and innocence, the boys in gala attire, the procession from the school-room to the church, the sweet, innocent faces, serious yet happy, the praying fathers and mothers, the priest who has prepared the children for this great event, the altar with its tabernacle flowers and lights, and at last the children at the altar-rail,— all make an impression that deepens in solemnity at each repetition as year after year new groups of children receive their first communion. The ceremony of blessing the scapulars and placing them upon the shoulders of the children is edifying and im-

pressive, and makes a fitting termination of the year's work.

Books describe the manner of preparing children for first communion, the way of conducting the retreat preparatory for the great day, advice as to thanksgiving afterwards, but nothing that can be expressed in words conveys any adequate idea of the importance of this event in the life of a child. The feelings aroused in the heart of even a casual observer who once witnesses a first communion in St. Paul's can never be wholly effaced. After making their first communion the children receive the sacraments once a month.

The work for the next year is preparation for the sacrament of Confirmation. Special attention is given to fortify the child to meet the temptations of the world. The Council Catechism No. 2 is used for this junior division of the second grade. As in the other divisions the children memorize the definitions and answers as found in the book. They are encouraged to ask questions pertaining to the lesson of the day, and the members of the class are given opportunities to answer. Nothing is left undone to develop in their souls piety and love for God, but they are further taught the necessity of being always ready to profess their faith before the world. The work of this section is too much for the Sunday alone, hence the Confirmation classes meet the Reverend Director and teachers on Wednesday afternoons at close of school or, if employed during the day, on Wednesday evenings.

Children who have received first communion and confirmation are placed in the senior second grade. The text-book used here is Deharbe's Catechism No. 2 and the time given is two years. An examination of the text-book will give a fair idea of the wide range of work accomplished. The doctrine as taught by Christ, the apostles, and their successors on earth, a brief history of religion, a condensed study of the Bible, are all considered as outlined by Deharbe.

The next or first grade is usually known as the normal class. A three years' course in Christian doctrine, history of Christianity and Bible study, following the plan of Deharbe No. 1 is the work of the normal class. This advanced department covers all the work usually done by children's sodalities in other parishes, and in addition a definite amount of study. The two divisions that best show the interest the children of the parish have in Saint Paul's Sunday-school, are the kindergarten and the normal classes. In the lower one attendance is entirely voluntary, parents not being called to account for the absence of their children from this division. In the normal class the boys and girls of that trying age, living in the border lands with childhood on one side, manhood and womanhood on the other, find pleasure and profit during the time spent Sunday mornings after Mass in Saint Michael's Chapel.

After completing the normal course they are graduated from Saint Paul's Sunday-school. Prizes are given for meritorious work, artistic diplomas are made for the graduates, and gold medals are presented each year to the two passing the best voluntary written examinations. Many remain connected with Saint Paul's Sunday-school after graduation. Vacancies in the teaching force are frequently filled from their numbers, and it is deemed an honor to be selected as a teacher. There

are always graduates present at the sessions ready to do substitute work or in any way assist the Director or his teachers. The young men attend the library and take charge of classes.

The Young Catholic, a semi-monthly magazine for children, published by the Paulist Fathers, is given free to the members of the Sunday-school. Many of the older ones are regular readers of the *Catholic World*, *Donahoe's Magazine*, and other magazines of equal literary merit. The educational value of change of text-books, diversity in color and design of covers, as well as variety of contents, is considered throughout the school. The library is utilized to foster a taste for good reading and to supplement the regular class instruction. The manner in which the books are distributed is explained in an article on "The Growth of Catholic Reading Circles" written by the Rev. Thomas McMillan, C.S.P., for the Summer School at Madison, Wisconsin. Library cards finished on one side with white silicate, are arranged containing fifteen books, of which ten are selected from writers of fiction, and five from biography, history or entertaining books of adventure and travel. At least one book devoted to the life of a saint, or some explanation of religious truth is assigned to each set. These cards, with the titles of fifteen books and the names of their authors, are distributed on Sunday during the recitation of the catechism lesson. Under the guidance of the teachers, scholars make a choice of the books. By the aid of a number for each book the librarians easily keep the account of the circulation.

For the return of books every two weeks the class is held accountable as well as the individual. This rule directs attention in a public manner to the delinquents, who are promptly admonished by their own classmates. Not to mention other obvious advantages, it may be claimed that this method of supplying books gives the teachers an excellent opportunity to elicit conversation about favorite authors, and to make the library a potent influence in the mental growth and character-building of their scholars.

Music is made an aid in the work. All are encouraged to do their best to sing God's praises. One of the means used by the Reverend Director to foster the singing, is to give at the Advent season each year a picture to every child who owns a hymn book. The only condition exacted is that the child bring the book on the appointed day and show it to the Reverend Director. The fact that but few leaves of the book are in existence or that it bears upon each page marks indicative of frequent use does not prevent the owner from receiving the much coveted prize.

The whole aim and object of this Sunday-school is the proper development of the child; not only to cultivate his spiritual nature, but to preserve the right relations between the spiritual and moral and to assist him in the formation of correct habits of thinking, acting, worshipping; to teach him his relations to his Creator, and the world; to train him along lines pertaining to spiritual life; to give him historical, traditional, and, if need be, scientific information abou tcreation, redemption and salvation; to lead him to study his place in the great whole; to direct him to sources of in-

formation; to cultivate his powers of memory, reasoning, imagination, language, and his whole nature.

The intelligent supervision which takes into consideration the home, the neighborhood, the whole environment, and shapes the course of study to suit all conditions, is what gives this particular Sunday-school its special value. Great credit is due the teachers who are so faithful in attendance, so ambitious to study, and who strive in every way to aid the Director in making Saint Paul's Sunday-school one of the important centres of child development.

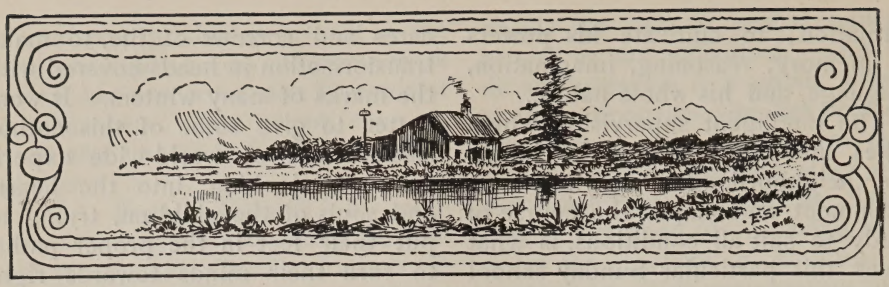
Too many of the thinkers of the age are looking at the world through college windows, hoping to effect reformation in hearts seared with the cares and sorrows of life, to make transformation in heads covered with the marks of many winters. It were better to give some of this enthusiasm, born of world-wide experiences, to looking into the hearts and souls of the children, trying to put their feet in the proper paths, to turn their minds towards right things, to aid in every way in making them grow to perfect manhood or womanhood pleasing in the sight of God. Bishop Dupanloup calls educating a child a "divine task" and he says, "Intellectual, moral and religious education is the highest human work that can be performed. It is a continuation of the divine work in that which is most noble and elevated, — the creation of minds."

LOVE'S SILENCE.

DANIEL J. DONAHOE.

IF love could only tell his thoughts,
Or write them down in rhyme,
How many a gladsome tongue would ring
In merry tune and time!
But love must hold his dearest words,
His hopes to none impart;
And oft his very sweetest songs
Are silent in his heart.
Are silent in his heart, my love,
And silent mine must be;
But in my breast the music lives
That ever sings of thee.

If love the visions sweet that woo
His listening soul could sing,
How many an hour of perfect bliss
The tender themes would bring!
But love must hide his sweetest thoughts,
Their light to none impart;
And oft his very brightest dreams
Are prisoned in his heart.
Are prisoned in his heart, my love,
And so my dreams must be;
But in my soul their radiance lives
And ever shines for thee.



WHAT STOOD BETWEEN.

MARY F. M. NIXON.

TYACK'S studio was charming and, like most charming things, indescribable. One could mention the bronze Mercury and the Ariadne against a dull Titian background, or enumerate Turkish divans, old armor, and blood-curdling weapons, from a Toledo blade to an assagai; but one could no more describe that big, airy, delightful room than to say "Golden hair and blue eyes and sea-shell cheeks" and then have pictured Madame Tyack. She was an American very much in love with her husband, a half Spanish-Cuban artist, and in love with his wife too, although they had been married ten years.

Helen Loring was Madame's great friend. She was pretty, a blonde too, at least an "American blonde," with great masses of soft golden-brown hair, wide-open gray eyes and a creamy skin. Moreover, she was very attractive and possessed toe most lasting attribute a woman can have, — sympathy. She wasn't a "trimmer," had no policy in her make-up, but because she was usually honestly interested in people, she had the power of drawing them out and everybody liked her.

The Tyacks lived in a rambling old palazzo on the Via Gargozzi, such a bewildering street with its sharp turns and angles and corners, and after one had twisted in serpentine fashion about all these devious ways one came to a stand-still against a blank wall and there were the Tyack's apartments. Helen Loring lived with them and painted every day in the big studio.

"Genoa is the strangest place on earth, Alys," she said to Madame Tyack one spring morning. "You walk forever and get nowhere; our Yankee rule of following one's nose does not answer for Italy. Had I followed mine this morning it would have been broken against the door of the church of Santa Maria della Adolorata. By the way, I had a strange adventure. I stopped to sketch the church, it has such a dear *bambino* over the portico, and as I sat there in the shadow, a man came quickly round the corner and knocked me clean off my feet. Brushes, paint, water cup, everything went and he was splashed from head

to foot. He apologized vociferously, picked everything up and bowed himself off before I had time to more than catch a glimpse of a slight, tall fellow, with eyes like coals and a face so pale it frightened me."

"How romantic!" said Madame Tyack from the dais where she posed for her husband as Dido on the ruins of Carthage.

"Oh! that's not all! I went into the church a moment later. It was empty, I thought at first, yet in an instant I heard a strange sound. It was not like a woman's grief, but one deep sob, and as I turned to steal out, a figure before the altar rose and I saw it was the man I met; and oh! Alys, such a face! I could imagine nothing worse than the hopelessness of it."

"Paint him," said Tyack callously.

"I should like to, but it would be too much like vivisection. Dissecting emotions seems as bad as torturing bodies at times," and the girl settled down to her morning's work.

That night there was music at the Tyack's. Every Wednesday, from eight till — oh, never mind when, for everybody stayed till he was bored and that he seldom was, — there was a soirée. The big studio was always filled, for the Tyacks' soirése were very popular in the quaint, staid old Italian city.

Miss Loring sang, not in a finished way, but her style was unique and pleasing. Her voice was a rarely sweet mezzo, its notes resonant and clear, yet with a strange pathos in their depths; and she sang ballads to a guitar accompaniment which seemed to suit her voice and her.

She was tired; and a strange something weighed upon her spirits this special evening, she scarce knew why, as she watched the crowd, which was composed of Americans, a clever compatriot of Señor Tyack, Italians, Russians and an Austrian baron who could not live in his own country. Whatever the reason, one could only pity his country, he was so charming. Everyone seemed to be happy and Helen Loring had the great depression which comes to those who feel out of sorts with their surroundings.

She felt her eyes, at last, irresistibly drawn to an alcove near by, and as she looked a man's dark eyes looked full into hers. What was there in his gaze? It seemed to her she saw a passionate appeal for sympathy, which stirred her to the bottom of her soul; and then he turned abruptly and went toward his host.

In a few moments Señor Tyack stood before her.

"Miss Loring," he said, my friend Lieutenant Girimondi begs to meet you. He is my very dear friend," and she found herself bowing to the man whose eyes had compelled her gaze. His was a strange face, one which seemed filled with warring elements. The features were clear cut and of the best Italian type: the forehead broad and high, with crisp black hair curling away from it; the eyes large and dark, heavily lashed in black; the nose high in the bridge, with delicate curved nostrils; the mouth full and passionate, hidden under a short black moustache; the chin firm and square; altogether the face of a man who mingled intellect and force with passionate dreaminess.

He is a man who has known sorrow, not that which ennobles and makes one purer but which em-

bitters," said Helen Loring to herself as she acknowledged the introduction in her kindly way.

"I saw you, Signorina, this morning," he said, "and I ask your pardon that I spoiled your picture."

"Ah yes! it was you," she answered. Then she felt a great wave of pity for him as she recalled her second glimpse of him in the church. Remembering the awful sorrow she had seen stir the very depths of his soul in that little deserted chapel, seeing the traces of it still in the worn lines of his face and in the forced calmness of his voice, she longed to interest him in something, if only for a few moments, to distract his mind from whatever it was that weighed him down.

She chatted pleasantly of many things and they found much in common; for Francesco Girimondi had travelled a great deal, was artistic and very musical.

"You will sing to me, "Signorina?" he said length.

"With pleasure, but not now. See! many are gone, others going. I must seek Madame Tyack. The evening has been short, Signor," she said.

"Very short, Signorina," he sighed heavily, as she turned to go. Then as she held out her hand in friendly American fashion he added, "Signorina, stay one moment. Pardon, if I am too bold; I hear many say that the beautiful American women are not like our gentle *donne*, and that you may have friends of men. I need a friend sorely. Will you — may I call you *la mia amica?*"

So quietly he said it that it did not seem to Helen Loring any other than a natural proposition.

She was a girl no longer very young, and she read character clearly; and looking into this man's eyes she felt sure she saw sorrow, bitterness and much unrest, but nothing from which a womanly woman could shrink. Very simply she gave him her hand, saying "good-night, *il mio amico.*"

Day after day of heavenly Italian weather passed by and the spring brought to Helen Loring many lovely things. Her friendship with the lieutenant blossomed like a tropic flower, unfolding in the pure sunshine of sympathy and understanding.

He was in the Seventy-first *Fanteria* and stationed at Pisa, and ran up to Genoa very often. There were picnics and drives and excursions; long, quiet evenings in the Tyack studio and many a sail over the blue waters of the bay, with clouds like angels' wings, shadowy and white, floating over the blue sky, and the foam-crested sea shaded from malachite to lapis-lazuli.

Francesco seemed a different man. The unchanging sadness of his face lost its bitterness, his sombre eyes their depths of pain, and those who loved them both saw and rejoiced. One night the salt sea breeze blew fresh and cool from the harbor where the myriad lights on quay and shipping rivalled the stars above. Helen sat in the studio in a filmy pink gown, with soft laces at her throat and wrist, looking fair and pure; a restful woman, no fragile sprite to be spared all care, but one with whom to share the weariness of this work-a-day world.

Francesco gazed steadily upon her. The windows were open to the garden, the quaint little garden where the jasmine clambered over the wall.

"Sing to us, Helena mia," said Madame Tyack from the hammock slung between two huge pillars.

Helen took her guitar by its silken ribbons and sang low, dreamy songs. At last she drifted into an old air long unremembered, and sang it softly, sweetly: —

Oh! loosen the snood that you wear, Janet,
Let me tangle a hand in your hair, my pet.

A tender, pathetic little song it is and she sang it quite through, her lovely voice lingering over the last lines with a sad caressingness.

Thus ever I think what you were, Janet,
With your eyes, with your lips, with your hair, my pet;
And my tears fall bitterly over the stone
That covers your golden-brown hair, my pet.

As the last sobbing note fell upon the silence she glanced at Francesco. His face was livid and his eyes looked like some wild forest creature stabbed to death. His hands were clenched, until the sinewy fingers looked like knotted chords and in a moment he rose and staggered from the room.

"Oh! Helen, how could you sing that song!" exclaimed Madame Tyack.

"What is the matter?" said Helen sternly, looking very white.

"Oh! it's such a sad story, and it all happened years ago. Francesco loved a girl, Gianetta, the most exquisite piece of flesh and blood I ever saw. She had great masses of that rare Titian hair, brown eyes and a regular rose-leaf beauty. I never saw such adoration as 'Cesco had for her. He could not marry her for she had no *dot*, and our army officers cannot marry a penniless woman unless they themselves are rich. He waited and scraped and saved, sold horses and dogs, denied himself every pleasure, never spending a *lire* unnecessarily to save the thirty-thousand *lire* for her dower. She didn't love him, not a bit. Then came the Englishman; to him she was only a model and he was only courteous and kind as she posed for him, but poor little Gianetta lost her heart to him completely and she was desolate when he went away.

"'Cesco nearly went mad when she told him she did not love him. He would marry her at once, he said, take her away, lose his place in the army, do anything, slave, toil for her.

"One morning she was found dead in her bed. They said it was heart failure but we all knew it was a broken heart instead. That was ten years ago and Francesco has never been the same since. His brother died and left him a count and very wealthy, but he said it all came too late. Just since you came he has been more cheerful and I had begun to hope, but to-night the song has brought it all back to him."

Helen Loring replied nothing. She only sat very still and quiet, and then she rose and hastily left the room.

Just outside Genoa, upon a lovely hill, there stands a cemetery most beautiful and calm, a perfect city of the dead. The ilex and olive trees lend it shade and haunting flowers perfume the air.

The setting sun was lighting up the soft Italian sky and gilding the white tombs with splendor, as Helen Loring sought a little grave. A tiny mound it was, scarce seeming large enough to cover a child, myrtle-covered and marked by a marble cross, and

GIANETTA,
Aged Seventeen.
May she rest in peace.

was all it said.

Helen stood and looked at it. Here she lay, the woman he had

loved; and the woman who loved him stood beside the grave.

She turned to go and two great crystal tears sprang to her eyes and fell like dew upon the violets in her hand as she laid the flowers at the foot of the cross.

At that moment she saw Francesco standing near.

"You know?" was all he said.

"I know," she answered, and then they both stood silently looking at the grave.

Helen Loring seemed to see her life before her in an Apocalyptic vision. She had never wasted affection here and there; she was a woman to love once and for all, and her life-long dream had been to be all to the man to whom she gave the pent-up affection of her loving nature.

She felt she loved Francesco and knew she could never have the first great love of his heart, and her own heart lay very heavy within her, not only for her sorrow but that she felt so powerless to help the man she loved.

At last he spoke to her from where he stood beyond the little grave. "*Amica mia*, you know my sorrow but you do not know it all. It has been many years since I have had a gleam of happiness, but of late a strange, new hope had sprung within my breast. I dared to think perhaps you would come to me and be my angel of comfort. But now I see it may not be. This stands between. This grave which buried all my youthful hopes must bury those of manhood too. I love you, Helena *cara*; not with the strong passion of my love for her, but with the *best* within me, reaching out to you, my sweetest friend. Yet ever there stands this memory in the background and I see it is not fair to you to wish to have you share my darkened life. If any woman could do a thing so full of self-sacrifice, you could, but I dare not ask it. Forgive my selfish dream and me, *mia cara amica*," and he stretched out his hand to her across the little grave.

She paused a moment. Could she do this thing? Her love rose strong within. Was she strong and brave enough to live her life for *him* and have no pang of jealousy towards *her*, this woman who was dead? His noble life, his long unhappiness, all, all appealed to her. Surely she loved him well enough to make him happy. Life without him would be death itself. It was Francesco she loved, it was not merely being loved. She looked into the far, fair sunset, heavenward, then into the deep, sad eyes of the man she loved.

"Dear," she said very gently, "Dear, I love you," and he, with a quick flash of joy over the sombre pallor of his face, bent low his head and kissed her hand.

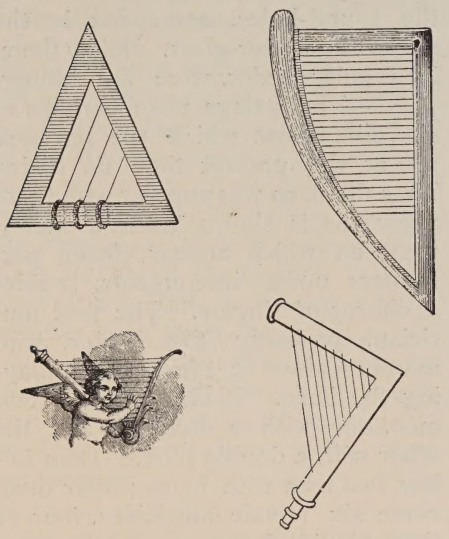
Silently they turned to walk homeward and the sun's last rays fell full upon the little grave which lay between, and upon the gleaming cross. And then its deepening shadow fell on Helen's face. It seemed to portray all their future life, for within the man's deep, lonely eyes there dawned the first faint gleams of happiness, while on Helen Loring's brow rested the peace which comes to those within the shadow of the cross, who learn to give their love unselfishly and in the giving of themselves find Heaven on earth.

THE HARP AMONG VARIOUS PEOPLES.

CATHERINE FEENEY.

THE harp is an old-time favorite amongst musical instruments. We find it with the Egyptians, under the name of buni, elegantly shaped, and beautifully ornamented, in various sizes, the largest being six and one-half feet high. The smaller ones frequently had some sort of a stand, which enabled the performer to play upon it while standing.

Mr. Bruce, the famous traveller, discovered the harp in fresco on the wall of a sepulchre at Thebes—supposed to be the tomb of Rameses III. In his description of it, in a



ANCIENT HARPS OF THE JEWS.

friendly letter to Dr. Burney, he says, "Behind the ruins of the Egyptian Thebes, and a very little to the north-west of it are a great number

EGYPTIAN AND ASSYRIAN HARPS.

of mountains hollowed into monstrous caverns,— the sepulchres, according to tradition, of the first kings of Thebes. The most considerable of these mountains thus hollowed contains a large sarcophagus. There are two panels, one on each side. On that of the right is the figure of the Scarabæus Thebaicus, supposed to have been the hieroglyphic of immortality; on the left is the crocodile, fixed upon the apis, and plunging him into the waves. These are both moulded into *basso-relievo* in the stucco itself. At the end of the passage, on the left hand, is the picture of a man playing upon the harp, painted in the fresco, and quite entire. He is clad in a habit made like a shirt, such as the women still wear in Abyssinia and the men in Nubia. This seems to be of white linen or muslin, with narrow stripes of red. It reaches down to his ankles. His feet are without sandals, and bare; his neck and arms are also bare; his loose white

sleeves are gathered above his elbows; his head is close shaved.

ANCIENT GREEK HARP.
From a Greek Vase in the Royal Collection at Munich.

He seems a corpulent man of about fifty years of age; in color, rather of the darkest, for an Egyptian."

In the Louvre there is a kind of triangular Egyptian harp, which is in a well-preserved condition. It has twenty-one strings. In the Museum at Naples, in an ancient painting, is the representation of a triangular harp, which is placed on the shoulder of a little dancing Cupid, who supports the instrument with his left hand, and plays upon it with his right. The Egyptian harps varied much as to the number of strings. One in the British Museum has seventeen, and Sir Gardner Wilkinson mentions one with twenty-five pegs, therefore twenty-five strings. Most of the Egyptian harps had no poles or pillars to support the tension of the strings, so they could only have been tuned for low notes; although they had one that would have supported much tension, which the Greeks adopted under the name of trigōn.

For a knowledge of the harp amongst the Assyrians, we depend almost entirely upon the famous bas-reliefs which have been excavated from the mounds of Nimrud, Khorsabad, and Konyunjik, in the vicinity of the town of Mosul, near the Tigris, in Asiatic Turkey. According to these, they were about four feet high, with ornamental appendages affixed to the lower part of the frame. They must have been light in weight, as they are held in the hands of persons who are playing upon them while dancing. The upper portion of the frame contained the sound-holes, somewhat in the shape of an hour-glass. Below them, in regular order, were the tuning-pegs. The strings were perhaps of silk, like those which the Burmese use at the present time on theirs. That the harp was popular with these musicians is shown from a monument on which appear eleven performers upon instruments, besides a chorus of singers. The first musician, probably the leader, who marches alone at the head, is playing the harp. Behind him are two men, one with a dulcimer and the other with a double pipe. Then follow two men with harps; after them come six female musicians, four of them playing harps.

From Biblical records we are acquainted with the names of many of the musical instruments of the Hebrews. There is no doubt that

DAVID PLAYING BEFORE SAUL.

From Schopin's Painting.

the harp was common with them; yet as representations to be trusted are still wanting, it is uncertain which of the Hebrew names of the stringed instruments, occurring in the Bible, really designates the harp, though the kinnor, the favorite instrument of King David, in the English translation of the Bible is rendered harp, and has been generally accepted.

Amongst the early Greeks we read of the harp, though their first love among the stringed instruments was the elegant lyre, which they represented on all occasions. The Egyptian instruments were not favorites with the Greeks, although they had both the large harp, the tamboura, and others. As far as can be ascertained, nearly all their stringed instruments appear to have been derived from Asia. Strabo says, "Those who regard the whole of Asia, as far as India, as consecrated to Bacchus point to that country as the origin of a great portion of the present music." On a Grecian vase, now in the Munich Museum, the nine Muses are represented. Polyhymnia is depicted with a harp, which resembles the Assyrian in construction as well as in shape; it has thirteen strings. Polyhymnia is touching them with both hands, using the right hand for the treble and the left for the bass. She is seated, holding the instrument in her lap. Even the little tuning-pegs, which in number are not in accordance with the strings, are placed on the sound-board at the upper part of the frame, exactly as on the Assyrian harp.

The Æolian harp is of Greek origin, named from Æolus, god of the wind. In the gardens of ancient Greece every tree had one of these traps to catch the harmonies from the passing breezes.

The Persian harp was called chang in Persian, and junk in Arabic. Sir Robert Ker Porter has given us some careful illustrations of it in his sketches from the celebrated old sculptures which exist on a stupendous rock called Tackt-i-Bostan, situated in the vicinity of the town of Kermanshah. These sculptures are said to have been executed towards the end of the sixth century of the Christian era. They form the ornaments of two lofty arches, and consist of representations of field sports and

MUSIC.

From picture by E. Hébert.

AN IRISH MELODY.

From painting by C. Kesel.

aquatic amusements. Some boats are filled with women playing upon harps, resembling in construction those of the Assyrians.

The Oriental harp does not exist among European nations at the present time; it is found only in Asia. The negroes in Western Africa and the Soudan possess an instrument which bears a strong resemblance to it. The negroes in Senegambia and Guinea call it bonlon or ombi, and use strings made from a kind of creeping plant, or from the fibrous root of a tree.

The Finns clung the longest of any people to the Oriental harp. It was known to them as the kantele or harper, and was the instrument on which, according to a beautiful old mythological tradition, the Finnish god Wäinämöinen played, like Orpheus, with such irresistible effect that men and animals became alike enchanted,

— the wildest beasts of the forest lost their ferocity; the trees did not venture to move their branches, the brook retarded its course, and the wind its haste; even the "mocking

SAINT CECILIA PLAYING THE HARP.
By Peter Mignard, in the Louvre.

echo" approached stealthily, and listened with the utmost attention to the heavenly sounds.

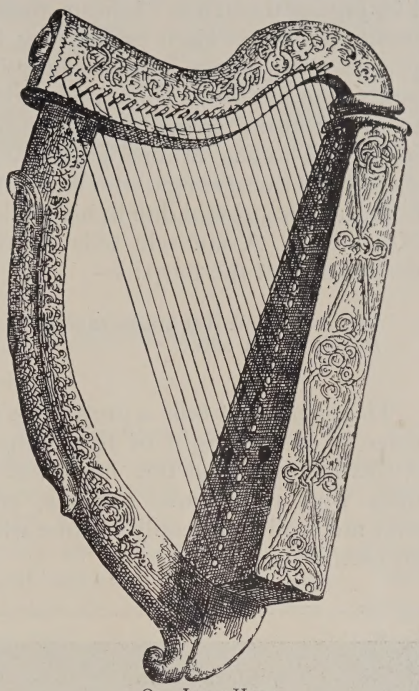
According to Herr Neus, there existed in Esthonia, up to the beginning of the present century, wandering minstrels who accompanied their old songs and improvisations on the kantele. The last popular minstrel, much respected, and everywhere heartily welcomed as "the old singer," died in the year 1812, at an advanced age; and with him the Oriental harp of the Finns seems to have become extinct.

The Anglo-Saxons frequently accompanied their songs with a harp.

Their instrument may be considered as constituting the transition of the lyre into the harp. The representation of King David playing the harp, now in the British Museum, is from an Anglo-Saxon manuscript of the beginning of the eleventh century.

The harp was a special favorite with the people of Central and Northern Europe, the Scandinavian scalds, and the German bards, who have many a myth of its music. One is their "The Nix of the Harp," who is supposed to be a wonderful player on this instrument, and very beautiful. She is frequently found on the banks of deserted rivers, where she intrigues with credulous lovers or unlucky admirers. Sometimes she appears at the village celebrations, and enters so heartily into the dance that her partners are intoxicated, carried away, and, losing their heads, think they continue to hear the sound of harps, while they are already far away, led on by the imaginary music, and only return to consciousness on the banks of the river at the moment when they are about to sink, helpless, into the waters of the Rhine. The harp is also a favorite instrument in Burmah, and in the countries situated between Hindostan and China.

Some idea of the antiquity of the Irish harp may be formed from the finding, in an old church of Ullard, of the sculptured figure of a small harp, constructed like the ancient Eastern ones. Bunting, who was the first to draw attention to this curious relic, which is said to date from a period anterior to the year 800, gives an illustration, and the following interesting description of it, in his "Ancient Music of Ireland." "The drawing," he says, "is taken from one of the ornamental compartments of a sculptured cross, at the old



OLD IRISH HARP.

church of Ullard. From the style of the workmanship, as well as from the worn condition of the cross, it seems older than the similar monument at Monasterboice, which is known to have been set up before the year 830. The sculpture is rude; the circular rim which binds the arms of the cross together is not pierced in the quadrants, and many of the figures originally in *relievo* are now wholly abraded. It is difficult to determine whether the number of strings is six or seven; but, as has been already said, accuracy in this respect cannot be expected in sculpture, or in my picturesque drawing." Certainly the harp is a very old and fondly loved instrument with the Irish, as the harp of the bards, who were harpers to the Celtic kings, still continues the symbol of Ireland.

The harp entered into the daily

life, joys and sorrows of these music-loving people. Their poets sing its praises; the songs of the old minstrels, handed down from generation to generation, speak direct to the heart. Thomas Moore gathered a number of these songs, which may be found at the present day in his "Irish Melodies." A sad tale tells of the destruction of the harp: —

> The chord alone that breaks at night,
> Its tale of ruin tells.

The same poet tells a pretty tale in verse in his "Origin of the Harp." It was believed that the harp was a siren who sung under the sea, and who met and fell deeply in love with an earthly youth: —

> But she loved him in vain, for he left her to weep,
> And in tears all the night her gold ringlets to steep,
> Till Heaven look'd with pity on true love so warm,
> And changed to this soft harp the sea-maiden's form!

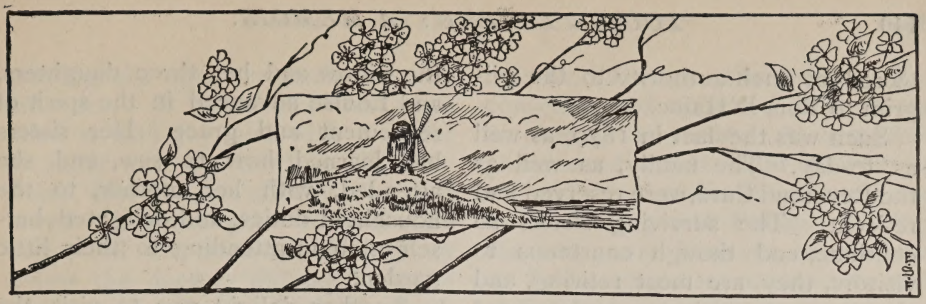
Samuel Lover, in his "True Love Can Ne'er Forget," tells the sad story of an Irish bard, Carolan, who, though deprived of his sight, tells his love through his harp, and recognizes his first love by the touch of her hand.

In his poem to the harp, Lover sings: —

> Oh, give me one strain
> Of that wild harp again.
> In melody proudly its own! Sweet harp of the days that are gone.

To understand the true beauty and depth of feeling of the Irish for the harp, read their poets' songs.

DUDGEON.



LOUISE LATEAU: A MEMOIR.

REV. WILLIAM WALSH.

IT is now nearly seventeen years since I last visited Bois D'Haine, Belgium. To see Louise Lateau, the stigmatized ecstatica, was then the object of my visit. I was not entirely a Thomas, but I wished to see the wonders of which I had heard and read, in connection with this simple peasant girl. These I saw. I have now come to visit the grave where her remains rest, and the chamber which was the scene of so many and such great wonders, and to note what changes took place in the case of "good Louise," since Friday, the 29th of June, 1879, to her death.

For a period of over eight hundred consecutive Fridays, she bore on her person marks or *stigmata*, which recall those presented to us in the sacred Passion of our blessed Lord. Blood oozed from one or all of these stigmata every Friday, and Louise meanwhile continued in a state of ecstasy, insensible to her surroundings and to every contrivance of science or medical skill to restore her to sense or consciousness. She would, hence, appear to be under influences other than those of the natural order.

The representatives of the supernatural order were, however, recognized and obeyed when currents from very strong electric batteries and other trying and painful applications were ineffectual. Her power of recognition of things deemed sacred by the Church — the representative of the supernatural order — continued to manifest itself in a manner that cannot be explained by the natural sciences.

I read and heard of these things for many years and, on the occasion of my visit above referred to, I witnessed enough of them to convince me that the finger of God pointed to Louise Lateau as an object of His special favor. After visiting her grave, and the little chamber in which she lived for so many years in the ecstatic state, as I may call it, and in which I witnessed the wonders I am about to relate, I am the more convinced that the manifestations were from God, and ought to be made known everywhere.

It would seem, however, that the Church authorities, *as represented in Bois D'Haine*, have set themselves against encouraging such publication, for little or no information is volun-

teered by such authority to the pilgrim to Bois D'Haine.

Such was the fact in 1879, as well as to-day. The family, as well as the Reverend Curé, were reserved and reticent. The surviving sisters so continue, and though courteous to visitors, they are most retiring, and slow to communicate anything not already public, by even a reply to the question of the visitor.

The story of the life of Anne Louise Lateau is open, simple and edifying in every respect. She was born on the 29th of January, 1850, of Gregory and Adele (Pissens) Lateau, at the little cottage where she died on the 25th of August, 1883. This little cottage sits on the left side of the road from Manage to Bois D'Haine, within about thirty yards of the railroad crossing. The village of Bois D'Haine is less than a mile from Manage, and about forty miles south-east of Brussels, the Belgian capital. The Lateau family was of the peasant class, humble, virtuous and retiring in their disposition. The children were three, Rosine, Adeline and Anne Louise.

The father died in 1850, and the mother in 1874. Rosine and Adeline still live in the little old home, very retiredly. The death of her father when Louise was only a few months old, left the widowed mother to struggle with poverty. Louise received, in consequence, little or no school education. At the age of eight she was hired out in the neighborhood, and had to work at several places, sometimes at housework, and sometimes in the field. After some years she was unable to continue such a laborious life, and she was brought back to the old home. Here for years the spirit of the Holy Family at Nazareth seemed to feed the widow and her three daughters, and Louise advanced in the spirit of retirement and grace. Her sisters had learned how to sew, and she attended, with her mother, to the household duties, and delighted herself often in attending to their little garden.

Another delight was to visit the parish church, meditate on the holy way of the cross, and recite her rosary before the statue of the Blessed Virgin. These seemed to be the special devotions of the family.

When Louise was admitted to her first Holy Communion, it was observed that she was the most humbly clad of the many little girls of her class on that occasion.

Nothing of any special note is reported of her until the small-pox and cholera visitation in 1866. During these trying times Louise's devotion to the sick, the dying and the dead was deemed edifying and extraordinary. When strong ones fled and the dead were remaining unburied, Louise waxed strong in persevering courage, strength and devotion to the calls of Christian humanity. She was henceforth the "good Louise," in the mouths of many.

Meanwhile her private devotions were continued with much zeal, yet in a most retiring and undemonstrative manner. She became a member of the pious associations of the "Children of Mary," and in December, 1867, of the Third Order of Saint Francis. Shortly afterwards when making the stations of the cross, at the third station (where our Lord is represented as falling beneath the weight of the cross) she felt affected by a strange and absorbing influence of a "light that spoke to her soul."

On the first Friday of 1868, while

praying, she again experienced this influence. It penetrated her soul, filled it with joy, and with a desire to suffer with our Lord in His Passion. Her joy was shortly after followed by great pain in soul and body, and she soon fell ill, with an illness the doctors did not seem to understand. On the 15th of April, of the same year, at her own request, she received the last sacraments of the Church, and was supposed to be dying, when she cried out that she was cured. It so happened. Five days thereafter she walked to the church — a quarter of a mile distant — and assisted at Mass.

At this period she is said to have been favored by visions of many of the saints. Saint Teresa, Saint Rock, Saint Francis Assisi and Saint John are mentioned among them. The Blessed Virgin and Holy Infant are also said to have appeared to her. She is also said to have seen her father being liberated from purgatory, after having suffered there for eighteen years, and our blessed Lord is said to have promised her extraordinary favors. These she did not yet understand.

It was on the ninth day after her wonderful recovery, April 24, 1868, that the stigmata appeared. On the first Friday the blood flowed from her left side. On the following Friday it also flowed from a point on the instep of each foot and, on the next Friday, the blood flowed freely from both hands and feet, as well as from her forehead, which was dotted as if with a crown of thorns. These seemed to be some of the extraordinary favors promised her.

During the first three months of the stigmata Louise was fully conscious of her surroundings whilst the wounds bled. After about three months, however, she became unconscious and appeared as wrapt in an ecstasy of vision. At first this commenced about eight o'clock in the morning and continued until six in the evening each Friday. During the last years, however, the ecstasy of Friday commenced at two, and ended at three in the afternoon.

Early in 1871 she no longer felt the need of food or drink, and she continued till her death, over twelve years after, to live without eating, drinking or sleeping.

In January, 1874, she suffered so much from the stigmata, that she was unable to go to the church to assist at Mass. From January 6, 1879, her ecstasies had been so frequent, and her sufferings so intense that she never after left her chamber. She, however, received Holy Communion every day to the end of her life. Wonderful scenes were often witnessed on the occasions of her receiving Holy Communion.

At this stage commences my personal observations. I arrived at Manage on the 19th of June, 1879. I had a letter of introduction to the Curé, which I found useful. It secured me some courtesies which, when I witnessed the disappointments of others, I very much appreciated.

Having arrived at the Manage station, I inquired the way to Bois D' Haine, and soon found myself in the meadow land, over which the skylark was pouring his varied sweet notes from mid-air. Less than fifteen minutes brought me to the railroad crossing, as I passed by the little cottage of the ecstatica on the left side. From the descriptions of the place, which I had read, I soon recognized it. The Curé, the late Rev. M. Niels, received me

courteously, but was cold and non-communicative. After some time I was promised permission to accompany him the next day, to join the procession of the Blessed Sacrament to the Lateau cottage, and return in the afternoon, at two o'clock, to witness the ecstasy and agony.

There were many visitors in Bois D'Haine and Manage that evening, and a few other priests and myself were fortunate in being accommodated with beds at the parochial house, as there was little accommodation in the village of Bois D'Haine.

The evening gave us an opportunity to make inquiries and hear something about the "good Louise." These inquiries were not, however, rewarded to any great extent, beyond the verification, as far as current belief went, of the wonders already made public, and printed in various journals and pamphlets.

After Mass, next morning, a procession of the Blessed Sacrament was organized. Each of us carried a lantern or a candle, and one of the visiting priests was deputed to carry the Blessed Sacrament. As we advanced out of the church, a tinkle of the bell carried by one of the processionists brought many of the villagers to their doors, to kneel in adoration of the Blessed Sacrament. We advanced to the left, down a little short alley, and across a pasture and a cultivated field, through which a dark little stream held a narrow course. We crossed the railroad, and the door of the little cottage on our right at once was opened to receive us. We were a party of some fifteen persons of whom one-half were ladies. This was as many as could well be introduced, at one time, into the cottage. The door opened on the room where the two sisters of the ecstatica were at work with their sewing-machine. They knelt as we passed through the opposite door, and the priest carrying the Blessed Sacrament turned with the Reverend Curé into the room on the right.

I did not attempt to enter until most of the others had gone in, when I found that I was crowded out. I took advantage of a convenient chair to stand and kneel on as well as I could. As I did so I beheld a scene which I can never forget. The Curé knelt close in the corner, back of the little table prepared to receive the Blessed Sacrament. Those who had crowded into the little chamber, not larger than 12 x 10 feet, were all kneeling. There was a bed to the right, with its foot towards the door. On the pillow above appeared the round, plump features of Louise Lateau. An ordinary white cap was on her head, tied with white strings under her chin. Her flesh looked like that of an infant, in its fresh tenderness. Her eyes were fixed and motionless, gazing toward the corner to the right of the door opposite. The gaze was an absorbing one; her lips were slightly parted, and the general features were expressive of suffering and compassion. Her hands appeared as if they had been arranged outside the white quilt. They lay on a white linen, while the blood was oozing from their backs and palms, and trickling upon the white linen beneath, which was already well saturated with it.

Now the prayer is said by the priest, and the Blessed Sacrament is lifted up between his fingers. There is a fluttering, that bespeaks consolation and joy, in the features

of the ecstatica. As the "*Domine non sum dignus*" is repeated, the fluttering on the features increases, until the third and last repetition, whereupon the Host at once departs from the priest's fingers and, ministering ITSELF, appears as if being absorbed into the slightly opened mouth of the holy girl, whose countenance is now radiant with an unspeakable expression of joy!

The prayers of the liturgy are now finished, and the blessing imparted; at the beck of the Curé all retire, after first kneeling and gazing in awe and reverence on the ecstatica, who, all the time, is unconscious of our presence.

I was the last to retire, being privileged to remain kneeling for some moments, gazing on the sacred wounds, from which the blood was trickling. The sight was a most awe-inspiring one, and the privilege of carrying away a portion of the linen, saturated under her bleeding hand, is one which shall continue to remind me of this servant of God, the "good Louise."

We returned to the church, a beautiful building with rich altars, stained-glass windows and stations of the cross, all chiefly contributed by pilgrims from different parts of the world. Arrived at the church, a Mass of Thanksgiving was celebrated, at which all the visitors and a goodly representation from the village assisted.

After Mass and breakfast, a number of us took a stroll through the meadowland, and the reserve of our conversation, on what we all had witnessed at the Communion, was noticeable. At last, one of the priests touched on the subject. The priest who had been deputed to administer the Holy Communion blushed. He was only recently ordained, and this was the first occasion on which he so officiated. He asked "Was there anything wrong?" "What did we notice?" etc. Being informed that he seemed beside himself, frightened, forgetful, etc., he told us that after the last "*Domine non sum dignus*," thinking he held the Sacred Host too much in the centre for convenient administration, he was about to move his fingers when, as he thought, the Host disappeared, to administer ITSELF! He thought it might have fallen, and he was frightened, until the Curé told him to go on, and not to mind it. Thus was the wonder witnessed by the writer, and those others present, confirmed.

Two o'clock in the afternoon was the hour appointed for the favored ones to return to the Lateau cottage. Before we arrived at the rectory, the Curé and party had already left. We got up with them, however, before they reached the cottage. This time, no ladies were allowed to enter. The party was made up of some six priests and seven or eight laymen, all from different parts of the world.

As we entered we found the two sisters putting aside their sewing. They did not seem flattered by the sight of such a variety of distinguished visitors. On the contrary, they looked abashed if not displeased. The fact proved to be, that it was only in obedience to proper ecclesiastical authority, that they allowed their quiet, humble home to be invaded by strangers, and every attempt to compensate them, or leave evidences of the appreciation of visitors, for the benefit of the Lateaus, was scorned. They wished only to be allowed to continue their humble, private life.

It was the eldest sister, Rosine, who preceded us into the chamber. She took up a place to the left, beside the little window. The Curé took his place as at our morning visit. He was not on the line of vision of the ecstatica. My position was a more favored one than at the morning visit. I knelt beside the bed, near enough to kiss the stigmatized hand which rested lifelessly on the blood-stained linen. The "good Louise" lies in exactly the same position as we left her in the morning. Her eyes are fixed, and there is no twinkle in them. They are gazing wistfully and compassionately towards the same corner of the room, eastward, I believe. The infant-like flesh of her face is not now lighted by the fluttering glow which made it radiant with joy after the "*Domine non sum dignus*" in the morning. There is sorrow, even anguish, depicted in her every feature. The lips are slightly parted, and those eyes! They are immovably fixed on some scene that holds them and entrances her soul. There is no sign of life, except that indicated by the expanding and contracting of the strings of her cap. So the awe-inspiring scene continues. Everything is breathlessly silent. Suddenly her face shadows a smile and her head is being lifted up, as if drawn by a magnet. This seems to be caused by a gentleman, kneeling at the foot of the bed, having exposed a holy relic. A sharp look from sister Rosine causes him to withdraw it, and immediately Louise's head again rests on the pillow. All the time her eyes never twinkle or turn from the point on which they are fixed.

The exposing of medals, and of the consecrated hand of the priest (though not of the hand of the layman) elicited signs of special recognition. But these experiments were discountenanced by the Curé, as most disagreeable to the sisters, who already had, in obedience, allowed the most excruciating and even cruel tests to be applied, during the medical and scientific, as well as the ecclesiastical examinations. It is now about half-past two o'clock, and the Curé commences the Vesper part of the holy office. At the "*Deus in adjutorium*," a pleasing expression lights up the features of the ecstatica and frequently during the rest of the office, especially at the "*Gloria*," this expression seems to increase. At the "*Magnificat*" this was particularly marked. She was lifted up, as if drawn by a magnet, to a sitting posture, and at times, notably at the words "*Deposuit potentes*, etc.," her features fluttered with joy, as at the Holy Communion moment, during our morning visit. At the end of the "*Magnificat*," she sank back on her pillow, to her former position, and I vividly remember the pleasing smile that the name of Saint Aloysius — of whom there was a commemoration in the Vespers — brought to her features. At the "*Salve Regina*," the joyous flutter returned to her features, and she was again drawn to a sitting posture, in which she remained to the end of the antiphon, when she again sank back on her pillow.

All the time the eyes of the ecstatica continued fixed and immovable, and she was unconscious of the surroundings. She seemed as if enraptured in scenes that filled her soul with a compassionate sorrow.

Shortly after she had sunk back this last time on her pillow, her lips seemed to contract, her features to manifest an increase of pain, and her

eyes to follow motionless, if one might say so, with a more compassionately vivid perception, the scene on which they were fixed. At the same time, the feelings of resentful indignation seemed to be growing on her, when presently her head rolled back on her left shoulder, and a slight noise like the death-rattle was heard. Her eyes were released, and she seemed as one dead. At this point all were ordered to leave the chamber; the Curé and one witness, however, remained.

During the time we were in the chamber, the Curé at intervals made notes in a book. An interview with the witness, who had remained after us in the chamber, elicited the information that the book in which the Curé had made the memoranda was a regular record book kept for these occasions. In it was recorded a minute of what had occurred, as seen by all. The ecstatica, who had in a few minutes returned to consciousness, answered the questions put to her by the Curé, and a note of all was made, and the record signed by the Curé, and attested by the witness. Satisfactory information would not be given out, as to what were these particular questions; or as to whether any revelations were made to the ecstatica. In general we learned that in these Friday ecstasies, she witnessed the last scenes of the life of our Lord, or the "way of the cross." It is also admitted that, from time to time, she was favored with saintly visits. As to particular revelations, however, the authorities did not divulge anything to the ordinary or extraordinary enquirer.

Providence has had, no doubt, a special mission for Louise Lateau. What that particular mission was, however, is not yet proclaimed. Sometime before her death Louise said, "The good God will make known the truth; the good God will manifest Himself in His own time." These words are referred to, as if to her testament or last will.

There were those who, notwithstanding the juridical tests to which the good Louise was submitted, under Dr. Lefebvre of the University of Louvain, as well as the investigations conducted by ecclesiastical authority, still spoke slightingly and irreverently of the ecstatica. Though the facts could not be gainsaid, their origin was attributed to unworthy sources, and every occasion was seized upon by the irreligiously disposed, to cast aspersions on the humble, suffering girl. Hence it was not surprising that before and after her death, she was proclaimed a "fraud," etc. This report was extensively published, and the writer was anxious to find out the particular occasion or cause of its publication, which seems to have been the deposition of the bishop of the diocese in which Bois D'Haine is situated,—Tournai. It seems that the bishop, Mgr. Dumont, had to be retired, on account of mental affliction, I believe, and his successor was duly appointed by the Holy See. In her ecstasies, from the beginning, the ecstatica would recognize anyone, though unknown to her, deputed by Mgr. Dumont, her bishop, to exercise jurisdiction over her. After his deposition she continued to recognize his jurisdiction, but not that of his successor, Mgr. Rousseau, while Mgr. Dumont lived. Of this I was reliably informed, and it no doubt afforded the occasion of the evil report which seemed to travel fast, and lose nothing in its course. It cer-

tainly does look strange that, if the "good Louise" was a favored child of God, she would not recognize the lawfully constituted authority over her. There may, however, have been circumstances in connection with the case of Mgr. Dumont, which on every score would justify his recognition as bishop of Tournai, even after the action of Rome. It is certain, however, that the ecstasies and sufferings continued, and that the Church authorities, by allowing the Blessed Sacrament to be daily administered to her, in the ecstatic chamber, were not shaken in their conviction that the "good Louise" was a chosen servant of the Most High.

I found to-day, that the surroundings of the Lateau cottage have changed since 1879. At that time the lands opposite the cottage were without any building. To-day there is a large charitable institution erected there. It is in charge of the Brothers of Charity, who here conduct a college, an orphanage and junior insane asylum. In all there are about six hundred inmates. It is an institution of most deserving charity, edifying industry, and elementary education. I do not know the circumstances which led to its establishment here, but the Lateau cottage sits in its shadow, when the sun rises. There is in the chapel of the institution what may yet be esteemed as the most valued relics of the devotion of the ecstatica, viz., the stations of the cross, before which, in the old church of Bois D'Haine, she was wont to pray and meditate. It was these Brothers of Charity who lowered her sacred remains into the grave and gently covered them with mother earth.

I visited that grave yesterday. It is in the cemetery attached to the parish church of Bois D'Haine, under the stained-glass window back of the epistle side of the main altar. It is the family burial ground, and, beneath the cross fixed to the church wall, the following inscriptions appear on a tablet:—

A La Mémoire De

Grègoire Lateau. Décédé le 17 avril, 1850, a l'âge de 28 ans.	Anne-Louise Lateau. Enfant de Marie Terçiaire de Saint-François; née le 29 janvier, 1850. Décédé le 25 aôut, 1883.
Son Épouse Adele Pissens. Décédé le 24 mai, 1874, a l'âge de 61 ans.	
Rosine Lateau. . . . . Adeline Lateau. . . .	Son corps fut déposé dans le caveau, le 29 aôut, 1883.

Priez Dieu pour le repos de leurs âmes.

R. I. P.

A metallic canopy covering the panel of the church wall, at the head of the grave, gives the niche the appearance of a sanctuary. In that niche there are some one hundred souvenirs, of various kinds, with mottoes appropriate. Some ask for graces through Louise, and others again give thanks for graces obtained. These latter appear in marble tablets:—

Two speccial graces,
L. L.; F. L., 1894.

One special grace 29th Nov., 1889.
A great grace 2d May, 1893,
E. V.

Thanks! 19th July, 1889.

There are flowers and evergreens in neatly-kept beds on the grave plot, and a fragrant bouquet rests in the centre beneath the cross. The southern sun is lighting up the niche, and all is quiet around. One cannot but feel that the ground on which he stands is holy; for as I gaze on these flowers and souvenirs the ecstatic face of the "good Louise," and the bleeding wounds in the "place of the nails," rise up before me. A prayer for the re-

pose of her soul would do violence to my feelings, would be like attempting to dust or wash the fresh-fallen snow. My prayer, as I kneel on her grave is, "Louise, pray for me!"

The next place I was most anxious to visit was the ecstatic chamber in the little Lateau cottage. I did so after Mass this morning. One of the sisters, Rosine, was at home; Adeline was assisting at Mass in the parish church. A knock at the door which is usually closed, as now, was quickly responded to, and when the object of our visit was announced, the modest, round-faced matronly looking Rosine conducted us to Louise's chamber.

Everything is there preserved, in the same state in which it was when the ecstatica was in it. The door is kept locked and nothing is changed. I recognized the bed and sacred pictures, everything except the communion table, which was not there As I gazed on the vacant bed and looked towards the pillow on which, for nearly a full hour I had gazed in awe, over two hundred months ago, on the agonizing features of the ecstatica, I could not help kneeling down in the same spot where I then knelt, and offering up a prayer which, I hope, the good Louise has heard.

Knowing from experience of my former visit, and from various reports, the love of privacy and reserve on the subject of the wonders connected with Louise, which characterized the sisters, I was slow in putting any questions to Rosine. I found, however, that she was not as reserved and distant as I had feared, and she answered very agreeably the few questions I put to her. She also gave me a memento of my visit, which I treasure.

From what I learned by reading of various publications, especially the Paris *L'Univers*, and from my present visit here, I present the following as facts covering the interval from my visit in 1879, to the death of the ecstatica.

The general features of the Friday agony and ecstasy continued without interruption. Holy Communion continued to be administered daily, and frequently the Sacred Host, as I had witnessed, administered ITSELF! The ecstatica never left her chamber from January 6, 1879. All investigations reported in her case confirm the facts set forth above, and fail to account for them on any except the supernatural hypothesis. She continued to recognize Bishop Dumont after his successor had been appointed. The absolute abstinence from all food, drink, or natural nourishment of any kind, continued to the end; so that, in this respect, the laws of nature seemed suspended, and she lived, at frequent intervals, in an entranced state. In all her suffering she was resigned to and blessed the holy will of God. From January 19, to June 18, 1883, her agonies seemed excruciating, and during that period she would speak but little. At this date her sufferings seemed greatly intensified, and, until the night before she died, she only spoke a few minutes, in reply to questions after Holy Communion and after her ecstasies.

On the vigil of the feast of St. Louis, August 24, she received Extreme Unction, and, in a few minutes after, she commenced to speak to her sisters as she had not done for seventeen months previously. She gave directions for her funeral, spoke freely, and commenced to renew the offering of her life and suf-

ferings to the good God. She requested that the little statue of St. Aloysius be placed on the table, where the priest was wont, before administering Holy Communion, to deposit the Blessed Sacrament, and she directed that some flowers be placed beside it. She then smilingly remarked that "St. Louis was going to bring her a beautiful bouquet tomorrow." By this remark her approaching death, on the feast of St. Louis, was understood. That night her sufferings continued to increase. At six A.M. she was asked if she wished to receive Holy Communion, and she said, "No!" A quarter of an hour later, her sisters began to recite the prayers for the dying, to which Louise responded clearly and distinctly, until 6.30 when, pronouncing the holy names of Jesus and Mary, she ceased to breathe. Her pure soul had passed away, to where sorrow will be no more forever!

On the twenty-eighth the body was placed by her two sisters and two female friends, whom Louise had selected, in the coffin prepared for it. The burgomaster and four other civic officers examined the body. They remarked that there was nothing of the ordinary death odor emitted from it. They superintended the sealing of the casket containing the remains.

According to the desire of Louise, her funeral was as simple as for the poorest peasant girl. Yet, although the village and immediate surroundings, the parish, did not seem to contain one thousand souls all told, there flocked next day, August 29, 1883, to the funeral of the "good Louise" over five thousand people of all classes! This concourse was vastly increased after the Mass, in the church, and thousands of objects were presented to touch the casket, and be carried away and preserved as precious relics. After the procession to the place of repose, as above described, there was another crowding of the faithful, presenting articles to touch the coffin, for over one hour. The burgomaster and civic officers presided, and Brothers of Charity of the institute lowered the sealed remains into the brick vault prepared for them. They are likely to remain there until her words are realized, and "God reveal the truth, and show Himself in His own time."

Notwithstanding that the Church authorities have made no pronouncement calculated to encourage, in any way, the reverencing of Louise Lateau as a most favored child of God, we can well glean from facts here narrated, that they regarded her life and death in a manner worthy of the "just made perfect." The revelations which may have been made through her are most likely recorded and the minute book on the subject, as kept by the late Curé, M. Niels, who died in June, 1890, is, it is understood, carefully preserved in the archives of the diocese of Tournai. I was given to understand that the Lateau cottage, as well as many of the garments of the ecstatica, are also secured as Church property.

For the rest, God will no doubt reveal and make manifest His will, in connection with this great and edifying wonder of the nineteenth century, that has baffled the natural sciences in their attempt to present any plausible explanation. To all who believe that to Christ's Church is committed the ministry and government of the supernatural order,

an explanation of the wonders connected with the ecstatica of Bois D'Haine at once presents itself, and the finger of God points out the Lateau cottage as a most favored spot with Christ and His Blessed Mother, for over fifteen years.

WM. WALSH,
Pastor of St. Mary's,
JACKSON, TENN.
BOIS D'HAINE, BELGIUM, May 10, 1896.

[Those desiring to investigate the foregoing subject further, especially medical men, and the "learned" who are inclined to "explain away" the action of God in favor of His chosen creatures, will find in the following publications, ample reports of the medical and ecclesiastical commissions that investigated the wonders of Bois D'Haine, and its holy ecstatica, who was put to the most severe and even most cruel tests, that "science," infidelity, and even curiosity could devise. All contributed to bring out in bolder relief the supernatural character of her ecstasies and stigmata: "Les Stigmatisées — Louise Lateau — par le Docteur A. Imbert-Gourbere, Paris, Victor Palme." "Louise Lateau and her Stigmata" from the French of Dr. Lefebvre, of the University of Louvain, who with numerous other medical men formed the commission of investigation. Burns & Oates, London; various articles in "*L' Univers*," of Paris, as also in the press in general; and "Louise Lateau, her Stigmas and Ecstasy;" an essay by Dr. Aug. Rohling, addressed to Jews and Christians of every denomination, translated by Archbishop Walsh of Dublin, and published by Hickey & Co., New York. W.W.]

SORROW.

A. G. B.

SORROW came to him with a pleading face;
He would not rise and bid her enter in;
She seemed to claim in him too large a space,
And he was careless, full of mirth and sin.
So passed she onward. Then it chanced one day,
When Autumn winds in woods were making moan,
Again did gentle Sorrow fare that way,
And heard him mourning, for his love had flown.
So once again she sought him. Reckless, rude,
He bade her enter. Then, with stately mien
She passed, and took possession like a queen,
And seemed not sorrow, but a joy subdued:
Bringing a shadow, yet, as shadows are,
A blessing, cast from some great light afar.

The Children of the Flowers.

LEWIS WORTHINGTON SMITH.

FOR more than their wonderful beauty
We know that the flowers came to earth;
For bringing the Loves and the Graces
And all of their kindred to birth;
For filling the heart of all Nature
With beauty and something beside;
For drawing the heart of man Godward,
With thought in His love to abide.

The lily with snowy-white petals
Is mother of Purity sweet;
The violet low in the meadows
For Modesty's mother was meet.
The rose with her petals of crimson
To riotous Beauty gave birth;
The daisy with heart golden-tinctured
To quiet Contentment on earth.

Aspiring is child of the sunflower,
Eternally seeking the light;
Forget-me-not, mother of Kindness
And Love, is the whole earth's delight.
Perhaps in that far-away future,
When God shall be judge on His throne,
But those whom He sees as the children
Of flowers He'll acknowledge His own.

THE INDIAN RIVER COUNTRY.

FRANK H. SWEET.

PROBABLY there is not an orange market in the world that has not heard of the Indian River oranges; and the tourist on his way to Florida is almost sure to grow familiar with the name long before he crosses into the state. It may almost be conceded that every man who visits Florida, if he does not have some paramount interest at home, will contract the "orange fever" before he returns. He begins to hear orange talk in North Carolina, and even in Virginia, and the talk develops and glows and scintillates contagion until the very air seems impregnated with it. By the time he reaches Jacksonville, nine-tenths of the men in his car will be talking excitedly across the backs of the seats, and across the aisle, and their talk will invariably be of seedlings and budded stock, or of returns or something relating to orange growing. And it will take but a few hours in Jacksonville for him to be able to sift, from contradictory reports, that the Indian River country is the "best land that God ever made for growing oranges."

But orange growing is not the only inducement that takes men to the Indian River country. Fishing and hunting are excellent, the climate is unsurpassed, and the scenery is delightfully tropical and picturesque. Men go for a week, and stay all winter, and the next winter they return and bring their friends. Visitors become investors, and investors become residents. Indian River orange groves are rarely for sale, and there are always more men coming in than going out. Books have been written about its climate, and about its hunting and fishing; and the magazine essayist is constrained to curtail other sections in order to enlarge on Indian River. During the winter the mercury averages about seventy to seventy-five degrees, and during the summer, eighty-five to ninety-five degrees. Even a slight frost is of rare occurrence, and there is no record of the mercury's ever having gone to one hundred degrees in the shade. Nor do the usual summer variations of eighty-five to ninety-five degrees represent here the oppressiveness that the same figures do inland or in places where there is a still heat. On the east coast of Florida the winds blow steadily from the ocean nearly the whole summer, principally from the south-east. Even

very hot days, with light, off-shore winds, are generally followed by cool nights, in which that terrible sultriness known to some sections is rarely felt. One of the wonderful peculiarities of Florida is the rapid radiation and depression of heat after nightfall. The general verdict of visitors is that during eight months in the year the climate of the Indian River country is as near perfection as can be found, and during the remaining four months is rather above the average.

Indian River proper begins about twenty-eight degrees, thirty minutes, of latitude, and for the first ten miles of its southward course is paralleled by Mosquito Lagoon, from which it is separated by a narrow strip of land from half a mile to three miles in width. Its course is nearly north and south, and it is one of the straightest bodies of water in this country. A line stretched from its northern limit to the Narrows, a distance of seventy-five or eighty miles, would not touch either shore. It varies in width from seven-eighths of a mile to seven miles. At Titusville, the county seat of Brevard County, is the Bay of Biscay, the largest widening of the river, pear-shaped, and about twelve miles long by seven wide. At the Narrows it is broken for twelve or fifteen miles by low mangrove islands, so that the channels for boats are reduced to fifty yards or less in width at places; then for thirty five or forty miles further it resumes its average width of a mile, broadening frequently into wider bays or coves. The water is not as salt as that of the ocean. Beginning directly opposite Titusville, Merritt's Island, for thirty-five miles, separates Indian River into two parts. The east is known as Banana, or East Indian River. Banana Creek, twelve miles long, unites them on the north.

One can hardly conceive of anything more delightful than a winter camp on Indian River, whiling away the days with books and magazines and writing materials; or floating down Mosquito Lagoon, or Banana Creek, or Jupiter Inlet after red-snappers or black bass; or lingering about the Narrows in search of the delicious Fort Capron oyster; or, perhaps, of stealthily guiding one's boat between the palm-lined banks of some of the narrow creeks or inlets in quest of a dinner of loggerhead turtle or deer or bear. Within easy reach of the camp are groves of choice Mediterranean sweets and homosassas, and of mandarins and tangerines, — the famous "kid-glove" oranges. Palm trees sway their graceful crowns overhead, and here and there are moss-draped live oaks, and clumps of saw-palmetto and yucca and Spanish bayonet, and among and clambering over them are rare tropical vines and air plants and curious, grotesque forms of parasitic growth. Oleander trees mingle their rich blossoms with the leaves of the sapadillo and tamarind and gum alamo, and all around the air is fragrant with strange, delicious, unrecognizable odors. When he seeks his hammock, the camper is lulled to sleep by the whispering of the pine forest which stretches away for a hundred miles to the Gulf coast, rising and falling like the eternal chant of a great sea.

Little wonder that the continuous murmur, and the delicate odors, and the tropical luxuriance should enter into the camper's dreams, and into his being, and that he should come back again and again, and finally go away no more. Poets are not made they

say, and it may be so; but if I had poet-pupils to train, I would send them to some such place as the Indian River, where climate and scenery and perfumes were in harmony with such sunsets and sunrisings as only God's tropical skies could produce.

All tropical fruits indigenous to Florida, and many that are not raised in the central portions of the state, grow well in the Indian River country. Among these are limes, lemons, pomegranates, grape-fruits, shaddocks, sugar apples, bananas, guavas, mangoes, oranges, pine-apples, citrons, avocata pears, and many less known fruits with queer, unpronounceable Spanish names. Pineapples and bananas are extensively cultivated, and are highly remunerative to the growers. As many as ten thousand pineapples are planted to the acre, and they need no fertilizing and but very little cultivating. The lands and climate on the east side of the river are peculiarly adapted to their growth, and the acreage is being largely extended. Guavas can be raised in abundance, but, owing to their perishable nature, they require more rapid transportation to market than now exists. Mangoes are a fine fruit, and can be raised profitably wherever the pineapple succeeds. They are rare as yet.

Game, except where the country is thickly settled, is abundant on the Indian River. Ducks abound, and choice varieties can be found in the marshes from the head of the river south on the east side. Coot and black or "raft ducks" gather in the coves and inlets by the million. The raft ducks are so called from their habit of collecting together in vast numbers, so that at a mile or so they appear like a raft of timber floating on the water. They are seen in flocks, covering acres in extent. The marshes opposite Titusville and Aurantio have long been celebrated for their duck-shooting, and in them may be found teal, mallards, widgeons, blue-bills, red-heads, and occasionally a canvas-back. One can frequently sail for miles amidst a constantly recurring whirr of rising ducks.

Deer are so plentiful in some sections as to be almost a pest. They are very fond of potatoes, and the old bucks will paw the beds and destroy a large number, besides what they eat, and, if they have families of four or five does and fawns, will soon lay waste a large area. It is often a struggle with the trucker as to which shall get the most potatoes. Those known as field deer are the most troublesome; no ordinary fence will keep them out, and many are the devices that have been tried to capture them. Guns and dogs, separate or combined, and a steady warfare, are the surest methods. Bear are found in limited quantities at most seasons of the year, and they frequently swim the river at the Narrows in search of turtle eggs, of which they are very fond. Wildcat, panther, otter, foxes, squirrels, opossums, raccoons, turkey, quail, curlew, plover, snipe, yellow-legs, sand-pipers and a variety of turtle are all found on the Indian River. Alligators are plentiful, and the sport which tourists find in hunting them becomes a profession with a large number of semi-civilized hunters who live in the swamp lands of the everglades and kill them for their hides and teeth.

Both seine and line fishing are good on the river and its tributaries.

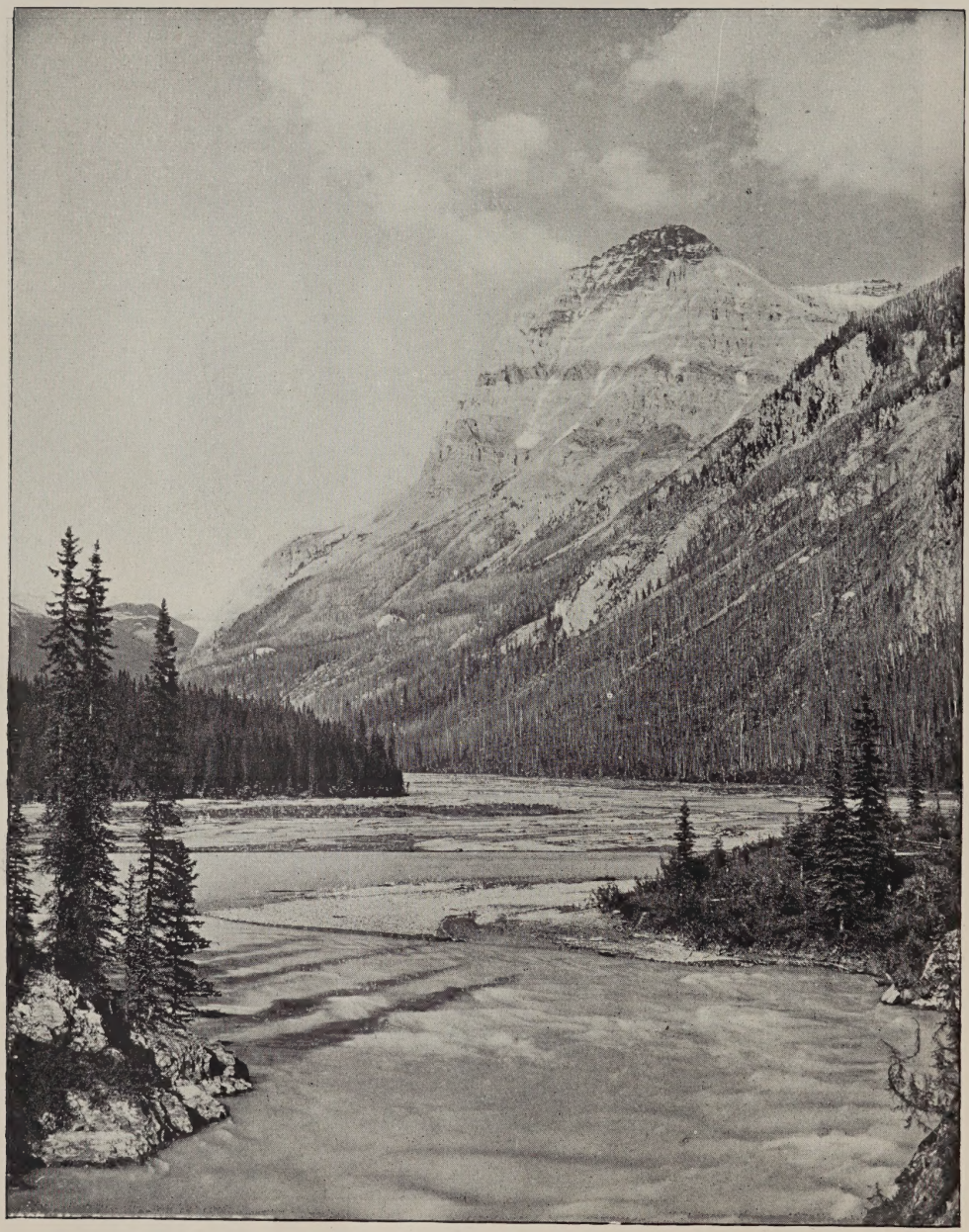
Red-snappers, red and black bass, pompano, cavallii, sheepshead, and sailors' choice are the principal and best fish. Mullet are found in large quantities from June to October, but are only caught by seine and cast net. Sharks and porpoises are numerous, and occasionally that rare herbivorous marine animal, the manatee, is seen or heard of. Turtles are caught in seines stretched between stakes just inside Indian River inlet in the winter season. They are sent to the North, and net the catcher from three to eight cents per pound gross weight. The loggerhead turtle is by no means to be despised as game; they weigh from three hundred to five hundred pounds, and, if properly dressed, provide fair steaks, resembling buffalo meat. The eggs are cooked in various ways, of which the most popular is to beat them thoroughly, add pepper, salt, finely-chopped onions, flour and water, stir together and fry. This makes a rich and palatable dish. The shell of the egg is flexible, and can be bent and indented without breaking. The turtle chooses a place just above high-water mark, and, using her flippers, scoops out the sand to the depth of eighteen to twenty-four inches, and in this nest proceeds to deposit her eggs. It is an easy matter to approach and remove the eggs as fast as they are dropped, and often a hat or basket is placed in the nest so that the eggs may be removed without disturbing the turtle. Oysters abound all through the Indian River Narrows and south to Fort Capron for some twenty or twenty-five miles. They are of large size and exquisite flavor, and can be found in the Titusville and Rockledge markets any time during the winter.

Living is not expensive on the Indian River. With the fish, and the game, and the birds, and the wild fruit that can be had for the taking; with sweet potatoes at forty cents a bushel, and bananas at twenty-five cents a bunch, and pineapples and oranges and grapes almost for the asking, there is little need for the check-book or purse. Nature is lavish at times and in certain moods, and it would almost seem as though there were something in the air of the Indian River country that kept her in perpetual good humor.

And no matter how long we stay, or how much the days and the weeks and the months are duplicated, time seldom drags or becomes monotonous. Tropical luxuriance surrounds us, a rippling, palm-lined stream flows at our feet, strange birds and sounds and perfumes greet us at every turn, hospitable neighbors invite our friendship, and now and then — as though to relieve impossible monotony — friendly bands of strangely-apparelled Seminoles come up from the everglades with wonderful trinkets of their own manufacture for sale.

PEONIES.

C. E. Perugini.



AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

Mt' Stephen, Selkirk Range, B. C.

AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

C. G. Beede.

YE giant landmarks of a mighty past,
Born from the throes of Nature at her birth,
Ye mighty mountains, hail! I bid ye hail!
Touched by the first, faint kisses of the sun
And crowned with gold and purple when he sets;
Beautiful, tender, terrible and grand —
All hail! I bid ye hail!

A glory rests about your massive forms;
Ye say, without a voice, "There is a God!"
Ye emphasize Eternity to Time;
Whether the sunshine smiles about your brows
And bathes your rugged fronts in light and fire,
Or rolling storm-clouds gather round your heads.

The cycling ages wheel, and baffled change
Thunders and rages round you, yet ye stand
Unchangeable, unaltered, still the same,
From where your wave-washed barriers scorn the surge
That frets and snarls in vain about your feet,
To where the bending skies seem cleft in twain
By yon cloud-piercing pinnacles of stone —
Whose lofty spires disdain the strokes of Time,
In solitary grandeur, vast, sublime!

When great Napoleon dared your death-strewn paths,
The world beholding, cried, "How great is man!"
And yet, he only crept around your knees,
And dying thousands paid the penalty.

Earth's giant children, pulseless, massive, stern!
Where lie your silent forms, man's greed and pride
Stop palsied there forever, futile, vain!
Ye stand, as though some vast resistless might
Had caught the seething waves of molten fire
That ushered in the early dawn of Time,
At their full burst, from out earth's riven heart,
When, in full flood, and mounting toward the sky,
Had stayed them, ay! had petrified them there
To instant pause, at the command — "Be still!"

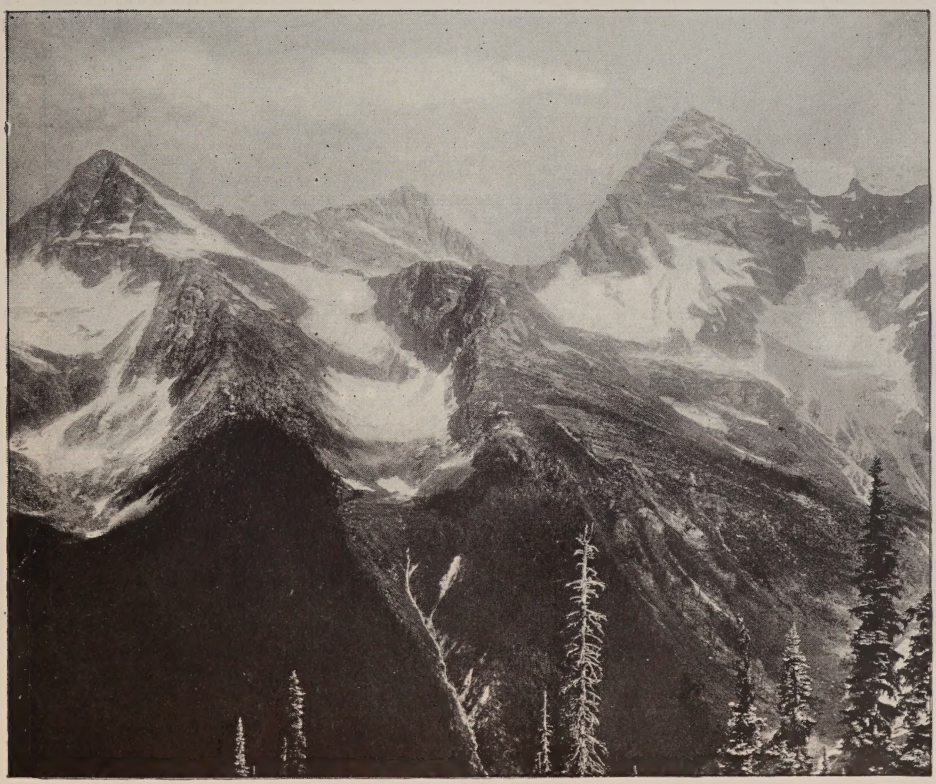
THE MATTERHORN, SWITZERLAND.

Ye are the ribs and sinews of the world,
Torn from beneath and hurled upon the land
To show to man how small the power he wields
Beside the cataclysm that brought ye forth —
As feathers tossed upon a summer's wind —
To show to man how vast the might of God;
How great the pity that can stoop to feel
The little woes of such a little thing!

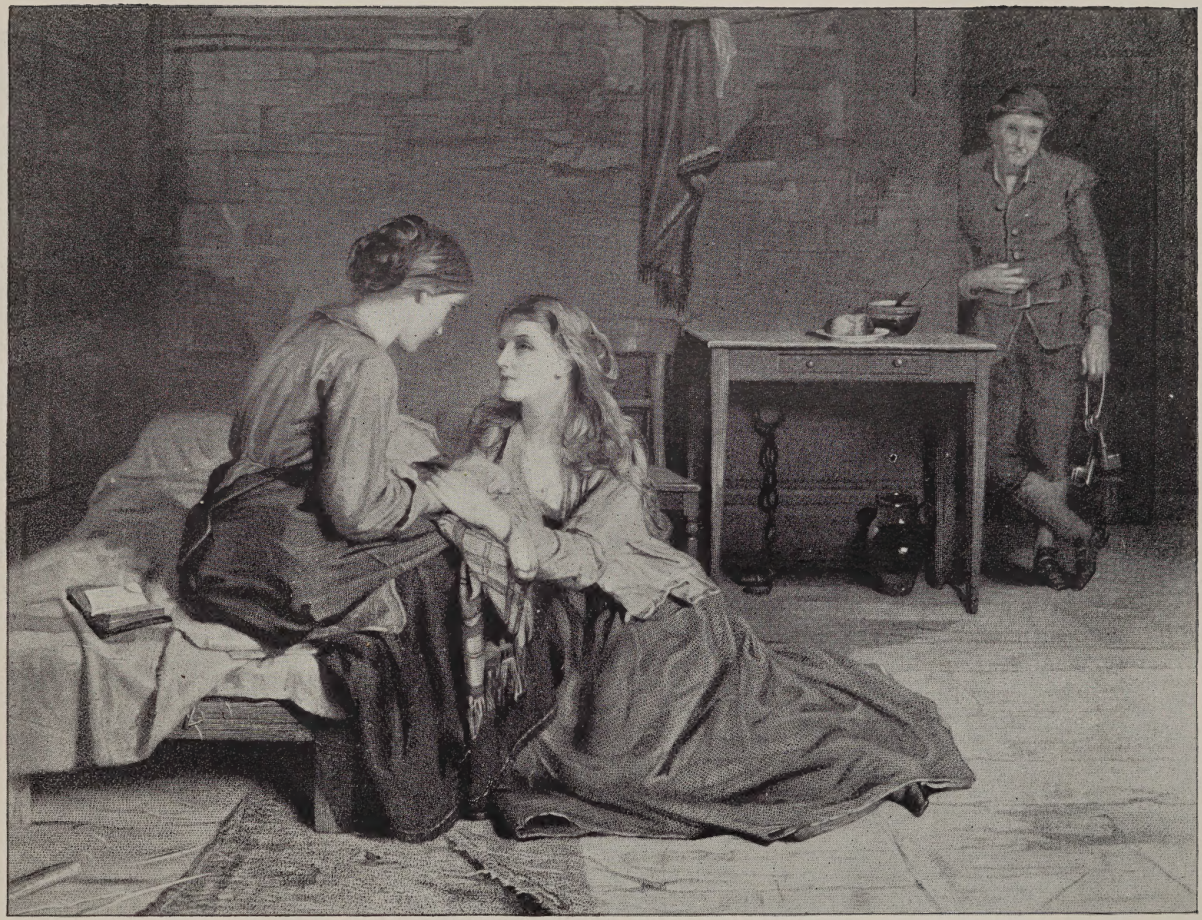
The quiet beauty of the sleeping vale,
The dreary loneliness of weeping plains,
The swelling grandeur of the ocean's flood,
Swept by the might of Heaven's unloosened winds —
Are nothing, nothing! when compared to you,
Ye bulwarks of the earth, its altar stones,
Lifting your piled-up pillars to the sky!

All words are vain, expressionless and poor,
To paint your beauty for unseeing eyes,
The majesty that crowns your rugged steeps;
All words can do is but to lead the soul
Up to your feet and leave it there, alone.

The thoughts that swarm within the teeming brain,
When drawn to these, rise upward from the dust —
The calm, dead levels of monotony —
To climb with fleet, sure footsteps, up and up,
Until, from some lone peak that soars above
The tumbled masses of the solid rocks,
The seeking mind, uplifted, pierces through
The veil that bars Eternity from Time,
Swings into space and nearer to its God.



SIR DONALD AND EAGLE PEAKS, CANADIAN ROCKIES.



JEANIE DEANS VISITING EFFIE IN PRISON.

With permission of Estes & Lauriat, Boston. From the Original Drawing by James Faed.

PROTOTYPES OF SOME FAMOUS HEROINES.

CHARLES ROBINSON.

IT is of course well known that some of the most famous heroines in Fiction have been closely modelled on originals in real life. With a few exceptions these living prototypes have passed out of the reality unknown or forgotten, while their literary counterparts have blossomed into a whimsical immortality. While we live and while our children live, Jeanie Deans and Little Nell, Amelia Sedley and Dinah Morris can never die. They are more real than we are ourselves and will outlive us even as they have outlived their creators.

Let us conjure up, as it were, a few of these forgotten models from the limbo of literary fantasy!

The prototype of Rebecca in "Ivanhoe" was a Philadelphia girl named Rebecca Gratz, an intimate friend of Washington Irving, and it is through his acquaintance with her and with Sir Walter Scott that we have had handed down to us the latter's beautiful portrait of the meek, modest, high-minded Jewish maiden. The likeness in this instance, however, was of course merely one of dark eyes and sable tresses, of noble instincts and of an ancient creed. It is different in the case of Jeanie Deans in the "Heart of Midlothian," for this character, which is one of the most lovable in the whole range of English fiction, was literally "taken from life," the original being a Miss Helen Walker, a friend of the Wizard who while still young was left an orphan with the charge of a younger sister, and who experienced the great grief of bringing the latter to years of maturity only to see her charged with child murder.

At the trial Helen was subpœnaed to give evidence. She knew that her testimony if truthfully given would condemn her sister, yet withal she declined to tell a falsehood; swore to the facts and, as a result, saw her sister pronounced guilty and sentenced to the gallows. Immediately after the trial as, according to Scottish law, six weeks must intervene between a capital sentence and its execution, Helen Walker started to London afoot, with a petition detailing the circumstances of the case

REBECCA AT THE STAKE. "IVANHOE."
Permission of Estes & Lauriat, Boston.

and imploring a pardon for her sister. She arrived after a long and fatiguing journey, and finally succeeded with some difficulty in obtaining an interview with the Duke of Argyll, to whom she made known the facts, and upon their confirmation a pardon was extended to her sister. This heroine of Fact and Fiction was buried in the kirkyard of Iron Gray, and on her tomb-stone is an inscription written at the request of some of her friends by Sir Walter Scott himself.

In one of those delightful "Roundabout Papers," we learn that Thackerary was wont to evolve his heroines "out of scraps and heel

taps, odds and ends of character." Amelia Sedley in "Vanity Fair" seems to have been constructed in this fashion, for in a letter to Mrs. in "Pendennis," Thackeray himself owned that Helen was drawn after his mother "though she was a thousand times better than the portrait."

EFFIE DEANS AND THE LAIRD.

From the Painting by Sir J. E. Millais.

Brookfield the novelist says: "You know you are only a piece of Amelia, my mother is another half; my poor little wife *y est pour beaucoup*." So again of the characters

Dr. Sandwith declares that Thackeray mentioned to him the original of Blanche Amory, and relates that the novelist once told him how, while travelling with her in a railway

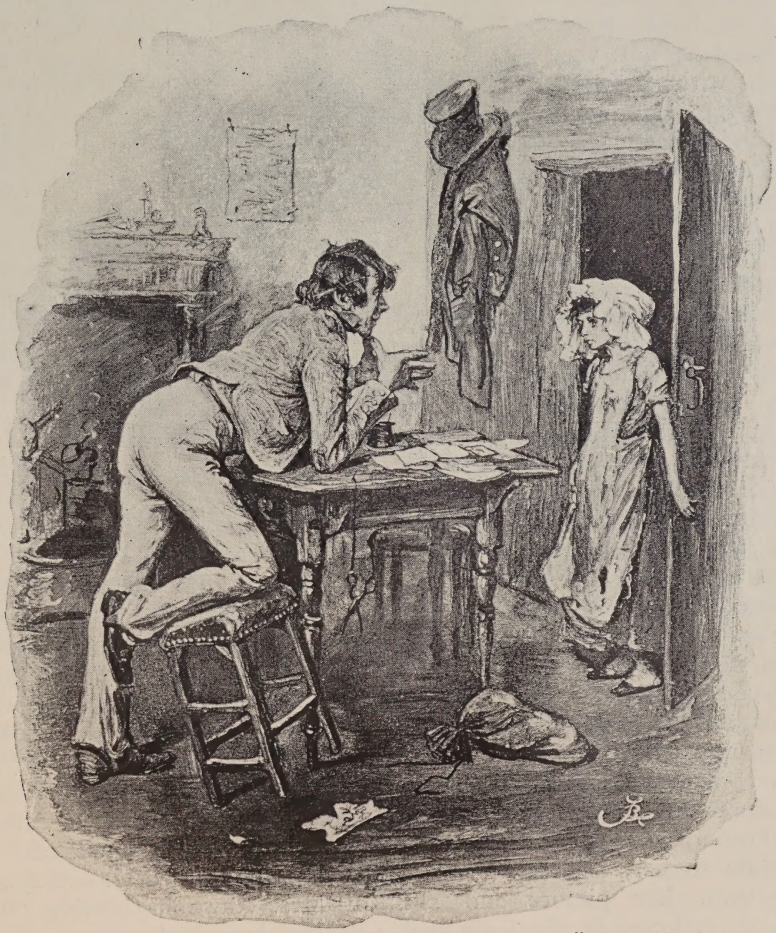
carriage, he cut his finger. She tore what was apparently a costly handkerchief and exclaimed, "See what I have sacrificed for you!" but he detected her hiding the common rag which she had really torn. This person is understood to have been a daughter of Lady Granville. The first reference to her in Thackeray's "Letters" occurs in the following passage: "At the train whom do you think I found? Miss G, who says she is Blanche Amory, and I think she is Blanche Amory; amiable at times, amusing, clever and depraved. We talked and persiflated all the way to London and the idea of her will help me to a good chapter in which I will make Pendennis and Blanche play at being in love; such a wicked, false, humbugging, London love as *blasé* London people might act and half deceive themselves that they were in earnest. That will complete the cycle of Mr. Pen's worldly experiences and then we will make or try to make a good man of him. O me! we are wicked worldlings most of us; may God better us and cleanse us!"

LITTLE NELL AND HER GRANDFATHER.
(Dickens' "Old Curiosity Shop.")
Original by J. Barnard.

There seems to be little doubt that it was Miss O'Neill, the celebrated Irish actress, who sat for Miss Fotheringay in "Pendennis." "I have been to see the actress," says Thackeray in one of his "Letters," "who received us in a yellow drawing-room, and I am ashamed to say that I pitched in still stronger compliments than before, and I dare say she thinks the enormous old Englishman is rapturously in love with her; but she will never see him again —that faithless giant. I am past the age when Frothingays inflame, but I shall pop her and her boudoir into

a book some day and that will be the end of our transactions."

Elizabeth O'Neill's own career reads like a romance. About 1812 she and her father were doing very ill in Dublin, half starving, while they waited for luck, when it came to the former all of a sudden. Miss Waldstein, the theatrical heroine of the hour, refused to act unless at an advanced salary. The manager was in despair, when he heard of the priceless pearl that was to be had for nothing. Miss O'Neill was forthwith attached to the Dublin Theatre, where she excited such sensations of delight that the Irish capital was beside itself. Subsequently Covent Garden obtained her services. In 1819, after a theatrical career as brief as it was brilliant, she relinquished a profession at which she was making some $60,000 a year and married, soon afterwards, Sir William Becher of Ballygiblin, County Cork, where she died in 1872 at the



DICK SWIVELLER AND "THE MARCHIONESS."
(Dickens' "Old Curiosity Shop.")

Original by J. Barnard.

age of eighty-one. In private life Lady Becher was as noted for her benevolence and practical kindness as during her professional career she was for her talents.

But while the Fotheringay is generally regarded as a portrait of Miss O'Neill, that character also doubtless owed some of her traits to the lady whom Thackeray thus describes: "She is kind, frank, open-handed, not very refined, with a warm out-pouring of language, and thinks herself the most feeling creature in the world. The way in which she fascinates some people is quite extraordinary. . . . Her husband adores her; he is an old cavalry colonel of sixty, and the poor fellow, away now in India and yearning after her, writes her yards and yards of the most tender, submissive, frantic letters; five or six other men are crazy about her. She trotted them all out one after another before me last night; not humorously I mean, nor making fun of them, but complacently describing their adoration for her and acquiescing in their opinion of herself. Friends, lover, husband, she coaxes them all and no more cares for them than worthy Miss Fotheringay did. Oh, Becky is a trifle to her, and I am sure I might draw her picture and she would never know in the least that it was herself! I suppose I did not fall in love with her myself because we were brought up together; she was a very simple, generous creature then."

MR. RAWDON CRAWLEY, LORD STEYNE AND MRS RAWDON CRAWLEY (BECKY SHARP).
(Thackeray's "Vanity Fair.")
Permission of Messrs. Estes & Lauriat, Boston.

As for Becky Sharp herself it is averred by a recent writer that her character was modelled on that of Lola Montez. But while it may be true that the career of the latter contained some incidents which Thackeray utilized in portraying that of Mrs. Rawdon Crawley, the real Becky, the selfish, clever, unscrupulous, attractive heroine in "Vanity

Fair" who taught her husband how to live in splendor "upon nothing a year" was doubtless the daughter of Thackeray's dreams, — the creation of his own magic.

His "Letters" contain many other passages which give an insight as to the lay figures from whom Thackeray modelled his heroines. The Beatrix Esmond of real life was Elizabeth Chudleigh, who was tried for bigamy in 1776 in Westminster Hall, having married Evelyn Pierrepoint, Duke of Kingston, during the lifetime of her husband, Captain Hervey, Earl of Bristol; and it is not improbable that Thackeray gathered all he knew about his model from a little book entitled "An Authentic Detail of Particulars relative to the late Duchess of Kingston" and published in 1788; for not only has he reproduced many of the incidents of her life, but he also seems to have caught the salient features of her character. Horace Walpole records the incidents of the Duchess' trial day by day in his letters to Sir Horace Mann. The whole scene, by the caprice of a morbid fashion, was converted into the semblance of a gala day. "Her beauty and her tears," says Mr. MacKenzie Walcott, "with the plea of the privilege of peerage so wrought upon her judges that they avoided the enactment of the penalty of her crime — the branding of her right hand upon the block. She was found guilty, advised 'not to do it again' and discharged on payment of the fees."

Of Dickens' heroines the character of Little Nell — one of the canonized saints of English fiction — was drawn from his wife's youngest sister, Mary Hogarth, whose death in 1837, at the early age of seventeen, was the one great sorrow of the novelist's life. Forster, alluding to this bereavement, tells us that Mary Hogarth, "by sweetness of nature even more than by graces of person, had made herself the ideal of his life." Indeed there can be no doubt that this "dearly beloved girl" was uppermost in his mind when he drew the character of the innocent heroine in the "Old Curiosity Shop." Mr. Ward, in his admirable biographical sketch of Dickens, declares that when the novelist came to the death of Little Nell, he shrunk from the task, saying: "Dear Mary died yesterday when I think of this sad story."

Curiously enough the words he chose for his sister-in-law's epitaph, "young, beautiful and good," are used not only in describing the death of Little Nell, but also in allusions to two of his other heroines; namely, in "Oliver Twist," relative to the illness of Rose Maylie, and in "Dombey and Son," referring to Florence Dombey. This frequently recurring vision of Mary Hogarth was surely not an involuntary repetition of himself, but a studied, intentional and touching tribute to the memory of the one he held so dear.

Lucie Manette, the heroine of that exquisitely pathetic and nobly altruistic story a "Tale of Two Cities;" who "was the golden thread that united her father to a Past beyond his misery and to a Present beyond his misery" was in some respects a portrait of Lucy Stronghill whose family were next door neighbors of the Dickens', in Ordnance Terrace, Chatham. This blue-eyed, golden-haired little girl was a special favorite of the future novelist, and her brother George, a frank, open and somewhat daring boy, many of whose characteristics are reproduced as Steerforth in

"David Copperfield," was his great friend and companion during these happy years. She also figures as the Golden Lucy in the "Wreck of the Golden Mary." A sharp-witted, half-starved maid-of-all-work who lived with the Dickens family about this time has also had her portrait handed down to posterity in unfading colors as "the marchioness" in the "Old Curiosity Shop."

Leslie Stephen has characterized George Eliot's heroines as a body of women in need of a confessor. Of this group Myra, in "Daniel Deronda," was drawn from the adopted daughter of Madame Bodichon, well known as the co-founder of Girton College, and as a steadfast champion of women and of the agricultural class. When George Eliot wrote "Daniel Deronda" her friendship with Madame Bodichon was at its closest. The novelist was greatly attracted by the adopted daughter of her friend, and constantly had the young lady in her company. The prototype of Dinah Morris in "Adam Bede" was Elizabeth Tomlinson, while the original of Dorothea in "Middlemarch" was the present Lady Dilke, then the wife of the Rev. Mark Pattison, the well-known rector of Lincoln College, Oxford, and a daughter of Major Strong of the E. I. C. Lady Dilke appears to be a favorite model for novelists, having been much utilized as a heroine of romance. She also figures as the charming Belinda in Rhoda Broughton's entertaining novel of that name, and, as the lovely young wife of Dryasdust, has appeared in numerous stories which always happily marry her finally to the other man.

For the character of Maggie Tulliver in the "Mill on the Floss" George Eliot has drawn largely upon herself. But in this respect she had been preceded by at least one other famous woman novelist. Charlotte Brontë once told her sisters that they were wrong in making their heroines beautiful as a matter of course, and in reply to their objection that it was impossible to make a heroine interesting on any other terms, she answered, "I will show you a heroine as plain and small as myself who shall be as interesting as any of yours." Jane Eyre was the result. In that character she has compelled us by force of magical passion to love a little, plain creature in a Quakerish cotton dress. Charlotte Brontë, it is very evident, was also to a certain extent her own Lucy Snow. If we come to lesser names we shall find a host of similar examples. Both in "Delphine" and "Corinne" Mde. de Staël has painted herself as the heroine and George Sand is the Thèrese Jacques of her own "Elle et Lui."

It has been persistently asserted that Amelie Rives drew her own portrait in the morbid, hysterical heroine of "The Quick or the Dead." She insists, however, that the critics have done her a great though unconscious honor in assuming that she intended Barbara Dering for herself, as in doing so they have attributed to her an absolute honesty and an absence of vanity such as few mortals have been credited with.

What is to be said of Ouida who in "Friendship" portrays herself with many of her own idiosyncrasies as the heroine Atoille! Of Mlle. de la Ramée's other heroines Fuscia Leech the exaggerated but thorough American girl in "Moths" was drawn from Miss Schenck, the eldest daughter of General Robert Schenck,

sometime United States Minister to England. The character of Cigarette in "Under Two Flags" was likewise "taken from life," being a portrait of the novelist's faithful old maid who still resides with her.

Everyone was able to identify the real heroines in Lord Beaconsfield's novels for, as is well known, "Dizzy" was wont to reproduce living individuals in his books under the thinnest possible disguises. Thus, Lady Maud Hamilton, youngest daughter of the late Duke of Abercorn and now Marchioness of Lansdowne, figures in "Lothair" as Lady Corisande, daughter of the Duke of Brecon, while the original of Zenobia in "Endymion" was the present Countess of Jersey who is the eldest daughter of Lord Leigh of Stoneleigh. So again Lady Caroline Lamb was limned in "Vivian Grey" as Mrs. Felix Lorraine.

It is well known that the character of Hilda in the "Marble Faun" was closely modelled by Hawthorne upon a living original; nor was the heroine of the "Scarlet Letter" altogether an imaginary character.

The real heroine of that "Dame aux Camelias," which first caused the younger Dumas' countrymen to admire him, was Marie Duplessis who at the time the work appeared — now nearly half a century agone — was a well-known figure in Paris. The character of Marguerite Gautier, however, far transcended the original and gave her a wholly unmerited fame.

The "Woman in White" was not a creation of the fertile brain of Wilkie Collins. Laura was known in real life as an intimate friend of the novelist. She is described as possessing "a colorless, youthful face, meagre and sharp to look at about the cheeks and chin; large, grave, wistfully attentive eyes; nervous, uncertain lips and light hair of a pale brownish-yellow hue."

It is said that the character of Lady Audley in Miss Braddon's first great novel had its original in a member of the noble house of Petre. It is at least certain that the scene of the novel is laid at Ingatestone Hall in Essex, the principal seat of that family. The well in which Lady Audley is said to have placed her husband, and the lime walk which he was afterwards in the habit of perambulating to the consternation of her ladyship, are still pointed out to the inquiring visitor.

William Black painted a portrait of the lady who is now his wife as the heroine in his "Strange Adventures of a Phaeton," and the heroine of Bret Harte's "Maruja" was Miss Alexandra Atherton of Menlo Park, California, now Mrs. Rathbone, and wife of our ex-Consul General at Paris. The same lady also figures in one or two of his other stories as a daughter of the Sierras.

Strange as it may seem, even "She" was not without a prototype. The person from whom Rider Haggard evolved this heroine was a noted chieftainess named Majajai, whose kraal lay near the Dutch possessions in South Africa. Some time ago she was fined about fifteen hundred dollars by the Transvaal native commissioners for committing a breach of the peace, her Indunas having fallen upon a neighboring tribe with more or less destruction. Upon her refusal to pay this fine it was raised to five thousand dollars and three hundred head of cattle, a party of armed men being sent against her to obtain the same.

It is generally understood that Miss Mary Anderson, now Mrs. de Navarro, was the unconscious model from whom Mrs. Humphrey Ward copied the character of Miss Bretherton in her novel of that name published in 1884, but which is a mere sketch by the side of her later books.

No one could mistake the portrait of the heroine of last year's most successful novel. Mr. Benson's "Dodo" was a full-length likeness of Miss Margot Tennant, a daughter of Sir Charles Tennant, and whose marriage with the then Home Secretary, Mr. Asquith, took place shortly after the publication of the book. Mrs. Asquith is a leading member of "The Souls," which coterie comprises the cream of London culture and in which Mr. Balfour is a shining light. She is specially noted for the great charm of her conversation and the late Mr. John Addington Symonds dedicated his last book of "Essays" to her "in memory of long dark winter nights at Davos made luminous" by it.

The flood of stories which have come down upon us of late as to the model who enjoys the distinction of having posed for the character of Trilby O'Ferrall have little foundation on fact.* It may be confidently asserted that the original of Mr. Du Maurier's much discussed heroine was a Scotch girl named Aggie Douglas who for years was Dante Gabriel Rosetti's model and who appears in most of his pictures as well as in those of his imitators. This remarkable woman was the Egeria of a group of clever artists, bohemians, literary men, politicians and swells who frequented Rosetti's studio in the halcyon days of English art three decades ago. She inspired Swinburne's lines to "Faustine" which are quoted in "Trilby." In later life Aggie Douglas became a comparatively wealthy woman and left a substantial fortune at her death.

But after all Aggie Douglas is the original of "Trilby" only in the same sense that a block of marble is the original of the Venus de Milo. And if we turn backwards from Aggie Douglas to Marie Duplessis, from Elizabeth Tomlinson to Rebecca Gratz, we find that after all we have learned but little as to the process by which these living originals were transformed into fictitious characters more real to us than half the actual people we know.

*Mr. Albert D. van Dam's assertion that the celebrated Elise Duval, the favorite model of Gerome and Benjamin Constant, was the prototype of Trilby is hardly probable in view of the fact that the latter must have flourished at least a score of years before the former.

THE LEGEND OF DESCHAMPS.

(A TALE OF FRENCH CANADA.)

REV. FRANCIS CLEMENT KELLEY.

FROM Tadousac to the far-off lake of Saint John the rock-bound Saguenay rolls through a mystic country, sublime in natural beauty, and instinct with traditions, legends and folklore tales. Ghosts of the past people its shores, phantom canoes float down the river of mystery and disembodied spirits troop back to earth at the dreamer's call. All are there; traders, trappers, soldiers, women strong in love and valor, heroes dead in the long ago, and saintly missionaries offering up mortal life that savages may know the Christian's God.

Beauty, mysticism and music, — music in all things, from the silver flow of the river to the soft notes of the native's tongue, and dominating all, simple faith and deep-rooted, God-implanted patriotism.

Such was French Canada, the adopted country of Deschamps the trapper, a native of old France, who made his home in Tadousac while Quebec was yet a growing city; and, caring naught for toil or hardship, gradually grew to be a grand monsieur in the estimation of the people about him. He loved his country well and, when the tocsin of war sounded, sent forth three sturdy sons to help repel the British foe. Many were the tears the patriot shed that age forbade him the privilege of shouldering musket and marching himself.

Weary months dragged by before tidings came. And then? Quebec had fallen. The gallant Montcalm had passed through the gate of Saint John to a hero's rest, and two of the trapper's sons lay dead on the Plains of Abraham. They had died bravely, as Deschamps hoped they would, with their faces to the foe, and with a whispered message of love to the old father at Tadousac.

And Pascal, the best-beloved?

Pascal was — a traitor!

The blood of Deschamps in the veins of a traitor! Wife, daughter and gallant sons had been riven from him by death and the Christian's hope lightened the mourner's desolation. But disgrace! Neither earth nor heaven held consolation for such wrong as his. Deschamps brooded on his woe; alone he endured his agony, giving utterance to his despair in the words "France! Pascal! Traitor!"

Years passed and the trapper lived on, a senile wreck, ever brooding on defeat or breaking into fierce invective. Misery had isolated him from his kind; the grand monsieur was the recluse of Tadousac. One day he disappeared from his lonely cabin and no one knew whither he had gone.

. . . . . .

Treason had purchased prosperity for the recreant son. Wealth and honors were his and an English wife, a haughty dame of high degree, who completed the work of alienation. Traitorous deed, kindred and race were alike forgotten, and when the joy-bells rang for the birth of an heir there was revel in the magnificent mansion of Pascal Deschamps.

"Summon our friends!" cried the jubilant father. "A son to the house of Deschamps! Let his baptism be celebrated as becomes the heir of wealth, power and position."

So heralds went forth from town to town, making known the tidings, but bore no message to the lonely grandsire in Tadousac.

"The curse is lifted!" said the pious peasants, mindful of Pascal's treason. "A child at last! The good God has forgiven him."

From Quebec to Malbaie came so-called friends, English who despised his treachery, French who hated his name, but courtiers all; and with them came an unbidden guest, an aged trapper, unshorn and roughly clad, who lurked in the shadows of the great hall, and whispered ever: "France! Pascal! Traitor!"

Beautiful as an angel was the baby heir, fair with the patrician beauty of his English mother, strong of limb as befitted the trapper's descendant. Unconscious of the homage paid him, he slept in his nurse's arms, his baptismal robes sweeping the floor, the water from the consecrated font still glistening in his baby curls.

"A sturdy fellow, my friends," said his laughing sponsor. "An English Deschamps."

"An English Deschamps!" cried the English guests, pleased with the conceit. "Long may his line endure!"

"A traitor Deschamps!" said a voice instinct with wrath. "Unhappy man, your taint is in him!"

The revellers shrank back appalled, as forth from the shadows came the unbidden guest and stood among them, his mien majestic with the dignity of sorrow. Pascal alone recognized him and forced his ashen lips to speak the word "Father!"

"Yes, your father, unhappy boy; unlettered, old, and broken with the burden of your disgrace, but loyal still to God and country. I have guarded those great virtues well, for God gave them to me, and I would have transmitted them to my posterity, and linked the name of Deschamps forever with patriotism and faith. But your treachery has destroyed my hope and smirched the memory of your brothers, whose names are written on the roll of martyrs to their faith and country. Ah, Pascal, how I loved you! And your son? An English Deschamps say you! A son born to perpetuate his father's degradation! No, Pascal, by the God of nations and of peoples, I shall save my honor and redeem my memory! Your traitor blood shall never taint posterity. You may live your life of misery, but you shall live it alone!

And snatching the child from its nurse's arms the old trapper passed from the house and had reached his canoe before the stupefied revellers roused into pursuit.

With swift strokes Deschamps paddled down the St. Lawrence, through the rocky entrance to the Saguenay, and over its dark waters till a harbor was reached in a cleft in the coast. Here the madman landed, climbed to the summit of the rock, and laying down the boy, kindled a fire of drift-wood.

"I must see his face," he muttered. "The last of my line! The English cross shows! The stain shows! I must wash it out! Hush thee, my little one, thy grandfather guards thee; soon shalt thou sleep in my arms, — arms that cradled thy father, and shall hold thee forever. I, who was ever gentle, who spared the birds and beasts, and sorrowed with the trapped beaver, will spare thee, too, my baby — will save thee from thy father. Here where the wind speaks of freedom; here where the river even in its anger, as tonight, whispers peace; here where Deschamps worked and hoped; here where Deschamps sorrowed and mourned; here, little one, shall we rest together. Child, for you and me life means disgrace; the better part is death and freedom."

A leap from the rock! The baptismal robes, fluttering white like angels' wings, dipped to the surface and disappeared. The madman had consummated his sacrifice; the race of Deschamps was ended. The black water of the Saguenay was their pall, the storm their requiem.

TO ERIN.

Rev. Edmund Hill, C.P.

I.

The Passion-Flower of nations, thou,
O Erin, Isle of Sorrow!
Yet ever shines about thy brow
The light of Faith's to-morrow.

Where'er thine exiled children go,
Heav'n smiles benignly o'er them;
Where'er they turn, in weal, in woe,
The Cross leads on before them.

O "Populus Apostolus"
(As Rome's great Council call'd thee)!
'Tis God's high purpose guides thee thus,
His will that hath enthrall'd thee.

II.

When Jesus died, His back was turn'd
On Salem's thankless city;
While toward the West his bosom yearn'd
With love's forgiving pity.

From age to age before Him spread
The future's wondrous story;
His eyes each people's annals read —
Its more of shame than glory.

His Church would conquer far and wide,
Yet oft the while defeated;
The scornful robber at His side
Again, again repeated.

III.

He saw *His* Rome, from Satan reft,
Her empire stronger, vaster,
Than arms and cunning skill had weft
For earth's now vanquish'd master.

He saw new kingdoms rise and fall,
Republics thrive and perish. . .
But one dear spot from out them all
A fonder love should cherish.

A land by rough seas virgin-isled
I' th' North's half-mythic regions;
Nor, like her sister shore, defiled
By tramp of Cæsar's legions.

IV.

He call'd attendant angels three,
And sent them swiftly winging
O'er mount and vale and pleasant lea
Where April green was springing.

"Go, sow my Blood for after years —
Seven drops of ruby treasure;
And gather from my Mother's tears
Of pearls an equal measure.

"Go, shed them o'er yon chosen soil:
The Isle of Martyrs make it.
My grace shall there find richest spoil;
My mercy ne'er foresake it!

CATHOLIC TOLERANCE IN IRISH HISTORY.

J. A. J. McKenna.

HE fact that the Catholics of Ireland return to Parliament so many Protestant representatives has recently been somewhat extensively commented upon as a pleasant example of a liberality which might with advantage be imitated by communities of other races and other creeds. It is well to have it brought to mind, however, that although this is a striking instance of liberality, when viewed in connection with the too frequent manifestations of intolerance which still mar the conduct of more favored peoples, it is not by any means an isolated example of large mindedness on the part of the Irish race.

In the sixteenth century, when the world was darkened by bigotry, the Catholics of Ireland showed that they had no disposition to make the Christian precept of charity coterminous with the purviews of their creed. If intolerance can ever be excused, that was an age in which it might plead palliation. Had the Irish followed the examples which the times afforded, they could not have been greatly blamed. It has been held that the command to present the other cheek when one has been smitten does not apply to nations; and by parity of reasoning, the Irish might have claimed that where a race was concerned the old law of an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth had not been abrogated. Before Mary's accession they had tasted the bitter fruit of the religious revolution which was "to deliver up their children to famine and bring them into the hands of the sword." It is true they had suffered ere the advent of the new theology; but the change in religion added fanaticism to racial animosity, and it required no prophetic vision to forsee that, if Protestantism were fixed in ascendancy, the last stages of the Reformation would be incomparably worse than the first.

In the light of the history of that period, it would not have been surprising had the Catholics, on getting hold of the reins of government in Ireland under Mary, given the new religionists a dose of their own medicine. The Protestants of England, who had sowed the wind in the reigns of Henry and Edward, were reaping the results under the Catholic Tudor. In Ireland they were the merest handful, utterly unable to offer resistance to persecution. They were at the mercy of Catholic rulers, at the mercy of a Catholic majority; but they did not have to ask for mercy. It dropped upon them like "the gentle rain from heaven." During the five years that Mary reigned and Catholics ruled no one suffered in Ireland for religious opinions. Not a single act of persecution stains the history of those years. So com-

plete, indeed, was the immunity enjoyed by the Protestants of Ireland that many of their co-religionists went over from England to share with them the privilege of practising their religion without let or hindrance. "It is a positive and absolute fact," says Mr. Gladstone, "that from Chester and Bristol, the two British ports from which was then carried on the principal communication with Ireland, the Protestants of England fled in numbers to Ireland because they knew that the public spirit and public feeling in Ireland would make them safe when they touched that shore." The families of Agar, Ellis and Harvey are the descendants of Protestant refugees from Cheshire, who, under the lead of their pastor, sought and found a safe asylum in Ireland. No wonder Mr. Gladstone exclaimed: —

> Is it not rather too much, is it not cruel, is it not shameful, when the antecedents of the people proved so splendid, and they showed so well their aversion to persecution in the days when persecution was almost universally carried on, is it not rather too much, ought we not to blush for ourselves when we charge upon those people, in defiance of their own assurance, as well as the teaching of their history, an intention to persecute the Protestants in Ireland!

It may be urged, however, that the rebellion of 1641, which certain writers have made the reproach of Irish Catholics, affords a better criterion of their tolerance than does the reign of Mary. Carlyle, in commenting on the massacre of the noblesse by the French insurgents, makes this significant remark: "Horrible in lands that knew equal justice; not so unnatural in lands that had never known it." And his dictum should be borne in mind by students of the history of the Irish rebellion. No judgment worthy of consideration can be given of any historical event unless full account be taken of formative causes and concomitant circumstances. Unfortunately, much that still passes current for Irish history is the work of deliberate conspirators against truth; but, through the labors of men with whom the writing of history is the relation of facts rather than the making of special pleas for a party, the conscientious student can form an accurate opinion of events long misunderstood. It has been charged that the rebellion was born of bigotry and resulted in the massacre of Protestants through what is paradoxically called religious hatred. The true record shows that it was evoked by terrible injustice and was marked by marvellous examples of Irish Catholic moderation.

No one will accuse Lecky of any bias towards the Catholic side of a question. It is no injustice to him to believe that he would have been more pleased had his researches tended to substantiate the ordinary anti-Catholic version of the story of the rebellion. But the facts constrained him to express it as his "firm conviction, that the common assertion that the rebellion of 1641 began with a general massacre of Protestants is entirely untrue," and to declare that "nothing can be more scandalously disingenuous than the method of those writers who have employed themselves in elaborating ghastly pictures of the crimes which were committed on one side, while they have at the same time concealed those which were committed on the other." "From the very beginning," he adds, "the English Parliament did the utmost in its power to give the contest the character of a war of extermination."

Goldwin Smith corroborates Lecky, and testifies that acts of vengeance were opposed to the policy of the leaders of the rebellion. The original sources from which material is drawn for blood-curdling chapters on "The Popish Massacre," are certain manuscripts in Trinty College, which Edmund Burke, in a letter to his son, described as "the rascally collection in the college relative to the pretended massacre of 1641." But in spite of their patent rascality, the eminent statesman, on close examination, found that they "refuted fully the false stories produced on their credit." Sir John Temple's statement that "three hundred thousand Protestants were murdered in cold blood, or destroyed in some other way, or expelled from their homes," is a fair example of the material which enters into the making of anti-Irish history of the rebellion, although Milton went so far as to put the number at six hundred and sixteen thousand.

The truth is that there was not at that time more than two hundred thousand Protestants, all told, in Ireland; less than thirty thousand of them were exposed to the insurgents; and Cooke Taylor, "after a very careful examination of all the statements," estimated that "the number of Protestants killed in the rebellion did not exceed five thousand." Put in juxtaposition with this estimate, which was not made from sources favorable to the Catholics, this one item from the long and gruesome catalogue given by Borlase of the services rendered by a single Protestant regiment: "Starved and famished, of the vulgar sort, whose goods were seized on by this regiment, — seven thousand!"

When all the evidence is sifted the simple fact remains that the Irish Catholics did in 1641 what downtrodden peoples in every land have ever done amid the plaudits of all lovers of liberty — they rose, not to persecute for religious opinion, but to "spoil the spoiler" and "from the robber rend his prey." Had they not taken up arms under the terrible goading of their oppressors, they would have proved themselves unworthy to be free. Had they so restrained themselves under the awful stress to which they were subjected as to have carried on the war on their side without the doing of any deeds that were better undone, they would have proved themselves more than human. "That a race," as Sir Charles Gavan Duffy has well said, "whose chiefs had been trapped like wild beasts, or assassinated in the very offices of hospitality, among whom the tragedy of the *Pacata Hibernia* and the kindred tragedy of the plantation were performed, should have been stung into no deadlier a humor, will be forever a marvel to men who have studied human history and human nature."

Indeed, far from being an occasion of reproach, the very rebellion of 1641 furnishes incidents of Irish Catholic liberality, humanity and charity, that challenge the admiration of every serious and fair minded student of the movement. While the Protestant leaders incited to acts of cruelty the Catholic leaders did all in their power, and with great success, to keep within the bounds of fair belligerency the provoked passions of their followers. While the Protestant Parliament of England did its utmost to give the contest the character of a war of extermination, the Parliament of the Catholic Confederation of Kilkenny

conducted its affairs with "notable clemency and moderation;" and a synod of Catholic bishops promulgated decrees of excommunication against all "who should be guilty of murder, violence to persons, or plunder, under pretence of war."

When the order went forth that Irish Catholics should be refused quarter, and Irish soldiers were hanged in batches and their wives and children thrown into the sea, the Catholic leaders forbade retaliation, and all who submitted to the Catholic army were admitted to terms and treated with humanity; while little children were carried writhing on the pikes of the troopers of Coote — who, to use his own phrase, "liked such frolics;" — while Munroe literally roasted the hundreds of Catholic fugitives who came within his power, and neither age nor sex was spared by the brutal soldiery; while the men of the whole Protestant army, under the inspiration of leaders who proclaimed that not one Papist should be left in Ireland, were killing priests on sight and committing outrages which have only been paralleled by the unspeakable Turk; the Rev. Dr. Pollen and other Protestant prisoners of war were well cared for in Catholic Cashel; in other parts priests concealed Protestant fugitives beneath their very altars, in order to protect them from retaliatory violence, and the residence of the Protestant Bishop Bedell, crowded with his flock, was guarded from assault by order of the Catholic leaders. And when this bishop died, after being treated, as Mr. Goldwin Smith testifies, "with respect and humanity," the Irish army buried him with military honors and joined in prayer over his grave.

This gratifying incident has been aptly described as "a rainbow amidst the storm;" but it was followed by no calm. Cromwell crossed the channel and the furies were let loose. He passed, but the work of oppression went on. And yet, despite all, when, under James II, the Catholics of Ireland attained a brief moment of power, they taught their oppressors another lesson in tolerance and "set an example of forbearance almost unique in history." Instead of imposing disabilities on Protestants, the Parliament which met in Dublin in 1689 * established absolute religious equality. Instead of collecting tithes from Protestants for the support of Catholic worship, it decreed that the tithes paid by Protestants should go to the Protestant clergy and the tithes of the Catholics to the Catholic priests, thus voluntarily conceding a principle that had to be wrung from the British Parliament almost two centuries later. Protestants were not barred from the franchise; neither was Parliament nor the professions closed to them. They were not impeded in the education of their children, nor was provision made for their being tempted by bribes to conform to another faith.

Irish Catholics in power, as history bears witness, never thought of inflicting such wrongs, though they had been subjected to them in large measure and were destined to endure them to the full. For when victory perched on the Protestant banner such a campaign of persecution was begun, in violation of solemn treaty, as made what had gone before seem "comparatively trifling," and for generations the

* "The Patriot Parliament of 1689," by Thomas Davis.

Catholics of Ireland were submitted to so perfect a system of oppression that the memory of it yet remains as a reproach to human nature — a system which must have been designed to exclude its victims from the pale of humanity, and which was so relentlessly carried out, that the masses of the Catholic people were driven into "a state the most deplorable which history records as having existed in any country."

It is not so long since the Irish felt the sting of the scorpion. A century has not elapsed since Lord Cornwallis wrote: "The conversation of the principal persons of the country all tends to encourage this system of blood; and the conversation at my table, where, you will suppose, I do all I can to prevent it, always turns on hanging, shooting, burning, etc. And if a priest is put to death, the greatest joy is expressed by the whole company." Goldwin Smith tells us that "in the use of torture the Orangemen seem to have reached a pitch of fiendish cruelty which was scarcely attained by the Jacobins." Protestant ascendancy and the penal laws produced a reign of terror in Ireland, which in continuity far exceeded and in detail often outrivalled the of French fury depicted by Carlyle.

Notwithstanding all this — notwithstanding the fact that the horrid system of oppression was only gradually and grudgingly relaxed under the pressure of compelling circumstances — the history of Ireland, from Mary to Victoria, is filled with evidences that the religion of its Catholic people never "turned into hatred." "It is," writes Mr. Goldwin Smith, in his "Irish History and Irish Character," "an honor to the Catholic priesthood that they should have kept the hearts of the people, as they appear on the whole to have kept them, warm, affectionate and open to kindly influences." And Mr. Gladstone has remarked that "the candid observer cannot fail to be struck with this fact, that in the choice of leaders both in the last century and since 1829, when they had the power of choosing Roman Catholic leaders and sending them to Parliament, the Irish people have been perfectly impartial as between Roman Catholics and Protestants."

Irish Catholic liberality is no mushroom growth. It is firmly rooted in the character of the people and draws copious nourishment from their faith. It has weathered the storms of the past; it will flourish in the sunshine of the future. Ireland of old sent forth apostolic men to renew the faith of Europe. It may now be the mission of her sons to teach the world that strong faith and broad tolerance are akin and not incompatible, and that intolerance and bigotry, which are but other names for hate, are the very antithesis of the religion of Him who declared love to be the epitome of his teaching.

THE EMMET LIBRARY OF NEW YORK.

M. E. Hennessy.

EW YORK'S new public library is to have besides its Astor library, its Tilden library and its Lenox library, an Emmet library, thanks to the generosity of Dr. John S. Kennedy, one of the trustees (under the consolidated plan of bringing together under one roof the three former magnificent collections of literature, art and science), and of Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet, the grandnephew of Robert Emmet, the Irish martyr of the '98 movement.

The Emmet library is one of the rarest collections of historical matters in America, and is said to have cost Dr. Emmet in the neighborhood of $300,000. Dr. Kennedy, who arranged the donation, is one of New York's leading financiers, and manifests a deep interest in the new library movement.

Dr. Emmet began collecting his library when only twelve years old, and has spent a great deal of time since then in getting together the material which forms the collection New Yorkers are soon to enjoy. Besides the books in this collection, there are about two hundred prints and drawings of revolutionary heroes, a large number of autographs of American statesmen of this same period, and an almost complete collection of United States currency. One of the most interesting relics in the collection is a big wooden trunk, once the property of General Gates, and filled with his papers, bearing on important historical events.

Dr. Emmet made his collection on a thorough plan. He has selected, when possible, some standard history of the period undertaken. Every person mentioned in the book is represented in the collection by one or more autograph letters, by letters from prominent men relative to his affairs, and by a portrait of the individual. When prints or engravings could not be obtained, Dr. Emmet has searched through the family until a painting or a likeness of some sort has been obtained and copied for the collection. The events of the period are commented on by the leaders of thought of their time and autograph letters, and illustrated by original documents. All this has, of course, been very expensive, as may be judged when it is known that one document in the collection is valued by the collector at $10,000.

This document is a draft of the Constitution of the United States in the handwriting of Thomas Jefferson. Then there is the official notice to Congress, from seven of the thirteen states, accepting the Constitution in 1787. Another valuable document is the Resolutions written by John Hancock dated July 25, 1776, providing that copies of the Declaration of Independence be forwarded at once to the several states and to the army.

The material has all been carefully classified, and the original matter,

papers and portraits have all been set into large folio sheets and bound into volumes some three inches thick. The condition under which Dr. Emmet parted with his valuable possession was that it would be kept intact and safe from all harm and that it be called the Emmet library.

Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet was born at the University of Virginia May 29, 1828, the son of John Patton Emmet, eldest child of Thomas Addis Emmet, who was for a number of years professor of chemistry at that institution. It was here that the subject of this sketch received his education, and in 1850 he obtained his degree of M.D., from the Jefferson Medical College of Philadelphia. Two years later he began the practice of medicine in New York City where he has since resided. Dr. Emmet is a leader in his chosen profession and is regarded as an authority on certain diseases. He has introduced various new and skilful methods of treatment of certain cases, and has contributed largely to medical literature. Dr. Emmet has also found time to aid in Ireland's struggle for independence, contributing heavily to almost every fund for Ireland's deliverance from English oppression.

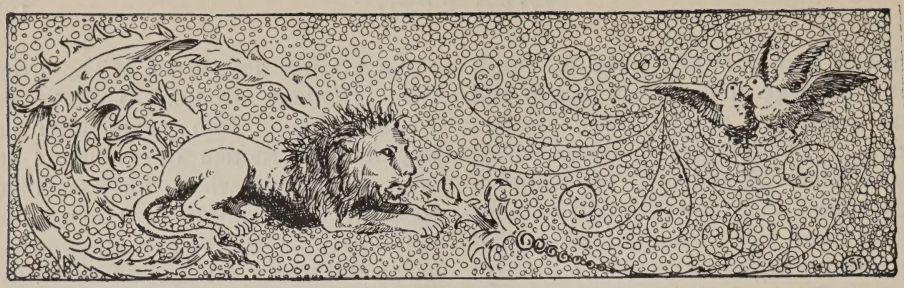
LORD BYRON.

Rev. P. A. Wright, S.M.

O THOU of song sublime, child of despair!
Gloomed by the shadows of the Stygian cave!
Olympus thee first taught the vocal stave,
And in thy lays the sacred Nine would share.

Alas, too soon to grieve; and grieved they were.
Thou stole'st their art, but vain they strove to save
Thy mind, unblemished, in the thoughts they gave —
Sin-hued and foul through hell's unholy glare.

Betimes a heav'nly ray illumed thy soul,
Then Truth and Beauty, Genius, struck thy lyre;
Then Jove, all-puissant, would thy song inspire
And soft-sung melody the heart console.
Perchance, O Poet, in thy latest breath
Thou sighed'st, for hope, nor hopeless sank'st in death.



A PILLAR OF HERCULES.

MAJESTIC Gibraltar, the sleepless sentinel of the Mediterranean, rears its beetling front sheer from the depths of the ocean. To the ancients it was an object of awe and veneration; to the moderns for twelve hundred years it has been a bone of contention and a coveted possession. It has experienced fifteen memorable sieges, and its history in great measure centres round those successive conflicts,—a stirring record of capture and recapture, siege and countersiege.

Gibraltar has been known since the days of the Phœnician navigators. In the primitive geography of the early Greeks and Romans it was Calpe, and formed one of the renowned Pillars of Hercules, that for centuries were believed to be the western boundary of the habitable globe. The twin pillar was Abyla, a lofty eminence on the African side near Ceuta.

The rock is situated at the extremity of a low, sandy peninsula, and is formed of jurassic limestone on a silurian base. It is three miles in length, of an average breadth of three-quarters of a mile, and is about seven miles in circumference. It attains its greatest height in O'Hara's Tower, fourteen hundred and eight feet above the sea. The signal station is twelve hundred and fifty-five feet in height. Outlined against the evening sun the rock as a whole presents the figure of a lion couchant, with its head turned towards Spain. Nor in form alone is it the symbol of the king of beasts. Its teeth are those murderous batteries that bristle on every part of that giant "head," and its roar is the thunder from their thousand iron throats.

We have no certain information that Gibraltar was recognized and employed as a place of strength before the eighth century of our era. But in 711 A.D. the Saracen leader Tarik-ibn-Zeyad, a general of the Calif Al Walid, crossed from Africa for the invasion of the kingdom of the Visigoths. He was at once impressed with its strength and strategic importance. Accordingly, he fortified it both to form a base of operations and to afford a ready means of access from the African coast. From the leader, Tarik, the place was named Gebel-el-Tarik (Tarik's Hill), a corruption of which gives us Gibraltar. Thus the "lion"

passed into the hands of the Moors; and for eight hundred years the banner of the Prophet floated over it in spite of the valor and enthusiasm of the Christian warriors.

The first siege was in 1309. In that year it was taken by Alonzo Perez de Guzman for Frederick IV, of Spain. He, like Romulus of old, endeavored to attract inhabitants to the place by making it an asylum for thieves and murderers, and by granting exemption from import or export duties.

In 1315 Gibraltar was besieged for the second time. Ismail ben Ferez brought up his forces and strove to make himself master of it, but was unsuccessful. However, no long respite was allowed the garrison. The third siege began in 1333. Vasco Paez de Meira, the governor, had suffered the fortifications to decay, and the numbers of the garrison to be seriously diminished. Thus, when it was attacked in force by the army of Mahomet IV, king of Fez, it was compelled to capitulate. Scarcely was the capitulation an accomplished fact, when the fourth siege was set afoot. Alfonso, king of Castile, strove to recover his lost possession. His attack was valiant and determined, but unsuccessful. He was at length fain to content himself with a tribute for the rock from Abdul Melek of Granada.

Alfonso was baffled, but not disheartened. In 1344 he was encouraged once more to try his fortune on Gibraltar, in the fifth siege of the rock. In 1349 he invested it in strength; but in 1350 he was carried off by the plague, and so the siege came to an untimely end.

There was now respite from siege for a period of sixty years; but in 1410 there was another struggle for the coveted possession. Again it was lost and won, when Yussef III, king of Granada, succeeded in wresting it from the king of Morocco, but the Spaniards determined to oust the infidel, and again laid siege to the rock. The commander of the attacking forces was the Spanish Count of Niebla, Enrico de Guzman. The attempt was an utter failure and proved disastrous both to the general and to his forces.

Soon, however, a brighter day dawned for Spanish chivalry and pride. In 1462 the fortress was invested by a hostile force for the eighth time. The Christian warriors again drew the leaguer of battle round the devoted rock. Their leader was Alonzo de Arcos; and in August, Gibraltar was finally wrested from the Moors, and the Crescent was replaced by the Cross. Thus, after a lapse of eight long centuries, the fortress passed once more under the Christian sway, and under it has remained since that day.

The Spaniards had won the proud possession for which they had striven for hundreds of years; but they were not to be permitted to enjoy it in peace. And the enemy on this occasion came from within themselves. The Duke of Medina Sidonia, a powerful grandee, had assisted at the capture of the rock. When it was at length won, he was seized with the desire to possess it for himself. Ferdinand IV, his king, was naturally opposed to this, and for some time was able to maintain the claims of the crown. The duke, however, was not to be baffled, and appealed to arms. After a struggle, he succeeded in making himself master of the place.

The king, in 1469, declared the son and heirs of the duke governors of the rock forever. In 1479, Ferdinand and Isabella made the second duke Marquis of Gibraltar; but in 1492, Don Juan, the third duke, was allowed to retain possession of the fortress with great reluctance.

Peace now reigned over the silent "lion" for thirty-four years. It was the calm before the storm. An enemy, terrible indeed, was soon to encircle the rock with fanatic hordes, flushed with conquest and success. The pirates of Algiers had sworn to plant the Crescent once more upon

GIBRALTAR.

A stronger step was taken in 1501, when Garcilaso de la Vega was ordered to take possession of Gibraltar in the name of the king. It was then incorporated with the rest of the Spanish dominions. Naturally enough, Don Juan was not disposed thus tamely to yield up a possession of such honor and power. He assembled a force, and added a tenth to the long series of sieges already recorded. Needless to say the attempt was a failure.

the rocky summit. The struggle was fierce and bloody; but the torn and shattered followers of the Prophet were forced to quit the field. Thus closed the eleventh siege.

Spain was now in the height of her power and prosperity. Her sons were vigorous and high spirited. Great efforts were therefore made to refortify and strengthen Gibraltar in every way. Their exertions were conspicuously successful, and the

EUROPA POINT, GIBRALTAR.

fortress was considered throughout Europe as impregnable. This belief was, however, dispelled in 1704, when Sir George Rooke, with a combined English and Dutch fleet, and assisted by a body of troops under Prince George of Hesse-Darmstadt, planted the British flag upon its battlements. After a vigorous bombardment, they landed in force and carried the fortress by assault. Through unaccountable oversight, the Spaniards had allowed the garrison to be reduced to the perilous number of one hundred and fifty men.

No sooner was their proud possession lost to them, than the Spaniards realized their insensate folly, and determined to recover it at all hazards. Accordingly, before the captors had time to strengthen the fortifications, they invested it by land and sea. Gibraltar was capt-

ured by the British on the 24th of July, and on the 13th of October the siege was begun. The Spanish fleet was, however, dispersed by Sir John Leake. On land, their forces experienced no better fortune. The Marquis of Villadarias fared so badly that he was superseded by Marshal Tesse. Even he could not command success; and in 1705 he was compelled to raise the siege.

During the subsequent twenty years there was cessation from hostilities. Instead of attack and defence, negotiations during all those years were conducted for the peaceful surrender of the fortress. At last, in 1726, the Spaniards had recourse to arms, and the fourteenth siege was soon in progress. The defence was conducted under General Clayton and Lord Portmore. It was splendidly effectual. On the 23d of June an armistice was agreed on; and although the war dragged on for two years longer, the siege was practically at an end. The Spaniards, thus baffled in negotiation and in arms, were forced to endure what they could cure neither by might nor counsel.

Gibraltar now enjoyed peace for half a century. Seldom, indeed, had the great fortress been so long free from strife and conflict. Then the clouds began to gather, and the storm burst with a fury that shook the very pillars of Hercules themselves. The fifteenth siege of Gibraltar, known as the "great siege," was rapidly closing in upon the garrison. Britain was in the thick of

THE SIGNAL STATION, GIBRALTAR.

a desperate struggle with her revolted American colonies. In 1778, France had acknowledged America as an independent power. This naturally led to a declaration of war against her. Spain took the opportunity to join the hostile coalition, and at once made a most determined effort to recover Gibraltar. Their plan of operations was a blockade. They invested it by land and sea in the strictest manner and, by cutting off all supplies, strove to reduce the place by famine.

REAR APPROACH TO THE SIGNAL STATION.

They had very nearly succeeded, when Admiral Darby contrived to bring the long-looked-for supplies and reinforcements. The Spaniards were mortified to have success thus dashed from their grasp. The blockade was made stricter than ever, and none might come forth from the rock nor enter into it. Once more success seemed near. The garrison were in dreadful straits —a fact quite well known to the besiegers. To the confusion of the Spaniards, however, almost at the last moment the topsails of a mighty armada rose above the horizon. It was the British fleet, laden with everything that the hearts of famine-stricken men could desire. The Spaniards were now totally exasperated, and turned the blockade into a siege. The blockade had commenced in June, 1779, and now, in 1781, before the unlading could be finished, a terrific bombardment was opened upon the place.

In July, 1782 ,the Spaniards were reinforced by the French and preparations were made for a grand assault. A powerful fleet was assembled round the battered rock. Their chief hope, however, was ten floating batteries designed by D'Arcon, a French engineer. Ten Spanish battleships were sacrificed for these. Their tall sides were cut down, leaving but one deck, on which were planted the heaviest known ordnance; with such skill were they constructed as to be deemed invincible.

Meantime, the garrison within were not passing their days in slumber. Their means of offence was in all seven thousand men and eighty guns. Furnaces also were prepared for a constant supply of red-hot shot.

On the 13th of September the final struggle began. The scene was indescribable. No tropical thunder-storm ever shot such lightnings and thunderings. Four hundred of the heaviest guns were blazing and crashing at the same moment. The shock was tremendous. The very earth seemed to rock and tremble under the incessant discharge. All through the day the conflict raged. Night settled down, "and still Eliott's guns thundered defiance from the rock." By one o'clock two of the floating batteries were a prey to the flames. By morning, nine out of the ten "invincible" batteries were destroyed, together with a great part of the fleet. Every resource of power and skill had been employed in vain; and although the blockade lasted on till February 2, 1783, the contest was recognized as over. Eliott, the British commandant, was rewarded with a peerage, and became Lord Heathfield.

We are so much accustomed to think of Gibraltar as a fortress that we are apt to overlook the fact that it is besides a considerable town and a flourishing seaport. It has been a free port since 1705. Its total population numbers some twenty-five thousand, including from five to six thousand soldiers. The governor exercises all the functions of the legislative and executive, and is always an officer of experience and ability. For the purely local business of the town there is a Board of Sanitary Commissioners. The whole community is, however, regulated by military usage. This arises greatly from the circumstance that the gates are opened and shut precisely at gun-fire morning and evening.

Gibraltar is the strongest British garrison abroad, and costs from three to four hundred thousand pounds yearly. No wayfarer may sojourn in Gibraltar without a pass from the town major. If he desires to prolong his stay he must find a consul or householder to be responsible for his conduct. Permits are granted for only short periods — ten, fifteen, or twenty days. They can, however, be renewed.

SUMMER PLEASURES.

B. Plackhorst.

David Neal, 1881

CONFIDENCE.

MELISSA'S TOUR.

GRANT ALLEN.

POOR LUCY looked across the table at me with a face of blank horror. "Oh," she cried, "what are we *ever* to do? And an American at that! This is just *too* ghastly!" It's a habit of Lucy's, I may remark, to talk italics.

I laid down my coffee-cup, and glanced back at her in surprise. "Why, what's up?" I exclaimed, scanning the envelope closely. "A letter from Oxford, surely Mrs. Wade — I thought I knew the hand. And *she's* not an American."

"Well, look for yourself!" Lucy cried, and tossed the note to me, pouting. I took it and read. I'm aware that I have the misfortune to be only a man, but it really didn't strike me as quite so terrible.

DEAR MRS. HANCOCK, — George has just heard that your husband and you are going for a trip to New York this summer. *Could* you manage to do us a *very great* kindness? I hope you won't mind it. We have an American friend — a Miss Easterbrook, of Kansas City — niece of Professor Asa P. Easterbrook, the well-known Yale geologist, who very much wishes to find an escort across the Atlantic. If you would be so good as to take charge of her, and deliver her safely to Dr. Horace Easterbrook, of Hoboken, on your arrival in the States, you would do a good turn to her, and, at the same time, confer an eternal favor on

Yours very truly,

EMILY WADE.

Lucy folded her hands in melodramatic despair. "Kansas City!" she exclaimed, with a shudder of horror. "And Asa P. Easterbrook! A geologist, indeed! That horrid Mrs. Wade! She just did it on purpose!"

"It seems to me," I put in, regarding the letter closely, "she did it merely because she was asked to find a chaperon for the girl; and she wrote the very shortest possible note in a perfunctory way, to the very first acquaintance she chanced to hear of who was going to America."

"Vernon!" my wife exclaimed, with a very decided air, "you men are such simpletons! You credit everybody always with the best and purest motives. But you're utterly wrong. I can see through that woman. The hateful, hateful wretch! She did it to spite me! Oh, my poor, poor boy; my dear, guileless Bernard!"

Bernard, I may mention, is our oldest son, aged just twenty-four, and a Cambridge graduate. He's a tutor at King's, and though he is a

dear good fellow, and a splendid long-stop, I couldn't myself conscientiously say I regard guilelessness as quite his most marked characteristic.

"What are you doing?" I asked, as Lucy sat down with a resolutely determined air at her writing-table in the corner.

"Doing!" my wife replied, with some asperity in her tone. "Why, answering that hateful, detestable woman!"

I glanced over her shoulder, and followed her pen as she wrote: —

MY DEAR MRS. WADE, — It was *indeed* a delight to us to see your neat little hand-writing again. *Nothing* would give us greater pleasure, I'm sure, than to take charge of your friend, who, I am confident, we shall find a most charming companion. Bernard will be with us, so she won't feel it dull, I trust. We hope to have a very delightful trip, and your happy thought in providing us with a travelling companion will add, no doubt, to all our enjoyment — especially Bernard's. We both join in very kindest regards to Mr. Wade and yourself, and I am ever

Yours most cordially,
LUCY B. HANCOCK.

My wife fastened own the envelope with a very crushing air. "There, *that* ought to do for her," she said, glancing up at me triumphantly. "I should think she could see from that, if she's not as blind as an owl, I've observed her atrocious designs upon Bernard, and mean to checkmate them. If, after such a letter, she has the cheek to send us her Yankee girl to chaperon, I shall consider her lost to all sense of shame and all notions of decency. But she won't, of course. She'll withdraw her unobtrusively." And Lucy flung the peccant sheet that had roused all this wrath to the back of the fireplace with offended dignity.

She was wrong, however. By next evening's post a second letter arrived, more discomposing, if possible, to her nerves than the first one.

Mrs. Lucy B. Hancock, London.

DEAR MADAM, — I learn from my friend Mrs. Wade of Oxford College, that you are going to be kind enough to take charge of me across the ocean. I thank you for your courtesy, and will gladly accept your friendly offer. If you will let me know by what steamer you start, I will register my passage right away in Liverpool. Also if you will be good enough to tell me from what *dépôt* you leave London, and by what train, I will go along with you in the cars. I am unused to travel alone.

Respectfully,
MELISSA P. EASTERBROOK.

Lucy gazed at it in despair. "A creature like that!" she cried, all horror-struck. "Oh, my poor, dear Bernard! The ocean, she says! Go along with you in the cars! Melissa P. Easterbrook!"

"Perhaps," I said tentatively, "she may be better than her name. And at any rate, Bernard's not *bound* to marry her!"

Lucy darted at me profound volumes of mute feminine contempt. "The girl's pretty," she said at last, after a long, deep pause, during which I had been made to realize to the full my own utter moral and intellectual nothingness. "You may be sure she's pretty. Mrs. Wade wouldn't have foisted her upon us if she wasn't pretty, but unspeakable. It's a vile plot on her part to destroy my peace of mind. You won't believe it, Vernon; but I *know* that woman. And what does the girl mean by signing herself 'respectfully,' I wonder?"

"It's the American way," I ventured gently to interpose.

"So I gather," my wife answered, with a profound accent of contempt. To her, anything that isn't done in the purest English way stands, *ipso facto*, self-condemned immediately.

A day or two later a second letter

arrived from Miss Easterbrook, in reply to one of Lucy's, suggesting a rendezvous. I confess it drew up in my mind a somewhat painful picture. I began to believe my wife's fears were in some ways well grounded.

Mrs. Lucy B. Hancock, London (as before).

DEAR MADAM, — I thank you for yours, and will meet you on the day and hour you mention at St. Pancras *dépôt*. You will know me when you see me, because I shall wear a dove-colored dress, with bonnet to match, and a pair of gray spectacles.

Respectfully,
MELISSA P. EASTERBROOK.

I laid it down and sighed. "A New England schoolmarm!" I exclaimed with a groan. "It sounds rather terrible. A dove-colored dress, and a pair of gray spectacles! I fancy I can picture her to myself — a tall and bony person of a certain age, with corkscrew curls, who reads improving books, and has views of her own about the fulfilment of prophecy."

But as my spirits went down, so Lucy's went up, like the old man and woman in the cottage weather-glass. "That looks more promising," she said. "The spectacles are good. Perhaps, after all, dear Bernard may escape. I don't think he's at all the sort of person to be taken with a dove-colored bonnet."

For some days after Bernard came home from Cambridge we chaffed a good deal among ourselves about Miss Melissa Easterbrook. Bernard took quite my view about the spectacles and dress. He even drew on an envelope a fancy portrait of Miss Easterbrook, as he said himself, "from documentary evidence." It represented a typical schoolmarm of the most virulent order, and was calculated to strike terror into the receptive mind of ingenuous youth on simple inspection.

At last the day came when we were to go to Liverpool. We arrived at St. Pancras in very good time, and looked about on the platform for a tall and hard-faced person of transatlantic aspect, arrayed in a dove-colored dress and a pair of gray spectacles. But we looked in vain; nobody about seemed to answer to the description. At last Bernard turned to my wife with a curious smile. "I think I've spotted her, mother," he said, waving his hand vaguely to the right. "That lady over yonder — by the door of the refreshment room. Don't you see? That must be Melissa." For we knew her only as Melissa already among ourselves; it had been raised to the rank of a family witticism.

I looked in the direction he suggested, and paused for certainty. There, irresolute by the door and gazing about her timidly with inquiring eyes, stood the prettiest, tiniest, most shrinking little Western girl you ever saw in your life — attired, as she said, in a dove-colored dress, with bonnet to match, and a pair of gray spectacles. But oh, what a dove-colored dress! Walter Crane might have designed it — one of those perfect travelling-costumes of which the American girl seems to possess a monopoly; and the spectacles — well, the spectacles, though undoubtedly real, added just a touch of piquancy to an otherwise almost painfully timid and retiring little figure. The moment I set eyes on Melissa Easterbrook, I will candidly admit, I was her captive at once; and even Lucy, as she looked at her, relaxed her face involuntarily into a sympathetic smile. As a rule Lucy might pose as a perfect model of the British matron in her ampler and maturer years — "calmly terrible," as an American observer once

described the genus; but at sight of Melissa she melted without a struggle. "Poor wee little thing, how pretty she is!" she exclaimed with a start. You will readily admit that was a great deal, from Lucy.

Melissa came forward tentatively, a dainty blush half rising on her rather pale and delicate little cheek. "Mrs. Hancock?" she said in an inquiring tone, with just the faintest suspicion of an American accent in her musical small voice. Lucy took her hand cordially. "I was sure it was you, ma'am," Melissa went on with pretty confidence, looking up into her face, "because Mrs. Wade told me you'd be as kind to me as a mother; and the moment I saw you I just said to myself, 'That *must* be Mrs. Hancock; she's so sweetly motherly.' How good of you to burden yourself with a stranger like me! I hope, indeed, I won't be too much trouble."

That was the beginning. I may as well say, first as last, we were all of us taken by storm by Melissa. Lucy herself struck her flag unconditionally before a single shot was fired, and Bernard and I, hard hit at all points, surrendered at discretion. She was the most charming little girl the human mind can conceive. Our cold English language fails, in its roughness, to describe her. She was *petite*, graceful, fairy-like, yet with a touch of Yankee quaintness that made her absolutely unique in my experience of women. We had utterly lost our hearts to her before ever we reached Liverpool; and, strange to say, I believe the one of us whose heart was most completely gone was, if only you'll believe it, that calmly terrible Lucy.

Melissa's most winning characteristic, however, as it seemed to me, was her perfect frankness. As we whirled along on our way across England, she told us everything about herself, her family, her friends, her neighbors, and the population of Kansas City in general. Not obtrusively or egotistically — of egotism Melissa would be wholly incapable — but in a certain timid, confiding, half-childlike way, as of the lost little girl, who was absolutely captivating. "Oh, no, ma'am," she said, in answer to one of Lucy's earliest questions, "I didn't come over alone. I think I'd be afraid to. I came with a whole squad who were doing Europe. A prominent lady in Kansas City took charge of the lot. And I got as far as Rome with them, through Germany and Switzerland, and then my money wouldn't run any further; so I had to go back. Travelling comes high in Europe, what with hotels and fees and having to pay to get your baggage checked. And that's how I came to want an escort."

Bernard smiled good-naturedly. "Then you had only a fixed sum," he asked, "to make your European tour with?"

"That's so, sir," Melissa answered, looking up at him quizzically through those pretty gray spectacles. "I'd put away quite a little sum of my own to make this trip upon. It was my only chance of seeing Europe and improving myself a piece. I knew when I started I couldn't go all the round trip with the rest of my party; but I thought I'd set out with them, anyway, and go ahead as long as my funds held out; and then when I was through I'd turn about and come home again."

"But you put away the money yourself?" Lucy asked, with a little start of admiring surprise.

"Yes, ma'am," Melissa answered sagely. "I know it. I saved it."

"From your allowance?" Lucy suggested, from the restricted horizon of her English point of view.

Melissa laughed a merry little laugh of amusement. "Oh, no," she said; "from my salary."

"From your salary!" Bernard put in, looking down at her with an inquiring glance.

"Yes," Melissa answered, all unabashed. "You see, for four years I was a clerk in the post-office." She pronounced it "clurk," but that's a detail.

"Oh, indeed!" Bernard echoed. He was burning to know how, I could see, but politeness forbade him to press Melissa on so delicate a point any further.

Melissa, however, herself supplied at once the missing information. "My father was post-master in our city," she said simply, "under the last administration — President Harrison's, you know — and he made me one of his clerks, of course, when he'd gotten the place; and as long as the fun went on, I saved all my salary for a tour in Europe."

"And at the end of four years?" Lucy said.

"Our party went out," Melissa put in confidentially. "So, when the trouble began, my father was dismissed, and I had just enough left to take me as far as Rome, as I told you."

I was obliged to explain parenthetically, to allay Lucy's wonderment, that in America the *personnel* of every government office changes largely with each incoming president.

"That's it, sir," Melissa assented, with a wise little nod. "And as I didn't think it likely our folks would get in again in a hurry — the country's had enough of us — I just thought I'd make the best of my money when I'd got it."

"And you used it all up in giving yourself a holiday in Europe?" Lucy exclaimed, half reproachfully. To her economic British mind such an expenditure of capital seemed horribly wasteful.

"Yes, ma'am," Melissa answered, all unconscious of the faint disapproval implied in Lucy's tone. "You see, I'd never been anywhere much away from Kansas City before; and I thought this was a special opportunity to go abroad, and visit the picture-galleries and cathedrals of Europe, and enlarge my mind, and get a little culture. To us, a glimpse of Europe's an intellectual necessity."

"Oh, then, you regarded your visit as largely educational?" Bernard put in, with increasing interest. Though he's a fellow and tutor of King's, I will readily admit that Bernard's personal tastes lie rather in the direction of rowing and football than of general culture; but still, the American girl's point of view decidely attracted him by its novelty in a woman.

"Yes, sir," Melissa answered once more, in her accustomed affirmative. "I took it as a sort of university trip. I graduated in Europe. In America, of course, wherever you go, all you can see's purely new and American. The language, the manners, the type don't vary; in Europe, you cross a frontier or a ribbon of sea, and everything's different. Now, on this trip of ours, we went first to Chester, to glimpse a typical old English town — those rows, oh! how lovely! — and then to Leamington, for Warwick Castle and Kenilworth. Kenil-

worth's just glorious, isn't it? with its mouldering red walls and its dark green ivy, and the ghost of Amy Robsart walking up and down upon the close-shaven English grass-plots."

"I've heard it's very beautiful," Bernard admitted gravely.

"What! you live so close, and you've never *been* there!" Melissa exclaimed in frank surprise.

Bernard allowed with a smile he had been so culpably negligent.

"And Straford-on-Avon, too!" Melissa went on enthusiastically, her black eyes beaming. "Isn't Stratford just charming! I don't care for the interminable Shakespere nuisance, you know — that's all too new and made up; we could raise a Shakespere house like that in Kansas City any day; but the church, and the elms, and the swans, and the river! I made such a sweet little sketch of them all, so soft and peaceful. At least, the place itself was as sweet as a corner of heaven, and I tried as well as I could in my way to sketch it."

"I suppose it *is* very pretty," Bernard replied in a meditative tone.

Melissa started visibly. "What! have you never been there either?" she exclaimed, taken aback. "Well, that *is* odd, now! You live in England, and have never run over to Stratford-on-Avon! Why, you do surprise me! But, there! I suppose you English live in the midst of culture, as it were, and can get to it all right away at any time; so, perhaps, you don't think quite as much of it as we, who have to save up our money, perhaps for years, to get, for once in our lives, just a single passing glimpse of it. You live at Cambridge, you see; you must be steeped in culture, right down to the finger-ends."

Bernard modestly responded, twirling his manly moustache, that the river and the running-ground, he feared, were more in his way than art or archectiture.

"And where else did you go besides England?" Lucy asked, really interested.

"Well, from London we went across by Ostend to Bruges, where I studied the Memlings, and made a few little copies from them," Melissa answered, with her sunny smile. "It's such a quaint old place, Bruges. Life seems to flow as stagnant as its own canals. Have you ever been there?"

"Oh, most charming!" answered Lucy; "most delightful and quiet. But — er — who are the Memlings? I don't quite recollect them."

Melissa gazed at her, open-eyed. "The Memlings?" she said slowly; "why, you've just missed the best thing at Bruges if you haven't seen them. They've such a naïve charm of their own, so innocent and sympathetic. They're in the Hôpital de Saint Jean, you know, where Memling put them. And it's so delightful to see great pictures like those — though they're tiny little things to look at — in their native surroundings, exactly as they were first painted — the Chasse de Ste. Ursule, and all those other lovely things, so infantile in their simplicity, and yet so exquisitely graceful, and pure, and beautiful. I don't know as I saw anything in Europe to equal them for pathos in their own way — except, of course, the Fra Angelicos at San Marco in Florence."

"I don't think I've seen them," Lucy murmured, with an uncomfortable air. I could see it was just dawning upon her, in spite of her patronizing, that this Yankee girl

knew a vast deal more about some things worth notice than she herself did. "And where did you go then, dear?"

"Oh, from Bruges we went on to Ghent," Melissa answered, leaning back, and looking as pretty as a picture herself in her sweet little travelling-dress, "to see the great Van Eyck, the 'Adoration of the Lamb,' you know — that magnificent panel picture. And then we went to Brussels, where we had Dierick Bouts and all the later Flemings; and to Antwerp, for Rubens and Vandyck and Quintin Matsys; and the Hague after that, for Rembrandt and Paul Potter; and Amsterdam in the end, for Van der Helst and Gerard Dow, and the late Dutch painters. So, you see, we had quite an artistic tour — we followed up the development of Netherlandish art, from beginning to end, in historical order. It was just delightful."

"I went to Antwerp once," Bernard put in, somewhat sheepishly, still twirling his moustache; "but it was on my way to Switzerland; and I didn't see much, as far as I can recollect, except the cathedral and the quay, and the hotel I was stopping at."

"Ah, that's all very well for *you*," Melissa answered, with a rather envious air. "You can see these things any day. But for us, the chance comes only once in a lifetime, and we must make the most of it."

Well, in such converse as this we reached Liverpool in due time, and went next morning on board our steamer. We had a lovely passage out, and all the way, the more we saw of Melissa, the more we liked her. To be sure, Lucy received a terrible shock the third day out, when she asked Melissa what she meant to do when she returned to Kansas City. "You won't go into the post-office again, I suppose, dear?" she said kindly, for we had got by that time on most friendly terms with our little Melissa.

"I guess not," Melissa answered. "No such luck any more. I'll have to go back again to the store, as usual."

"The store!" Lucy repeated, bewildered. "I — I don't quite understand you."

"Well, the shop, I presume you'd call it," Melissa answered, smiling. "My father's got a bookstore in Kansas City; and before I went into the post-office I helped him at the counter. In fact, I was his saleswoman."

"I assure you, Vernon," Lucy remarked in our berth that night, "if an Englishwoman had said it to me, I'd have been obliged to apologize to her for having forced her to confess it, and I don't know what way I should ever have looked to hide my face while she was talking about it. But with Melissa it's all so different, somehow. She spoke as if it were the most natural thing on earth for her father to keep a shop, and she didn't seem the least little bit in the world ashamed of it either."

"Why should she?" I answered, with my masculine bluntness. But that was perhaps a trifle too advanced for Lucy. Melissa was exercising a widening influence on my wife's point of view, with astonishing rapidity; but still, a perfect lady must always draw a line somewhere.

All the way across, indeed, Melissa's lively talk was a constant delight and pleasure to every one of us. She was so taking, that girl, so confidential, so friendly. We really

loved her. Then her quaint little Americanisms were as pretty as herself — not only her "Yes, sirs," and her "No, ma'ams," her "I guess," and "That's so," but her fresh Western ideas and her infinite play of fancy in the queen's English. She turned it as a potter turns his clay. In Britain, our mother tongue has crystallized long since into set forms and phrases. In America it has the plasticity of youth; it is fertile in novelty — nay, even in surprises. And Melissa knew how to twist it deftly into unexpected quips and incongruous conjunctions. Her talk ran on like a limpid brook, with a musical ripple playing ever on the surface. As for Bernard, he helped her about the ship like a brother, as she moved lightly around with her sylph-like little form among the ropes and capstans. Melissa liked to be helped, she said; she didn't believe one bit in woman's rights; no, indeed — she was a great deal too fond of being taken care of for that. And who wouldn't take care of her, that delicate little thing, like some choice small masterpiece of cunning workmanship? Why, she almost looked as if she were made of Venetian glass, and a fall on deck would shatter her into a thousand fragments.

And her talk all the way was of the joys of Europe — the castles and abbeys she was leaving behind, the pictures and statues she had seen and admired, the pictures and statues she had left unvisited. "Somebody told me in Paris," she said to me one day, as she hung on my arm on deck and looked up into my face confidingly, with that child-like smile of hers, "the only happy time in an American woman's life is the period when she's just got over the first poignant regret at having left Europe, and hasn't just reached the point when she makes up her mind that, come what will, she really *must* go back again. And I thought, for my part, then my happiness was fairly spoilt for life, for I shall never be able again to afford the journey."

"Melissa, my child," I said, looking down at those ripe, rich lips, "in this world one never knows what may turn up next. I've observed on my way down the path of life that when fruit hangs rosy red on the tree by the wall, some passer-by or other is pretty sure in the end to pluck it."

But that was too much for Melissa's American modesty. She looked down and blushed like a rose herself. But she answered me nothing.

A night or two before we reached New York I was standing in the gloom, half hidden by a boat on the davits amidships, enjoying my vespertinal cigar in the cool of evening; and between the puffs I caught from time to time stray snatches of a conversation going on softly in the twilight, between Bernard and Melissa. I had noticed of late, indeed, that Bernard and Melissa walked much on deck in the evening together; but this particular evening they walked long and late, and their conversation seemed to me (if I might judge by the fragments) particularly confidential. The bits of it I caught were mostly, it is true, on Melissa's part (when Bernard said anything he said it lower). She was talking enthusiastically of Venice, Florence, Pisa, Rome, with occasional flying excursions into Switzerland and the Tyrol. Once as she passed I heard some-

thing murmured low about Botticelli's Primavera; when next she went by it was the Alps from Mürren; a third time, again, it was the mosaics at Saint Mark's, and Titian's Assumption, and the doge's palace. What so innocent as art, in the moonlight, on the ocean?

At last Bernard paused just opposite where I stood (for they didn't perceive me), and said very earnestly, "Look here, Melissa,"— he had called her Melissa almost from the first moment, and she seemed to prefer it, it seemed so natural — "look here, Melissa. Do you know, when you talk about things like that, you make me feel so dreadfully ashamed of myself?"

"Why so, Mr. Hancock?" Melissa asked innocently.

"Well, when I think what opportunities I've had, and how little I've used them," Bernard exclaimed with vehemence, "and then reflect how few you've got, and how splendidly you've made the best of them, I just blush, I tell you, Melissa, for my own laziness."

"Perhaps," Melissa interposed with a grave little air, "if one had always been brought up among it all, one wouldn't think quite so much of it. It's the novelty of antiquity that makes it so charming to people from my country. I suppose it seems quite natural, now, to you that your parish church should be six hundred years old, and have tombs in the chancel with Elizabethan ruffs or its floor inlaid with Plantagenet brasses. To us, all that seems mysterious and in a certain sort of way one might almost say magical. Nobody can love Europe quite so well, I'm sure who has lived in it from a child. *You* grew up to many things that burst fresh upon us at last with all the intense delight of a new sensation."

They stood still as they spoke and looked hard at each other. There was a minute's pause. Then Bernard began again: "Melissa," he faltered out, in a rather tremulous voice, "are you sorry to go home again?"

"I just hate it!" Melissa answered with a vehement burst; then she added, after a second, "But I've enjoyed the voyage."

There was another long pause, during which I felt as guilty as ever eavesdropper before me. Yet I was glued to the spot. I could hardly escape. At last Bernard spoke again. "I should like to have gone round with you on your tour, Melissa," he said; "I don't know Italy. I don't suppose by myself I could even appreciate it. But if *you* were by my side, you'd have taught me what it all meant; and then I think I might perhaps understand it."

Melissa drew a deep breath. "I wish I could take it all over again," she answered, half sighing. "And I didn't see Naples, either. That was a great disappointment. I should like to have seen Naples, I must confess, so as to know I could at least in the end die happy."

"Why do you go back?" Bernard asked suddenly, with a bounce, looking down at that wee hand that trembled upon the taffrail.

"Because I can't help myself," Melissa answered, in a quivering voice. "I should like — I should like to live always in England."

"Have you any special preference for any particular town?" Bernard asked, moving closer to her — though, to be sure, he was very, very near already.

"N — no; n — none in particu-

lar," Melissa stammered out faintly, half sidling away from him.

"Not Cambridge, for example?" Bernard asked, with a deep gulp and an audible effort.

I felt it would be unpardonable for me to hear any more. I had heard already many things not intended for me. I sneaked off, unperceived, and left those two alone to complete that conversation.

Half an hour later — it was a calm, moonlight night — Bernard rushed down eagerly into the saloon to find us. "Father and mother," he said with a burst, "I want you up on deck for just ten minutes. There's something up there I should like so much to show you."

"Not whales?" I asked hypocritically, suppressing a smile.

"No, not whales," he replied; "something much more interesting."

We followed him blindly, Lucy much in doubt what the thing might be, and I much in wonder, after Mrs. Wade's letter, how Lucy might take it.

At the top of the companion-ladder Melissa stood waiting for us, demure but subdued, with a still timider look than ever upon that sweet, shrinking small face of hers. Her heart beat hard, I could see by the movement of her bodice, and her breath came and went; but she stood there like a dove, in her dove-colored travelling-dress.

"Mother," Bernard began, "Melissa's obliged to come back to America, don't you know, without having ever seen Naples. It seems a horrid shame she should miss seeing it. She hadn't money enough left, you recollect, to take her there."

Lucy gazed at him, unsuspicious. "It does seem a pity," she answered sympathetically. "She'd enjoy it so much. I'm sorry she hasn't been able to carry out all her programme."

"And mother," Bernard went on, his eyes fixed hard on hers, "I can't bear to think of her going back to 'keep store' in Kansas City."

"For my part, I think it positively wicked," Lucy answered with a smile, "and I can't think what — well,— people in England are about, to allow her to do it."

I opened my eyes wide. Did Lucy know what she was saying? Or had Melissa, then, fascinated her — the arch little witch! — as she had fascinated the rest of us?

But Bernard emboldened by this excellent opening, took Melissa by the hand as if in due form to present her. "Mother," he said tenderly, leading the wee thing forward, "and father, too; *this* is what I wanted to show you — the girl I'm engaged to!"

I paused and trembled. I waited for the thunderbolt. But no thunderbolt fell. On the contrary, Lucy stepped forward, and, under cover of the mast, caught Melissa in her arms and kissed her twice over. "My dear child," she cried, pressing her hard, "my dear little daughter. I don't know which of you two I ought most to congratulate."

— *Longmans'*.

AFTER THE GARDEN PARTY.

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

HER heart is sore and heavy with a bitter disappointment,
Her aching head is prisoned as in fiery bands of steel,
E'en Gilead's balm seems missing — the sweet, old fragrant ointment
Is not at hand, her cruel wounds to heal.

She pushes back her clust'ring curls — throws down her *Enoch Arden*
As the twilight deepens round her, and she lingers quite alone,
Where the dancers all have left her, at the window o'er the garden,
Leaning out upon the dusky sill of stone.

Oh! the stillness, Oh! the sweetness, of the flow'ry dim enclosure!
The woodbine on the trellis, and the roses in their bed —
The early stars out shining in their silv'ry-calm composure,
And a night-bird making music overhead!

Her wide blue eyes are lifted, wet with strange, unspoken sorrow,
A tear is on her velvet cheek (a rain-drop in the drouth),
Ah! do not grieve, heart's darling, dreaming sadly of the morrow,
Nor wear that plaintive tremor on your mouth!

If Nature, like a priestess, with her holy oils anoint you,
Before her healing unction, ev'ry pain and fear must flee;
The woodbines whisper: "Courage! *we* will never disappoint you!"
Each rose-heart murmurs: "Come and trust in me!"

And the blessed stars are singing in the blue ethereal spaces:
"Cares vanish like a vapor, and disappointments pass!
From th' immortal spirit, made for everlasting places,
The mist of tears mounts upward, like dews from off the grass!"

So it chances as she lingers, as she, leaning, looks and listens,
Her heavy heart is lightened, her aching head is eased;
She hath dropp'd her disappointment where the woodbine's chalice glistens,
Her care into the rose's heart, well-pleased.

And all the garner'd glory of the starshine seems to scatter
The shadows that beset her since the dawning of the day, —
Chant the voices of the garden: "What do cares or crosses matter?
God loves thee, and His mercies last alway!"

LECKY'S "DEMOCRACY AND LIBERTY."

JOSEPH DANA MILLER.

THE work essayed by Mr. Lecky — a broad, general survey of democracy and its tendencies — is one demanded at the present time when civilization is casting off the slough of older forms, and emerging slowly, and almost imperceptibly, into strange and unfamiliar aspects. But Mr. Lecky is equipped for such a task in but one direction: he does indeed possess a large and not inaccurate fund of knowledge. His "History of European Morals" evidenced his capabilities as an historian, though it was not without the peculiar intellectual shortcomings which mark him as a philosopher.

In this work, "Democracy and Liberty," it is as a philosopher rather than as an historian of social forms that he speaks; and not only has he disappointed his sincerest admirers, but he has administered a staggering blow to his own reputation, and has profoundly weakened his character for sagacity, if not for intellectual honesty. Mr. Lecky is one of those Tories who imagines himself a Liberal — not an entirely uncommon form of self-deception.

One of the purely fundamental errors of his philosophical method is the exaggeration of isolated incidents into general tendencies. Thus, the Phœnix Park murders, and their successive horrors, are introduced into a chapter the purport of which appears to be the demonstration of the moral obliquity of Irish Catholic priests and laity.

It is proper that we should regard with righteous condemnation such acts as these, but is nothing to be said in extenuation when we remember the series of causes which are just as surely the forerunners of such outrages as the laden cloud is of the torrent? The abominable excesses of the French Revolution were deserving of all reprobation, and we should have nothing but pity and commiseration for the beautiful Marie Antoinette and the not unaimable Louis. But think of those long years of persecution, of grinding tyranny; and instead of wondering at the people's excesses we may even find ourselves marvelling at their moderation!

Is it possible to outrage a nation for generations without inviting a terrible retribution? Granted that the Phœnix Park murders consigned their perpetrators to infamy and execration, yet is the responsibility for that cruel deed not unshared by others who must bear the obloquy of impartial history.

To Lecky all is confusion. Land-league agitations for the reduction of rents, the restoration of evicted tenants to their holdings, priestly influence, and Phœnix Park murders are convertible terms for the same thing.

The influence of the priests is especially hateful to Mr. Lecky because such influence has almost invariably been exercised on the

side of Ireland as against English oppression, on the side of the recognition of broader rights to land as against the privileges and aggressions of landlordism. This is what is eating the marrow out of Ireland; and the heart of Ireland is to-day true to its ancient legislation — to the spirit of the laws of the Brehon code, to the illuminated perception of Saint Patrick as to the earth rights of the earth born. That the land of Ireland belongs to the people of Ireland is a doctrine as repugnant, and occupying about the same moral plane in the Tory vision as the occasional murder of an inoffensive landlord. And it is not agreeable to English Tories that the priests, who live close to the people and who know and share their aspirations, should boldly voice their demands for relief.

The power of the Catholic Church to-day in Ireland is the power of the priests; and that power is strong because the priests are of the people and are true to them. English politicians cannot mould them to their purposes, though they have tried often enough to do so. "I feel sure," says Lord Clarendon, "that a Papal prohibition to take part in political agitations . . . would be received as a great boon by the well disposed priests (i. e., the majority of the clergy) who, when they become agitators, yield to intimidation, and are compelled to act against their judgment . . . To the best of my belief the bishops are not in the habit of punishing such misdeeds as those I have alluded to."

Here is a clear intimation that, while objecting to what they call Catholic influence in Ireland — which is not Catholic influence, but the influence of priests who are Irishmen — English conservatives will not hesitate to use the tremendous power of the Vatican to crush Irish aspirations for liberty. The Errington mission and its failure have not been forgotten. The very power they anathematize is the power they seek to use in emergencies dangerous to the continued existence of the Empire, to the privileges of landlordism, or even to mere Tory supremacy.

"In Ireland and the Continent," says Mr. Lecky, "the question of priestly influence in politics is one of the most pressing of our time." In what country is this true? In Germany? The Catholic party in that country exists for no other reason than the preservation of Catholic liberties where, under the rule of the Iron Chancellor, the Jesuits were once expelled from its borders, and measures put into operation that were received everywhere with astonishment and repugnance by liberals of every political and religious creed. There is no Catholic party in Ireland; there is an Irish party led for many years by a Protestant; and the demands of that party have no more to do with Catholicism than with Evangelicalism. In this country there is no Catholic party, in spite of an existing organization anti-Catholic in its aims and activity and composed only of the architects of disruption and mischief. But it should be borne in mind that in countries where constitutional and religious liberty have been guaranteed by years of security, there is no Catholic party to harass the discussion of public questions.

In France there is a fierce anti-Catholic party, and there is in consequence a Catholic party. This fact is to be reiterated: There is no

Catholic party in countries where anti-Catholic legal restrictions do not prevail or are not threatened. This is the broad general fact of which Mr. Lecky gives the incautious reader no hint; nor do occasional isolated or injudicious acts or speeches of priest or prelate, which it is Mr. Lecky's habit to exaggerate unduly, modify the force of this reflection.

But we cannot dwell longer upon this point. No one who reflects and is not prone to magnify isolated phenomena into tendencies will take a pessimistic view of Catholic emancipation, the Reform Act of 1867, and the final triumph of the principle of free suffrage in England.

Mr. John Morley, in the *Nineteenth Century* for May, has sufficiently riddled much of this portion of Mr. Lecky's philosophical structure. Let us turn now to such of Mr. Lecky's criticisms as are directed at American life and institutions. We shall see on what slight foundations rest his conclusions. First, however, let me advert to what seems to me the useless lumbering of this philosophic car with odds and ends of pointless sermonizing. Among these are reflections as to the beneficial effects of harmless Sunday recreations, which are of a character we might expect to find in the colorless pages of the *Ladies' Home Journal.* The attempt to review the affairs of man from Dan to Beersheeba is at all events sufficiently inclusive, but to what good?

Mr. Lecky complains that American conditions are not favorable to the higher forms of intellectual life; and in this, it seems to me, he is right. But this is due to the haste in which we live, to the feverish intensity of the pursuit of wealth, and not to political forms. In the same way the tendency of wealth to concentration in a few hands (which to Mr. Lecky seems one of the peculiarities of a democracy) is a result not of political institutions, but of economic ones — of the failure of social regulations to conform to natural laws.

Mr. Lecky thinks one of the causes of American misgovernment is inherent in a democracy, and instances as an example the multiplicity of elective officers as if such multiplicity necessarily involves misgovernment. It is also a curious instance of obliqueness of vision that the proofs instanced of corruption in our government, as inherent in democracy, are drawn not from state and federal, but chiefly from municipal examples where democracy is unknown. For if democracy be self-government, then is no American city a true democracy since none is really self-governing to the full extent of that term. Indeed, this absence of real democracy constitutes the actual source, when it is once clearly understood, of municipal corruption, the remedy for which is a resort to true democracy. The very indifference and cynicism to political corruption, which Mr. Lecky notes as one of the characteristics of American political life, arises, not wholly but largely, from the absence of democracy—the element of direct responsibility. To this curious blindness to one side of the shield much of Mr. Lecky's philosophizing is due; and when it is borne in mind, the source of many of Mr. Lecky's errors is made clear.

There are many curious instances of the author's perversity. Mr. Lecky is an Irishman, and has only recently been selected by the Uni-

versity of Dublin as its representative in Parliament. Yet instinctively he hates all things Irish. He calls the Molly Maguires "an Irish conspiracy," though the detection and overthrow of that organization was accomplished at the hands of an Irishman, whose "extraordinary skill and daring" Mr. Lecky is forced to acknowledge. But the following is an example of an even more extraordinary perversity: "The prevalence of lynch law, which is so strangely discordant with the high civilization of American life, is largely due to the distrust of justice in many states; which is the direct, manifest, acknowledged consequence of the system of popular election."

Mr. Lecky's contempt for the common people, whom the wise Lincoln said God must love because he had created so many of them, is unconcealed. It is from these, according to our author, that danger is most to be feared, yet if he knew American institutions at all, he would know that the danger that threatens us is from quite a different quarter. It is not because we are a democracy that we are threatened; it is because of tendencies which everywhere menace the overthrow of democracy.

That there is some truth in Mr. Lecky's criticisms of American tendencies may be admitted. There is no doubt here and there something that can be read with profit. In loading an old musket with buckshot there is a reasonable certainty that something or somebody will be hit by the discharge. But what profits it to find a few farthings of value when we have expended in vain search for them so many guineas of effort and time?

To-day, when the best thinkers are perceiving the radical imperfections of all systems of multiple taxation, Mr. Lecky is of opinion that "it is no small advantage that the burden of taxation should be diffused in many forms and over a wide area" — as if we could get more than the contents out of a hogshead by tapping it a number of times! When the more honest politicians and statesmen favor direct taxation, as all honest men favor straightforwardness in conduct, Mr. Lecky gives the weight of his authority to crooked and evasive methods of indirect taxation, the peculiarity of which is that it takes from the final consumer twice as much as the government gets. And while Mr. Lecky approves the free-trade policy of England, he bewails the abolition of the coal duties levied by the city of London, saying, with a suspicion of lugubriousness, "it was almost the oldest of our taxes" — as if its hoary antiquity should have saved it!

The defects of this pretentious work have been indicated: its absence of purpose, its inconclusiveness, its perversion of fact to the service of prejudice, its overwhelming mass of details that seem purposeless, and its tendency to enlarge unduly upon isolated facts, and from these to elicit the most unphilosophic conclusions. Its logical method is wholly at fault, precisely because it is a journey begun with no destined end in view, and is therefore a jaunt through a wilderness of jungle, not unpleasant as an excursion, but wearying and unprofitable as a flying trip through an unknown country, without guide to indicate the places through which we are passing. Worse than that — it is to find, after we have come suddenly to a stop, that we have arrived nowhere, and have had only our trouble for our pains.

EDITOR'S REVIEW.

We thought we had done with the paperlet and bluntly said so in our issue for May. We refer to it again, however, for reasons which will be obvious upon the perusal of the following from its edition of June 25. This was not seen by us until after our magazine for July had gone to press, and hence to our regret could not be noticed in that number. We feel that perhaps we should apologize to our readers for trespassing so often upon their patience in this matter, but as we think they will derive some entertainment from this choice extract, we publish it in full. The paperlet will no doubt appreciate the value of our circulation for the greater diffusion of its remarks.

As an exhibition of the natural venom in a small adversary after a well deserved flogging, we consider this select piece of print rather interesting, if not unique. Barring its prevarications, it might pass as a fair sample of its author's resources, though we are quite certain he could upon trial have enriched his literary style with a greater diversity and picturesqueness of epithet. However, we are willing to concede that this essay is not in its writer's best vein, and that he can do much better, even at the expense of truth, when not pressed for time or type. An examination will we think convince the most exacting that the writer did the best he could, under the circumstances.

Quoth the paperlet: —

> Through the kindness of a friend we have seen the article in which DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE attempts to answer the last reference we made to it. We were "sequestrated" from its exchange list as soon as we had the temerity to rebuke openly a flagrant example of a tendency which we had often made the subject of a friendly but ineffectual hint; and while this paper goes regularly to his table the editor has the courtesy to withhold from us a copy of his magazine in which he publishes an ill-mannered screed upon us. This same editor, whose literary acquirements, we believe, consist in the ability to sing a song tolerably well [we never knew before that singing was a "literary" acquirement; but since it has been here established, we modestly blush behind our bouquet and only regret our inability to return the paperlet's compliment in this respect. — ED. DONAHOE'S] and whose journalistic criterion is evidently the yardstick, sneers at the dimensions of *The Casket* by calling it a "paperlet" with an "obscure and feeble mission." We were not too small or too obscure, however, to be favored monthly for several years with the request to print the editor's own opinion of his production, which generally embodied the statement that it was by far the greatest and best Catholic magazine on the continent. This "paperlet" however, does not cheat its readers by publishing as its own the specially prepared fulsome notices sent it from publication offices. DONAHOE'S professes to have information as to the calling of *The Casket's* editor. It is about as correct as one would expect of a magazine which says that Mr. Cleveland can retire in 1897 'the most universally honored man living in the world." For the rest, it makes a sorry attempt to defend its unwarranted liberties with the English language, upon the principle, apparently, that a magazine which leaves its contributors free to transgress the canons of common-sense should in return be itself held exempt from all restrictions upon its vocabulary. Notwithstanding the dire calamity that has overtaken us in the decision of DONAHOE'S to ignore henceforth our very existence, we hope to appear weekly as usual. Nor shall we imitate the petulant, school-girl, "you-can't-play-in-our-yard" temper of our Boston contemporary. If we run across it at any time and find anything in it of sufficient general interest to comment upon, we shall do so, notwithstanding its ill-nature.

There is a small but very expressive English word of three letters to characterize deviations from veracity, but the paperlet in its previously self-arrogated eminence as an authority on the English language, feels doubtless justified in disregarding it. It applies without equivocation, however, to those parts of the preceding diatribe, which aver that we withheld from the paperlet the magazine containing our "ill-mannered screed" upon it, and that we for several years "requested" it monthly "to print the editor's own opinion of his production" etc.

If a strict regard for truth and honorable dealing be among the first requisites of a publication professedly devoted to the interests of religion, we are sorry for the paperlet. The editor of DONAHOE'S has yet to make his first "request" of the paperlet for anything (the paperlet is well aware of it) and if its disingenuous reference was made to the printed *Editor's Sheet* which is sent by every prominent monthly to its exchanges, for the assistance of busy or indifferent editors, we feel certain that our reputation will not suffer from such a misrepresentation on the part of a castigated and discomfited saucebox.

As to withholding the special copy designated, we learned with surprise for the first time in the above communication, that our magazine had not reached the paperlet through the ordinary channel. We had sent it and had been looking for its squirming rejoinder every week. Our "withholding" the magazine for the future, however, will follow as a matter of course,

since we take no delight in furnishing free copies to our traducers.

The paperlet informs us that we were mistaken as to the calling of its editor. For this we are indeed overwhelmed with confusion. It will readily be perceived how liable we would have been to make this blunder had we been, as alleged, in the habit of monthly soliciting the editor to print our own opinions, etc.; but this is trifling with the main issue. The fact remains, apparently, that we did mistake the editor's calling, and for this error we make a profound apology — to the calling.

Finally our critic expresses its intention to "comment" (save the mark!) upon what it finds of sufficient general interest in our pages. We are really moved by this *Et-tu-Brute* touch of reproach, and might even be induced to retract our former statement and to perform for our "commentator" a service in kind, were we not guiltily conscious of having already given our esteemed cantankerary more than we could well spare of our time and space. We confess, however, to having enjoyed the diversion as a relaxation from our more taxing duties. Our sole chagrin in the affair consists in having exasperated our opponent into a violation of the eighth commandment. Such amenities as have passed between the paperlet and ourselves lose their zest when tainted by the vulgar resort to mendacity.

Concerning President Cleveland, we have no doubt he will feel greatly cut up when he learns of the displeasure excited in the Antigonish sanctum over the hyperbolism of one of our contributors in his behalf. Coupled with the refusal of the Chicago convention to endorse his administration, the paperlet's condemnation of our writer's praises of him may well make the President tremble for his place in the estimation of the world. However, this is a matter he will have to worry over without any help from us. While we feel deeply for him under the circumstances, we are not charged with his defence, and must leave him to his own exertions for the maintenance of his fame.

And now, before our final "sequestration" and farewell, we would fain express the hope that the paperlet will in future endeavor to show its cleverness in more legitimate ways than by ascribing to others sordid motives that do not exist, misstating facts, and making charges that have no basis outside the maker's own undiscriminating imagination.

* * *

THE revolt in the Democratic party has attained the status of a revolution. The overwhelming majority of the free silverites in the national convention marks a radical departure in the councils of a great political organization, which will of necessity materially affect the complexion of that party's tenets as well as its action and prospects for the future. It was expected in advance that the silver craze would infect the national delegates to the extent of winning a convention victory for the free silver scheme, but the dimensions of the triumph, the exhibition of how deeply the silver movement had permeated the party, was anticipated by comparatively few. It is doubtful if even the leaders of the free silver agitation themselves realized before the convention how complete was their strength and power to dominate their party's action. It is perhaps as well that this result has been accomplished. It is more clearly evident now than ever before that a vast political organism, one of the historic parties of the republic, with immense numbers of the American masses irrespective of party lines in sympathy, has demonstrated a deep existing dissatisfaction with the monetary system of the country, and has presented through a national platform what purports to be a definite way of righting the wrong believed to be in operation.

That the revolution whose culmination at Chicago the country has just witnessed is without a number of just and sufficient, causes it would be folly or blindness to assert. No one who has watched the trend of affairs in the United States for a decade or more can be dull to the fact of their demoralizing and un-republican tendency. Legislation has been shamelessly perverted to the advantage of special interests. Corporations and classes have usurped the power and the rights of the people. Money has been an all-powerful argument with the consciences and votes of the people's representatives. Patronage has been secured and wielded to the last degree of toleration by the worst elements in both parties. Wealth has been concentrated in the possession of the few, while millions have been reduced to the pitiable plight of inability to make a living. In a word, rottenness of every description has been exposed in the body politic and the sufferers have been, above all, the common people, — the average American citizen and his family, whose welfare and whose rights have been unscrupulously

trodden upon by men powerful enough to shape politics to their own ends.

All these things and others of equal force enter into the result of the Democratic convention. But the question arises: Is the remedy proposed the right one? Will it, if ratified at the polls, satisfactorily remove the ills Americans have been heirs to for a decade past? The answer is, to say the least, clouded in the gravest doubt. The arguments of the honest (so called) "sound-money" men of both parties, as well as an independent study of the complexities of the vast question, very forcibly manifest the extreme danger of the American nation's venturing into the future on the risky 16 to 1 theory without the support and co-operation of the other great commercial peoples. Bi-metallism by international agreement, and on a proper basis between the two metals, is the sound conclusion reached by disinterested students of the money question the world over. It is also the reasoning which commends itself to the common sense of practical men, who are not spinning words on the question from the wheels of mere theory or individual profit. That it will also be the eventual if not the speedy solution of the problem among the nations, there is little room for doubt. In view of these things, to say nothing of the hazardous results of forcing silver to a fictitious legal value out of all proportion to its intrinsic worth, the action of the Democratic silverites at this juncture may be justly feared as precipitous, ill-advised, and fraught with evil omen to the popular cause they profess to father. If successful in its present form, the conservative advocates of a silver coinage may rightly apprehend disaster, and the mistaken extremists whose zeal overleaped the wisdom and prudence of cooler heads may find that they have but made the last condition of the masses incomparably worse than the first.

Added to this is the glaring fact that the independent free coinage of silver at the 16 to 1 ratio is seriously vitiated by the evidently interested support of prominent individuals and sections most intimately concerned in promoting its adoption for their own profit. We are asked to believe that it is the people's cry we have heard at Chicago. In a great measure it *is* the people's cry, and in so far as it embodies their grievances, it is entitled to and will win a hearing and response. But the people's cry is in this instance perceptibly led and increased by a chorus of selfishly-minded owners and agitators who care little for the general welfare so long as their private fortune or political advantage is assured. The silver capitalist from his government-made pile can view the poverty of his neighbors with as much complacency and *sang froid* as the most glittering goldbug of Wall Street; and the silver legislator, mounting to a lucrative political eminence through the votes and the dollars of an interested silver constituency, can shape his course to their mutual advantage, quite unconcerned about the general welfare.

It is this phase of the silver agitation that prompts the opinion that it is perhaps just as well to have the silver issue clearly defined before the people in the Chicago declaration of principles. It brings the discussion of the naked principle from the lobbies and conference rooms at Washington, from the debates of Congress and the columns of the press into the broad arena of public thought and investigation. It is no longer a side-issue in party councils, or a mere question in local elections, but a great national idea upon which the full force of the people's intelligence is to be exercised. Its multiform aspects are to be thoroughly studied and decided upon. Its merits will be brought out, its faults also set forth. The silver men have through it brought the serried moneyed interests of the time to bay, but their own position and motives will likewise be thoroughly seen. Whatever the fate of the adopted plank will prove to be at the ballot-box, the people's mind will be thoroughly aroused to existing conditions in the nation's financial system, and to the absolute necessity of adopting a fixed and abiding system of coinage. Free silver, 16 to 1, may not expect to win, but if its promulgation as a popular demand result, as it doubtless will, in a re-organization of the national money system with silver in its true and legitimate place in the country's coinage, the Democratic revolution will have justified itself, and the party will not have sacrificed the election in vain.

* * *

WHAT will he do with it? seems to be still the most frequent query in regard to the recent triumph of Mr. Wilfrid Laurier and the Liberal party in the Canadian elections. The inquiry is a fair indication of the peculiar difficulties confronting the new Liberal government. While the overthrow of the Conservative party, after

holding the reins of power uninterruptedly for a generation, is largely the result of a widespread dissatisfaction with its methods and later policy, it was evident in the campaign and election that there were other elements besides this contributing to the success of the Liberals. It is not so evident, however, now that the Liberals are in power, that all the undercurrents which tided them to victory will flow peacefully and harmoniously with the course of the new government. Mr. Laurier's position is fraught with obstacles which it will require the ablest qualities for which his admirers have given him credit, to handle successfully. However he may settle the tariff agitation of the country (and his difficulties in this respect are enhanced by the probable election in the United States of the foremost representative of high protection), his task here will be nothing to that which he will encounter on the Manitoba School Question. The position of the new premier on this subject is one of the most anomalous in current politics. A French Canadian Catholic, he has been elected to power against the behests of the Catholic authorities and over a party pledged to restore to Catholics the educational rights they were unjustly deprived of, and this upon the somewhat vague promise that he would solve the vexed problem in a manner satisfactory to all parties. This we believe will be the great crux of the new premier and his party, for it is not a question that can be disposed of in any way without exciting the greatest opposition of the side whose claims and contentions are disregarded. We believe that Mr. Laurier, who is a close student of political and religious movements in the United States, may wish to take counsel of the easier and more quiescent attitude now discernible on the part of some American Church dignitaries towards public schools; but we do not think he will be permitted to settle the question in such a negative manner. It is probable that even the French Catholic Province of Quebec, which elected him in the face of the bishops, expect their fellow countryman and co-religionist to guard carefully and promote the rights of the Catholics of Manitoba. Any surrender of the principle at issue, therefore, will in all probability prove fatal to Mr. Laurier wherever Catholics and their supporters are in a majority; while any attempt at coercion of the Manitoba government would make him in the eyes of that government's abettors as odious as Sir Charles Tupper himself whom he has vanquished at the polls on this very issue. If Mr. Laurier succeeds in dealing with the Manitoba question successfully his reputation as a statesman will vastly increase. But the prospects are not so bright in that direction as we might wish them.

* * *

In proof of the fact that proscription for conscience sake can never enter deeply into the mind or intent of the American people we have the utter ignoring of the self-advertised "patriotic" elements by all political parties in the present presidential campaign. A few months ago there was much bluster on the part of the country's cavern-jawed hypocrites; much questioning of prominent presidential candidates, as to their "position" on the religious issue, and many terrible threats on the part of the proscription leaders against anyone brave enough to flout their impudent assumptions. To-day, in presence of a real topic to engage the intelligent thought and judgment of the people, the flimsy pretexts of the labelled "patriots" are relegated with their concoctors to where Senator Hoar consigned them a year ago, and in all the land there is no political party nor any section of the country so poor or wanting in influence to do them reverence. The money question that has risen before the country in such swift growing proportions is of so tremendous an importance to the future welfare of the nation, both as to its individual citizens, and its future commercial standing among the countries of the world, that it would naturally overshadow every matter of minor import in the public mind; but considering the preparations that have been making for several years past by the self-styled defenders of the republic, and their avowed purpose to show themselves dominant in the coming election, their failure to be even considered a factor in current affairs is so ridiculously complete that it ought to end their ignoble existence forever.

It is a waste of thunder for any of the political parties to elevate the religious questions raised by passing bigotry to the dignity of a plank in their national platform, even for the purpose of casting merited reprobation upon those who raise the nationality or religion cry. It will be found, in national contests at least, that the American people fully understand what to do with such men and such issues, and do not

need to be informed that proscription for conscience sake is a principle essentially hostile to all classes in the country, and therefore a common enemy to be crushed by true Americanism, irrespective of race, creed, party or locality.

* * *

RUMORS of Lord Rosebery's proposed retirement from the Liberal leadership in England continue to appear from time to time in the despatches of correspondents, and to be denied by the leading party organs. We can imagine a worse calamity to the party than the full truth of the newspaper gossip in regard to his lordship's resignation, and indeed, as things look at present, it would not be encroaching too much on prophecy to say that such an outcome is the natural end of the course he has pursued since his accession to the head of his party. His lordship has yet to prove good the reasons for his selection as the successor of Mr. Gladstone; for certainly in his career, so far, the promise of his abilities and strength as a party leader has not been conspicuously fulfilled. On the contrary it becomes clearer, as time goes on, that the noble lord finds himself out of power to assimilate the sentiments, needs, and desires of the masses, or even to arouse enthusiasm in the hearts of his immediate followers, by manifesting the personal fervor, perspicacity, aggressiveness, and generalship which stamp the successful leader of men. It is no favorable augury of a long incumbency of his present position to find even the British Liberal press in criticism of Rosebery's failings in these attributes, and calling on him to show, if he can, a quicker eye to his party's best interests and a clearer head in directing its course.

* * *

FROM our correspondence of the month we select for publication the following letter from one whose case well illustrates the good capable of being done by a dissemination of readable Catholic literature. At our correspondent's request we withhold his name and residence, but we would fain express here the hope that the change wrought in his mind through the humble medium of our pages may continue, and develop eventually into his complete restoration to the communion and practices of the Church. We sincerely hope our publication is producing results of as beneficial a nature in the families of other readers and we are grateful to this subscriber and to the many others who have written to us in approval of our endeavors.

—— JUNE, 23, 1896.

THE EDITOR OF DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE,
BOSTON, MASS.

DEAR SIR :— In enclosing you $2.00 as payment of my subscription for current year to your magazine, allow me to say how pleased I am to have it on my table and see my family read and enjoy its pages. Although we are Catholics (nominally) it is the first Catholic, purely Catholic, magazine that ever entered our house. We have had and still have *McClure's, Scribner's, St. Nicholas, Young Ladies' Journal*, but no magazine or newspaper emanating from a Catholic source did we ever read until your canvasser introduced DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE to our notice, and it is sad to think that we are only a sample of what many Catholic families are through the United States. It is a sort of intellectual blindness or wilful perverseness of character on the part of our Catholic people that they will not support publishers and authors of their own creed more liberally.

But perhaps a good many can say, as we can say, the knowledge that there are good, newsy, bright and intellectual Catholic publications was never brought to their notice, while non-Catholic publications are advertised and canvassed for at our doors almost daily ; therefore " what the eye doesn't see the heart doesn't grieve for."

And as regards the articles, stories, correspondence, etc., in your magazine I beg to say that the writer was always (up to the last two years) strongly opposed to anything savoring of what the society I belong to (namely Freemasons) termed " Papal Pretensions " or " Ultramontanism " and that therefore you may understand I began reading your magazine with no veryfriendly feeling at first, but I must say to-day that the writings have so far sunk deep into my soul and a great change has taken place in my convictions and I now look as regularly for DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE on the first of the month as I do for my *Masonic Record*.

And now it just strikes me that the second paragraph of this letter may seem to stultify the first, for you will ask: If you are a Free Mason why do you buy Catholic publications? My answer is, that although I strayed away, my wife kept the faith and brought our children up in that faith, with which arrangement I never interfered; and you must consider the first paragraph then as coming more from my wife, who had it in her power at any time to subscribe and read any Catholic publication she had a mind to, but did not do so until your canvasser came, when she readily subscribed, with the good results as detailed in the second paragraph.

If this is worth publishing and will do any good you are welcome to do so, suppressing the name of course. Wishing you an increase of subscribers,

I remain, respectfully,

* * *

As we go to press the sad news of the sudden death of Massachusetts' gifted William E. Russell is spread over a lamenting nation. Of brilliant native endowments, he employed them always to high purposes and noble ambitions; Successful beyond most men of his years, he preserved the modesty and winsomeness of a nature unspoiled by dazzling achievement; tactful and moderate, he drew the sympathy and love of men of differing minds; able, kindly, well-poised, determined and patriotic, there can be but one voice in his native state at his untimely taking off, —a voice of universal lamentation. His was a manly, true and lofty story, and his example should be a spur to the higher things in public life. Unfortunately, as in the case of Governor Greenhalge, his successor in office, and predecessor in death, he has had to pay with his life the too severe exactions of a high public career.

WOMEN'S DEPARTMENT.

OUR GRADUATE SERIES.

III.

Radcliffe College.

It is some seventeen years since the scheme was proposed of establishing a woman's college at Cambridge near Harvard University. It was begun as an experiment without endowment or outfit. Its current expenses for the first three years were paid by a few friends who secured the management against pecuniary loss. The classes were held in four small hired rooms, and the means of instruction, as books, instruments, apparatus, etc., were in a great part supplied by the generosity of the teachers from their own libraries and laboratories. Its strength and its only wealth consisted in the cordial support it received from many professors of Harvard and in the spirit of the students themselves.

The latter were indeed few in number, but they brought to the plan that devotion and faith which ensure success. The first graduating exercises were held at the house of a friend, and the graduates were four in number. Many friends who remember those early commencement days, with their character rather of a family festival than of an academic ceremony, look on with interest at the commencement exercises of the graduating class of Radcliffe College, held now in Sanders Theatre, in the presence of the President and Corporation of Harvard University.

The degrees stand under the name of Radcliffe, being countersigned by the President of Harvard and declared by him to be the equivalent of those of Harvard. The diplomas bear the seals of Harvard and of Radcliffe. The same professors, instructors and examiners direct the studies, and the Academic Board of Radcliffe is made up from the Faculty of Harvard. In short the instruction at Radcliffe is now absolutely under the sole direction of the University, and this direction is given in a most liberal spirit. That Harvard should decline to assume also the care of its property, discipline and general organization was to be expected.

For this reason the institution must have a distinctive name, and a fitting one was found in that of the English lady, Ann Radcliffe, who a few years after John Harvard endowed the University, gave to it a scholarship,—the first gift it had received at the hands of a woman. That her gift should be commemorated in the name of the first college for women ever associated with Harvard seemed appropriate, and the idea was cordially adopted.

Candidates for admission to Radcliffe College should send in their application to its Dean, Miss Agnes Irwin, Fay House, 10 Gordon Street, Cambridge, Mass. A set of recent examination papers will be sent free to any address, on application to the Secretary, Miss Mary Coes. The examination may be divided between two years or between June and September of one year, and examinations are held in many parts of the country, to save the candidates the fatigue and expense of a long journey. Graduates from other colleges and students from their higher classes can enter Radcliffe without complete examination. Special students are expected to take four courses of study. This rule, especially in the case of mature students, can be set aside by vote of the Academic Board.

All arrangements for boarding and lodging must be subject to the Dean's approval, and the Secretary must be informed of each student's address. In choosing a lodging-house, students can be aided by the advice of ladies of the standing committees. The annual tuition fee for a student doing full work is two hundred dollars, with small fees for laboratory work. There are now seven scholarships, each with special conditions of gift. Graduate students of Radcliffe have access to many graduate courses in Harvard University.

Radcliffe's only embarrassment is its rapid growth. In place of that first graduating class of four, there were this year forty, of whom twenty-nine received the degree of A.B., and eleven that of A.M. Not a few received the coveted honors, *Magna cum laude* and *Summa cum laude.*

The present seat of Radcliffe is an estate known as " Judge Fay's house," with traditions

of learning, hospitality, good talk and fine music. It has a beautiful library and a good auditorium, where the clubs of Radcliffe give and receive much pleasure. Still larger quarters are needed and will soon be provided.

Radcliffe College has never been identified with any vexed question of the day, social, political or philosophical. There is no claim for co-education, and no attempt to measure womanly with manly attributes. The desire is to give to women in their work the advantages given to men in careers which vary according to individual gifts but are all important to the good of the community.

EMMA FORBES CARY.

Summer Dresses.

This is a fortunate summer for young people because it brings a variety of pretty fashions. The mania for extravagant shapes has subsided. The size of sleeves is less startling than it has been, partly because we are used to large sleeves, but also because young women no longer vie with each other in exaggeration of an ungraceful fashion. Shirt waists in silk or linen can be had of exquisite tints: robin's egg blue, a very delicate green, baby pink or blue, dove color, fawn or lavender; and worn with a skirt of a color to set off the beautiful tint, — black or white, ivory white or some neutral color that will not clash with the color of the waist, — the gown cannot fail to have a pleasing effect. Red shirts and those of any other startling hue test severely the wearer's coloring and style, and this year they look especially showy beside the exquisite tints so much in vogue.

Prettier still is the whole white gown of one of the many delicate fabrics to be seen in the shops. Only very young people look their best in untinted white, but cream white is always becoming, and charming gowns are made of white organdy over an underdress of blue, pink or lavender with all outside trimmings of the same color and shade.

A graceful morning gown for maids or matrons is made of India silk, blue, rose color, heliotrope or any other delicate tint. It is lined only in the waist which is confined with a belt or sash to match the silk. About the neck and sleeves there may be used with good effect a good deal of broad lace of that faint yellowish tint which comes for the purpose. It harmonizes with delicate colors as the yellow centres of flowers harmonize with the petals.

Accessories of Dress.

Handkerchiefs may be used just now with centres of some faint tint to match the color of the gown. Now, however, as always, the handkerchief in best taste is white, and of fine texture, hemstitched and marked with an initial or monogram embroidered in white marking thread. Fanciful fashions in handkerchiefs pass so quickly that it is unwise to adopt them.

White chamois gloves are pretty with very light gowns for walking. White and very pale shades are worn in the evening. Gloves have four hooks or buttons, and may be of suède though dressed kid is now more in favor.

The collars, little capes and various forms of neckgear are all pretty if they are not over trimmed and if they are worn by the right people. Long, slender necks can bear a great deal of chiffon, while a short neck looks very nice in turndown collars which come in exquisite materials this year. The fichus named Marie Antoinette are extremely becoming to tall figures, if worn with a gown of graceful form and not much trimmed.

As to hats, a discreet silence is advisable. The girl who can trim her own hats had better buy them of a pretty shape and then trim them with a few beautiful flowers and a moderate amount of lace or muslins. Leghorn straws are much worn.

Delusive Advertisements.

Such are the descriptions and the display in shops of skirts at low prices, lined with "rustling taffeta." This is supposed to imitate the rustling of silk, a delusion in two ways; the rustle soon wears out, and the best silk does not rustle. Novels are fond of describing the sound made by the heroine's dress as she sweeps in and out of a room. In fact the movements of a woman who dresses and walks well are so quiet that description would be quite thrown away on the subject. Beautiful effects can be made at small expense with soft fabrics of any color pretty in itself and becoming to the wearer, but by the paltry imitation of stuffs or laces or jewels nothing is achieved but failures.

Pure Water.

There is no better filter for water than a bag of cotton flannel, tied to a faucet or over the mouth of a pump and changed, if necessary, every day. Double a piece of cotton flannel of the proper size, with the fluff or nap inside; sew firmly one narrow end and the broad side; fasten the bag strongly so that the water can flow through the cotton into the pail or jug. Boil the water and cool it by letting it stand in ice, not by dissolving the ice in the water. Water, like milk, should be kept covered, as it quickly absorbs any impurity in the atmosphere.

In going on excursions it is better to carry a bottle of water so prepared rather than trust to the seductive attractions of brooks and rivers. The habit of using streams as drains to houses and even hotels makes it unsafe to drink the running water, no matter how sparkling it may be.

All these precautions are troublesome, but not so troublesome as the delay and suffering caused by sickness, even if it is not sickness unto death.

Little Miseries.

A lesson in philosophy was learned lately through the front curtain of a seaside barge. A friend of the driver, condoling with him over a mishap, remarked, "Well there's always *something*." "If there wasn't always something" replied the driver, "there'd never be anything." These words of wisdom will serve to sustain the spirit of some readers who are planning a change of air for the good of the family. The expedition cannot be successful unless some one of the party, usually the mother, foresees and averts certain dangers likely to turn the party of pleasure into one of considerable discomfort.

Good Milk.

The mother finds now-a-days a reasonable cause for anxiety in the difficulty of getting good milk for her children when they leave home. There is no doubt much exaggeration of the perils connected with milk, for among the thousands of bacteria found in it only a very few are dangerous. Still the danger is real and must be removed. The directions for sterilizing milk have been so often given that most housekeepers know the process. The milk is heated below the boiling point, and then gradually cooled. If it is heated in a covered vessel, and also kept covered until it is needed for use, the milk is fit for the food of children and invalids.

In the country there are cows on every side and few of them worthy of confidence because of the careless way in which they are treated. If one cow can be kept for the exclusive use of a family, the observance of a few rules will make it safe to use the milk without sterilizing it. The cow must be kept perfectly clean; the hands of the milker scrupulously so, and this is more easily secured in the case of a milkmaid than of a milkman; the pails and pans must be scoured and aired and sunned, and the milk must be strained and kept covered and in a cool place until it is needed for use. Such milk can be used uncooked and is a perfect natural food.

A Beautiful Festival.

We gave last October an account of the Work of Expiation for Forsaken Souls in Purgatory. Since then letters have come from all parts of the United States, asking for tickets of membership and for further details of the work. It is therefore with the certainty of interesting many readers that we give details furnished to us by the founder, Very Rev. Abbé Buguet, of this annual feast celebrated with especial ceremony this year at Montligeon, early in June. Every road leading to the pretty village was thronged from early morning with carriages and carts, guided to the chapel by banners of France, red, white, and blue, set in the hawthorn hedges; by triumphal arches and by houses decked with flowers and flags.

Countless Masses for the holy souls were celebrated on that happy day in the old church, where the high altar was brilliant with lights and red and white roses; while the Lady chapel was a bower of pure white blossoms and green boughs.

At ten o'clock joyous music called the various bands of pilgrims to the gardens of the "Œuvre Expiatoire." High Mass was celebrated at an altar raised upon a platform in the centre of the grounds. It was a strange and striking spectacle, the crowds of worshippers kneeling on the grass beneath a cloudless sky. Green woods and flowery orchards, and the noble stone buildings of the Work made a beautiful picture. There were many banners

bright with the various devices of the Sacred Heart and of our Lady; many too of purple and white borne by the pilgrims in honor of the souls in purgatory. Fine voices and bands of instruments bore their part in this solemn festival of the dead and living. To complete the happiness of the occasion, a telegram came from the Holy Father, bringing his especial blessing to the Work of Expiation which is very dear to his heart.

An eloquent sermon of the Rev. Père Pennier told the story of the Work. It was founded thirteen years ago by the Very Rev. Canon Buguet, and already it has penetrated to every country in the world, so that prayers are offered in all languages for those dear souls whose friends and relatives forget to pray for them.

The Work has printing presses and employs many work people. A beautiful new church is building and the cost of construction is paid by voluntary contributions.

Any persons wishing to become members of the Work of Expiation can get all details from the following persons: —

Rev. Edmund Didier, director, Saint Joseph's Hospital, Caroline Street, Baltimore, Md., Miss L. Keevan, promotor, 49 Regent Street, Boston Highlands, Mass., Miss Emma F. Cary, directress, 92 Brattle Street, Cambridge, Mass.

The expenses of the Work are supported by annual subscriptions of one cent, and subscriptions in perpetuity of one dollar.

Those who prefer to do so, can write directly to the Very Rev. Canon Buguet, La Chapelle, Montligeon, Orne, France.

Names can be inscribed of the dead and living, believers and unbelievers. There is no limit to the charity of the Œuvre Expiatoire.

A Useful Handbook.

"Cold Dishes for Hot Weather" is the title of a useful little book published lately by Harper Brothers, New York. It is compiled by two well-known chefs, Ysaquirre and La Marca, and they deserve credit for giving recipes with a brevity and simplicity very rare among culinary experts. The book opens with a list of clear soups (consommés) to be served cold or in jelly. Short chapters are given to fish, meats, poultry and game to be served cold or stored for future use.

From the chapter on salads a few recipes are given as useful combinations of provisions on hand.

Cod Salad. Soak the cod over night, boil separately potatoes, carrots and onions, or perhaps beets in place of onions; chop fine and add to the cod, which has been previously cooked and shredded. Make a dressing of one beaten egg, chopped parsley, fresh marjoram, oil, vinegar, salt and pepper to taste. Pour the dressing over the salad and garnish with rounds of hard-boiled egg.

Beef Salad. Cut into pieces, an inch in length, half a pound of cold meat; take two heads of lettuce, and wipe on a smooth cloth; place them in a salad bowl; add the beef, chop up a sweet Spanish pepper (or use other seasoning) and add to the salad. Prepare a plain dressing, pour it over the salad, and mix gently.

Bread Salad. Cut into pieces, about half an inch square, a loaf of stale bread; chop equal parts of cold boiled potatoes, tomatoes and cucumbers; season with a little grated onion, one tablespoonful of oil, the juice of two lemons, pepper and salt and chopped parsley; mix with the bread; let stand for quarter of an hour before serving.

Brown Bread Cream. Grate as fine as possible stale brown bread; take two tablespoonfuls and soak in a quart of cream for two or three hours, and sweeten to taste. Freeze.

Mille Fruits. Take a spoonful each of preserved strawberries, raspberries, apricots, currants, ginger (in short any preserves that may be at hand) and orange peel cut into small pieces. Sweeten a quart of cream with half a pound of sugar; add to it a glass of noyau and the fruit. Freeze.

The glass of *liqueur* can be omitted, especially if the cream is intended for young people who usually like harlequin ice cream.

E. F. C.

At the Seashore.

Do not bathe in the sea when you are tired, — or soon after eating.

Go on the water only under the care of an experienced boatman.

A Good Child.

is usually healthy, and both conditions are developed by use of proper food. The Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is the best infant's food; so easily prepared that improper feeding is inexcusable and unnecessary.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

Prize Watch Contest.

"Mail your copy before the 12th of August." Of course you all noticed that there was a mistake made in repeating the conditions in the July number. Somebody forgot to cross out June 15, and to write in August 12, and might have made trouble for children less bright than DONAHOE'S young people. But we know you looked puzzled for a moment and then jumped to the right conclusion. Otherwise we should not have received so many new essays.

Those essays are getting very interesting. The boys are grasping the subject manfully, and the girls — well, there is no need to praise girls, they generally do what is right.

Do you know what one honest little man blurted out? Before he wrote a word about How to Earn a Dollar he said: "I think you're down on boys; 'most everybody is."

Now that is a dreadful mistake. We are very fond of boys, have the honor of knowing hundreds of them, and have albums filled with their photographs and autographs, and treasure them every one, even to an alarming inscription that reads "My dear —— In your pathway through life may you meet many fiends." Of course the dear little well-wisher meant "friends" but he never could spell well.

And is "everybody" down on boys? Is not that rather a sweeping charge? Just think of all the loving mothers and aunts, and sisters, to say nothing about the good old grandmothers always saving up choice bits for the hungry boys and ever ready to say a word to secure some longed-for pleasure.

But we are getting away from the subject and almost forgetting the gold watches. Who is going to win them? Why the boy and girl who send in the very best essays on the given subjects; we may have them now or better ones may come in even at the last moment. There's a chance for everyone until the 12th of August, when the contest closes.

CONDITIONS FOR COMPETITORS.

1. Express your thoughts as clearly and concisely as you can.

2. Write the essay yourself, and write only on one side of the paper.

3. Mail your copy before the 12th of August.

Address, "Prize Watch Contest," DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, Boston, Mass.

Our Lady's Tumbler.

About eight hundred years ago there lived a minstrel who was tired of the world and took refuge in a monastery, giving to it horses and fine clothes and money. He could dance and sing, but he knew no books or prayers, and while the monks chanted and studied and preached, he sat dumb and sad, loving God without knowing any way to show his love. "Holy Mary, Mother," he cried, "do pray your Sovereign Father to give me power to serve Him and you, and to earn the victuals that I eat."

Mad with grief he sought a crypt under the monastery and pressed close to an altar where stood an image of the Holy Mary. "What shall I do?" he said; "there's only one trade I know. The rest serve God in chanting, and I will serve in tumbling."

Quickly he took off cloak and doublet, and stood clad in an undercoat. There he stood straight, well girt and comely. He turned to the image humbly and said: "Sweet queen, despise not what I know; let me pick for you my finest feats." Then he began his leaps, low and high, under and over. He made the vault of Metz; then he did the vault of Champagne, and the Spanish vault and the vaults they do in Brittany. Then he did the Roman vault, and then he danced lightly, and gazed humbly at the image of the Mother of God.

"Lady," he said, "this is a choice feat. I do it for no other but you; for you and for your Son, so help me God! The others serve and so do I. They sing in there and I come to entertain you." And his body did not cease to dance and trip and leap, until he fell down for weariness. "Lady," he said, "I can do no more now, but indeed I'll come again," and putting on coat and doublet, he bowed and said, "Adieu, sweetest friend. What pity that I know not the psalter, but be not cast down, I mean to come again."

And so for days and months and years this

simple minstrel marked the hours by doing for the glory of God the one thing he knew how to do well, and God was pleased with his service because it was given with love, and He helped the good soul to grow ever more pure and fervent.

But one day a monk, more curious and less prayerful than the rest, followed the tumbler to his crypt, and hiding in a niche, saw the honest wight at his devotions. But though he could not help laughing, his heart grew big with delight and pity, and he went in haste to tell the whole to the abbot.

But the abbot had marked the minstrel's modest silence, and his pure look, and understood that God had in him a righteous servant. "Hold your peace," he said to the monk, and do not scandalize him. With God's leave I will see this thing to-day." So they hid themselves in the crypt and saw the brother make his vaults, dancing and tripping and bounding until he fell down in a faint.

And then they saw a wonderful sight, a lady all glorious and beautiful, clad in garments set with gems. And with her was a company of angels, who came round the minstrel and comforted him. And the sweet, frank queen gently fanned her servant with a white napkin to cool him after his labor. And the angels looked on him with love, as on their companion.

This wonderful sight the abbot saw four times, and after that he sent for the brother to come and speak alone with him. Weeping, so that his face was wet, he knelt down and confessed all his strange doings. "And now, sire," he said, "I go my way. Wretched am I for I am a useless man; I never made a farthing's worth of any goods."

Then the abbot raised the minstrel and kissed him. "Brother, you shall be of our convent," he said; "fair, sweet friend, do this service frankly even as you have done it, ay, and better still if you have the skill." The minstrel was so glad that he turned pale and had to sit down. Indeed joy so worked on his heart that soon he died. But meekly he did his work at all the holy hours, and paused not until he was too ill to leave his bed.

But at his end there were angels present, and with them the Mother of God, and archangels all ranged about him. With great honor the monks buried him, and his story was told far and near. Now pray we to God that we may do our service, high or low, with the same love as did Our Lady's Tumbler.*

A Pensile Nest.

FRANK H. SWEET.

NEXT to a castle in the air give me a pensile nest,
Like that of the bright oriole with crimson-tinted breast,
Suspended from the slender branch of some tall swaying tree,
And rocked forever by the wind that makes a song for me.

A Petition from Chicago.

The Ephpheta School for Deaf Mutes in Chicago is sadly in need of funds. One hundred children are crowded into one school-room, and their constant prayer is "Dear Saint Joseph, send us the money to build a great big school-room." The rooms for boarders are all occupied, and the Sisters have no means to build larger accommodations. I think that Saint Joseph will pull at a good many heart strings in answer to the prayer of these children and between heart strings and purse strings there is, usually, direct communication.

It is of great importance that our Catholic asylums for the blind and for deaf mutes should be liberally supported. The Sisters give their services and they should be supplied with all the appliances needed to carry out their work, the apparatus being sometimes elaborate and expensive. The asylums should be placed in grounds large enough to let the children have little flower beds. Even to blind children gardening gives passionate delight, and to deaf mutes it is a source not only of pleasure but of profit to the institution and to themselves.

Puzzle.

How did a farmer place twenty-seven cattle in four pens, so that each enclosure held an odd number?

NOTE. — Correct answers to last month's puzzles were received only from Joseph Lobsinger, East Grand Forks, Minn. The rebus yet awaits a correct interpretation from our youthful readers. Try again.

* A Twelfth-century legend abridged and adapted for this Department.

CATHOLIC QUESTION BOX.

[There is much that even Catholics do not know regarding the Church of Christ, its history, its services, its ceremonials. To an intelligent man, believer or unbeliever, there can be no more interesting subjects. The story of the Church is a romance of fact, human and divine. The significance of the ceremonials, by which it commemorates Christ's acts and impresses His truths, are vital with reason and with beauty, when understood. To the work of spreading this information, this Department is devoted. Readers are invited to ask any questions regarding the Church upon which they are not fully informed. We desire every reader of DONAHOE'S to be prepared to answer any question about his faith that may arise in his experiences in the world. Inquiries must reach this office before the first of the month to be answered in the next issue. Questions asked later than that date cannot be answered until the second month following. Address all letters to "Editor, Catholic Question Box, DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, 611 Washington Street, Boston, Mass." As a guarantee of good faith, every letter must give the full name and address of the writer, which will not be published. In future no unsigned letters will be answered.]

From West Fitchburg Inquirer comes the query: —

What is a practical Catholic, and what are his duties?

A practical Catholic is one who not only has a belief in the truth of his religion, but who lives up to his faith, and follows out in daily life its teachings. A practical Catholic is one in whose life his associates can see the evidence of the faith that is in him, and can say: this man really believes in his religion, because he practises it. Notice that the words practical and practice go together. One who only at intervals performs the duties of religion is not practical. In this, as in other matters, practice makes perfect, and practice of religion that makes a practical Catholic means the doing of the works of religion day in and day out, every day. A mere Sunday Catholic, or one who is a Catholic for only the short hour of the Sunday Mass, or during the excitement of a mission, is far from being practical. Only the practical Catholic gives edification to his neighbor and glory to God. The nominal Catholic being reckoned among the children of the Church, yet living as if her laws were of no consequence, hurts religion to an unspeakable extent. Men find in him an easy and a ready excuse to ignore the claims of the Church, and point to such disobedient and recreant children as falsifying (so they say) the Church's claim to holiness.

2. A practical Catholic has faith, indeed, but he has good works too, because he knows, as the Apostle teaches, that faith without good works is dead. He remembers, too, that Jesus said: "Not every one who saith, 'Lord, Lord,' shall enter into the kingdom of Heaven, but he who doeth the will of My Father in Heaven."

The duties of the practical Catholic are the general duties imposed by the commandments of God and of the Church. In a special way he will have to fulfil the duties proper to his state of life. It may be added that the very least for anyone who even pretends to be a Catholic is to attend the Sunday Mass and to make his Easter duty. Failing in either or both of these, it is the height of absurdity for him to make any pretence of being a Catholic. His saying that he is, and then living in such opposition to its stringent laws, but marks him low in the scale of self-deception.

From Jersey City comes the following: —

What is the difference between a good Catholic and a good Protestant who is baptized in his faith? In case of death, has each an equal chance to heaven?

Presuming that the baptism of the Protestant, as well as that of the Catholic, has been validly conferred, both start life with the same spiritual help. But with the advance of years, and the dawning of reason, they enter on different ways. The Protestant practically has to depend upon himself and his own resources in seeking for grace, while the Catholic finds the means of grace in abundance and near to hand in his Church. We do not mean that the work of salvation is for anyone other than a personal work, or that the Church supplies for lack of disposition or endeavor on the part of her children. But the Protestant is as one who has to walk a long and tedious journey to the very end, while the Catholic finds placed at his disposal every safe, sure and substantial means of conveyance.

Prayer is impressed upon the Catholic as an absolute essential to salvation. The Protestant, too, prays, but there is no teacher to indicate the very necessity of it, because he does not acknowledge an authoritative voice.

The Catholic has other sacraments besides baptism, and each one, as he receives it, becomes to him a new source of grace, a well-spring of virtue. The Protestant lacks these great helps to virtue and to heaven. If the

Catholic falls into grievous sin, he can in the sacrament of penance open his mind to one who will have compassion on him, and indicate to him the means of recovery and of perseverance, while at the same time giving him, in God's name, pardon for the sins confessed and repented of. The Protestant has no one to whom he will confide the soul's dark sadness, no one to say: "I forgive you, as God's representative, bringing to you pardon from heaven." Again, the Catholic by the virtue of the absolution given in confession, may win pardon by the lesser motives, called motives of imperfect contrition, which are easier for him to excite in his soul, generally speaking, than the highest motive, that of perfect love of God. The Protestant, not having access to the benefits of absolution, has only one means of forgiveness, in perfect contrition or in perfect love of God. It is not for us to decide when or how God gives this disposition, but Catholics have to thank God for the different and easy ways they possess.

We might indicate the advantages derived from the different sacraments and the great losses for those who have them not, but we have indicated a little, that the reader may think out more for himself. The Mass, the holy communion, who shall say what these mean to the good Catholic, and what they mean to the Protestant who becoming a Catholic, receives these wondrous blessings after all his years of heart-hunger. He, best of all, perhaps, can tell the difference between the good Catholic and the good Protestant. A saying has come down from the days of Luther and his disciple, Melancthon, that the Catholic religion is a hard one to live in; an easy one to die in; the Protestant religion an easy one to live in; a hard one to die in.

At death, the Catholic has the consolation of his religion, not only in the tender and consoling words of the priest, but in the forgiveness of the absolution, the attendance of Jesus whom he receives in holy communion, and the powerful strengthening of extreme unction to bear pain and sickness and to meet death. The Protestant lacks all these spiritual helps. The Catholic and Protestant alike who die in the grace and friendship of God shall receive heaven, and each one shall receive in heaven a reward according to his works. But the Catholic who has had so many means of grace, each one a power to merit, through the mercy and merits of Jesus, if he has used them shall receive reward accordingly.

South Boston Inquirer asks: —

1. Whether purgatory is to exist after the Day of Judgment or not.

2. Will the suffering of that day compensate Divine Justice as well as years in purgatory?

We have already in these columns answered these questions at length, and so will give only a brief reply on this occasion.

1. After the Day of Judgment, there will be no purgatory, only heaven and hell.

Intensity of suffering can make up for duration. Just the manner or method in which the souls who are to die on that day and go before God for judgment shall endure the necessary cleansing of their souls from small sins, or pay the temporal punishment left unpaid, we do not know. But that they will, like all others who have needed to, pay their debts of temporal punishment to the justice of God, is certain.

K. of P. writes as follows: —

I cannot see any harm in the Knights of Pythias, and I think that the recent letter from Rome retracts in great measure the former condemnation. Can I not, therefore, remain a member by simply paying my dues, while not frequenting their meetings, and in this way satisfy my obligations to the Church, and secure the sick and death benefits of this society?

Our Catholic member has, in common with many others, misinterpreted the import of the letter to which he refers. He cannot, at his own choice and decision, remain a member of any of the condemned societies. The fact of his seeing no evil does not prove its non-existence. The Church has not acted without serious consideration and grave necessity. He must submit to her judgment and follow her teaching, as a child obeys a mother.

Again, there has not been the smallest retraction. The condemnation is absolute. No Catholic who joined since that condemnation can have any course open to him save to completely sever all bonds with these societies. A Catholic who was a member before their condemnation, if he feels that he is to suffer a serious temporal loss, can submit his case to his confessor. The priest has no power to tell him he can still remain a member. All the priest can do is to refer the case to the Apostolic Delegate (at present Cardinal Satolli), whose decision is final. Each individual case must be placed before him for judgment.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Historical.

The third volume of PARSONS' STUDIES IN CHURCH HISTORY is at hand, and no one who has had the good fortune to peruse the two earlier volumes will hesitate to procure the third. The period here treated covers the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and consequently deals with the period leading up to the Protestant Reformation and the Reformation itself.

Dr. Parsons presents, in admirable pen-pictures, a living display of the men and events that marked the period of which he writes. He is solicitous only for truth, and he never fears to tell the truth, even where the Church would seem to suffer. Catholics who are easily scandalized would do well to read these books, and learn the greatness of a Church that survives the shock of wickedness in even her most trusted children. The conclusion forces itself upon the thinking mind that the Christ of God who permitted human liberty to enter on the ways of depravity, knew how to draw good from evil, and to save His Church, where any merely human institution had inevitably perished.

In the conflicting statements, too, that are presented of men like Alexander VI, Savonarola, Erasmus, there is a great relief to enter with Dr. Parsons on a real "study" of the statements made, and of the proofs or lack of proofs offered by those who make the statements.

This volume adds new laurels to Dr. Parsons, and makes us anxious for the coming of the volume that shall deal with the events nearest to our own day.

"PREHISTORIC AMERICANS" by the Marquis de Nadaillac contains essays on "The Mound Builders" and "The Cliff Dwellers" of prehistoric America. Readers of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE have had these researches of their eminent author in serial form with profuse illustrations during the past year. Their collection in the handy volumes of the Catholic Summer and Winter School Library, issued by D. H. McBride & Co. of Chicago, will give many an opportunity of keeping for ready reference the valuable facts and deductions of an eminent author, on a subject of deep historic interest.

Volume II of the same Library, also at hand, contains the following lectures of the Summer School series: "The Spanish Inquisition," by Rev. J. F. Nugent; "Savonarola," by Condé B. Pallen, Ph.D.; "Joan of Arc," by J. W. Wilstach; "Magna Charta," by Professor J. G. Ewing; and "Missionary Explorers of the Northwest," by Judge W. L. Kelly. The idea of collecting and preserving the utterances of the Summer and Winter Schools is a happy one and should not be allowed to prove unfruitful of profit to the publisher. Besides enabling those who attend the schools to keep fresh the information they have there received, these tidy volumes will give the general public an opportunity to come in touch with the thought expressed by the teachers of the new departure in Catholic educational methods. Chicago: D. H. McBride & Co.

The city of Cambridge has issued "THE REGISTER BOOK OF THE LANDS AND HOUSES IN THE 'NEW TOWNE' AND THE TOWN OF CAMBRIDGE." This volume also embodies the records of the proprietors of the common lands, commonly called "The Proprietors' Records." The volume, which is large and handsome, should prove of great value as an historical record, in matters of local and genealogical interest. It embraces the period from 1639 to 1829. It is issued by the *University Press*.

Political.

M. P. Follett has done an exceptionally desirable thing in giving to the public a work on "THE SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES," a functionary whose power is the central feature of our actual system of government. The author traces the growth of the Speaker's power from the earliest Congresses to the present date, and is interesting in her presentation of the Speakership of many noted men who have held the office. In an introduction to the book Professor Albert Bushnell Hart of Harvard College notes the strange fact that until this volume on the subject, no thorough

study of the Speaker of the House has ever been attempted by any writer or statesman. That the volume here presented on the subject will be accepted without controversy as to the correctness of the author's views on many phases of the subject, would be too much to look for, owing to the differences of opinion existing as to the Speaker's rights, functions, etc. But the book is valuable in many ways, and contains in succinct way a host of things desirable to know. New York, London and Bombay: Longmans, Green & Co.

Novels.

Historical novels are generally interesting, and the one before us is no exception to the rule. It is from the pen of Rev. Joseph Spillman, S.J., and deals with incidents which occurred in that crucial period of England's history when Elizabeth determined to stamp out Catholicity by persecuting methods. The fortunes of an old Catholic family which was suspected of plotting to overthrow the reigning dynasty and restore the ancient religion to the people by the crowning of Mary, Queen of Scots, as Queen of England, are graphically told in this deeply interesting novel, entitled "THE WONDERFUL FLOWER OF WOXINDON." The main incidents of the story are drawn from authentic documents which give it a real historical value. Price $1.50 St. Louis: B. Herder.

A very entertaining story entitled "DARTMOOR," by Maurice H. Hervey, is issued by the Frederick A. Stokes Co. The character of the hero under false accusation, who sees the woman of his choice married to his base destroyer, but who finally succeeds in regaining his liberty and his happiness, is admirably drawn. Retributive justice follows sternly and surely the conspirator Hugh Darrell who meets with a terrible fate. The delineation of the character of the true friend who through evil report maintains his trust in the innocence of his friend falsely accused is an admirable piece of work. Entertaining novels, such as this, in which virtue is rewarded and vice sternly punished, deserve a wide patronage and help to build up a sound morality. New York and London: Frederick A. Stokes Co.

The life of a young officer in the Indian service of the English army is certainly beset with many pitfalls and dangers, if we give credence to the events related in a novel entitled "FLOTSAM" by Henry Seton Merriman. A young officer of rollicking disposition, with naturally good impulses, is ruled by evil associations and ensnared into a marriage which wrecks his life's happiness. The character of Marqueray, an officer of sterling type, who tries to befriend the young scape-grace and does not succeed, is admirable in every respect. A good idea of the life the English lead in India and the complex conditions of life there are gleaned from this not uninteresting story. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

Maurice F. Egan's reputation as a litterateur is not diminished by his latest story, entitled "JACK CHUMLEIGH, OR FRIEND AND FOES." It is essentially a story for boys and shows a keen insight into boyish character. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co.

In "NEW FACES AND OLD" Father Finn, S.J., gives us a series of delightful short stories in which many of the heroes of his other novels display the same manly traits which we have been accustomed to admire in them. A most successful writer of boys' stories which are healthful and moral in tone and tend to influence the youthful mind in the direction of honest and conscientious endeavor, Father Finn has well sustained his reputation by this latest addition to the field of juvenile literature. Price 60 cents. St. Louis: B. Herder.

Miscellaneous.

An exquisite reproduction in platinum photographs of the bust and allegorical group of the Boston monument to John Boyle O'Reilly has been made by Curtis & Co., Publishers, of Boston. The work is perfect in every detail, preserving not only the bold relief characteristics of the originals but all the minute artistic shadings in the poet's bust and in the form, features, and draperies of the group. This excellence has been attained through the superior skill with which the plates have been executed, and through the fine quality of the paper used, which is of French manufacture, platinized by a process unknown in this country and imported specially for these pictures by the publishers. The bust and group are finished in similar sizes, at $1.00 each. They form attractive companion pictures, and there is a larger single picture of the group at $2.00. Curtis & Co., Publishers, Boston.

PRAYER.

From Kaulbach's picture.

1847 Rogers Bros.

"Silver Plate that Wears"

is probably the best-known make of silver-plated ware in the world. Made in original patterns only. Every piece guaranteed. Sold by leading jewelers in all the principal cities.

Meriden Britannia Co.

MERIDEN, Conn.
208 Fifth Ave., New York.
Cripplegate Buildings, E. C., London.

BEARDSLEY'S

Shredded Codfish

Like all superior articles Beardsley's Shredded Codfish is largely imitated, and for greater profit some grocers prefer to sell their customers an inferior article. Therefore, to protect the public and ourselves, we have adopted a new distinguishing feature in the shape of a *Broad Red Band*, encircling the entire package, which is a registered trade-mark. Insist upon the *Broad Red Band* package, and you will always get Beardsley's Shredded Codfish, — best in the world.

J. W. BEARDSLEY'S SONS,
182 West St., New York City.

TWO MARITIME PROVINCES.

THEIR CATHOLIC CENTRES.

James Angus McKinnon.

EARLY three hundred years have passed into history since the Huguenot, De Monts, and the Catholic Champlain grounded their craft on the Nova Scotian shore. With the passage of the centuries, Catholicism in Acadia has grown and ramified till, to-day, in every town and in nearly every village of the sea-girt province a Catholic church bears eloquent testimony to the missionary zeal of the Catholic priesthood.

Priests and people of those early days have long since passed from mortal ken; their little chapel of rough-hewn logs on the summit of Port Royal has crumbled into dust; but the faith they loved lives on, illumining hundreds of altars.

The eyes of faith see beautiful visions, and who shall say but that to those exiled devotees the rude walls of their wooden temple were those of the New Jerusalem in the vision of St. John?

Catholic colonization means poverty, toil, and sacrifice. All three fell to the lot of the early Nova Scotian settlers, and internal strife incited by the fanaticism of the Huguenots added not a little to their difficulties. The Micmac sagamore, Membertou, was the first convert to Catholicity. With his wife and children he was solemnly baptized by Father La Flèche, and became the good missionary's faithful ally. This work of conversion was zealously pursued among the wigwams of the Micmacs till Christianity replaced heathenism, and the children of the forest knelt in prayer with the self-exiled sons of France.

The story of growth from this humble inception of Catholicity in Port Royal to the culmination of Catholic effort in the erection and development of an archiepiscopal see in Halifax, the commercial and legislative capital of Nova Scotia, is best told by the number of churches, convents, and colleges, bringing to bear upon life in the peninsula the productive forces of civilization ennobled by religion.

In the summer of 1749 the site of the city of Halifax was an unbroken wilderness; in the autumn of the same year three hundred log-houses surrounded by a palisade of brush and defended by two forts, gave shelter to nearly three thousand colonists, sent out by the "Lords of Trade and Plantations" to found a settlement on Chebucto harbor, one of the finest harbors in the world, admirably adapted to purposes of defence. The governor's residence was erected on the site now occupied by the Provincial Parliament building, and with most imposing ceremonies the name Halifax was given to the town in honor of the Earl of Halifax the patron of the Honorable Edward Cornwallis, the first governor. Though founded under favorable auspices the new settlement suffered much, particularly on the outskirts of the town, where the settlers lived in constant dread of the scalping knife in the hands of hostile Indians. Despite such difficulties, however, Halifax grew rapidly in population and importance, and stands to-day the stronghold of

MOST REV. CORNELIUS O'BRIEN, D.D.,
Archbishop of Halifax.

British power in Canada, and one of the wealthiest cities of its size on the continent.

In material composition and character Halifax is essentially aristocratic. No iconoclast has dared to defy the dictates of established taste by employing gingerbread architecture or gaudy trappings in the erection of private dwelling or public hall. Solid, and massive, and gray with the grayness that speaks of age and honors, the city impresses strangers as being the abode of sombre respectability, undisturbed by modern activity. The bastions, guns, and massive gates tell of hidden forces, but these are times of peace, and no flag of truce is needed to gain admission to the city. The traveler is welcomed within its gates, and after a brief residence the peculiar spell of life in a garrison town holds the stranger in its thrall. There is a total absence of the hurry, bustle, and hideous noise characteristic of life in American cities beyond the border; there are no extravagant exhibitions of wealth or no pitiful displays of the depths of poverty; the happy medium prevails in the fortunes of the people, and their quiet content is the result of inmunity from care, they being neither embarrassed by riches nor harassed by want. In the olden days this famous seaport reaped a golden harvest from its maritime advantages, to-day it relies upon its manufactures and commerce.

The principal thoroughfare is Barrington, a lengthy street with a marked craving for variety proclaimed not only by the differing character of the buildings upon it, but also in the numerous names it assumes before completing its course. Other important streets are Brunswick, George, Granville, Upper and Lower Water. Through these channels the tide of commerce flows steadily, and is none the less deep for being almost silent in its movements.

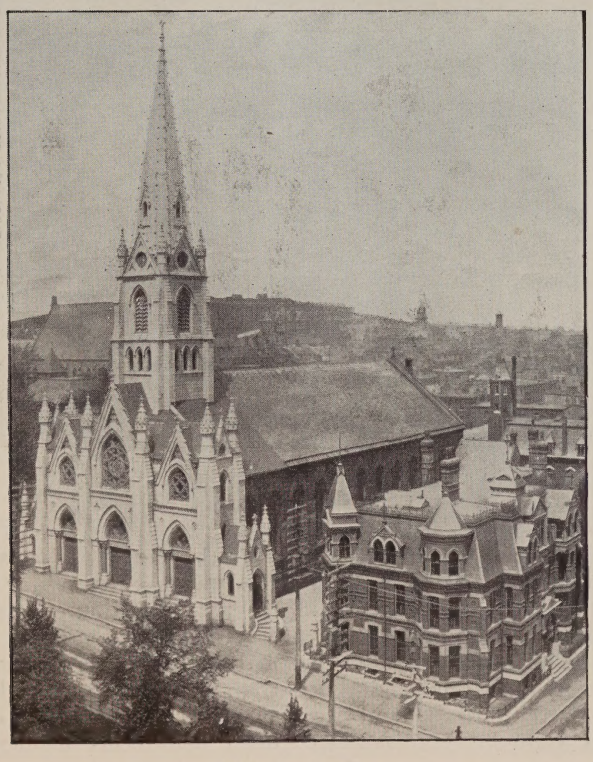
This quiet strength is characteristic not only of the place, but also of the people. You feel that the force is there, dormant it may be, but waking into aggressive life at the pressure of exigency. Perhaps this is the secret of the city's growth. In less than a century and a half Halifax has attained prominence before the world as an exemplar of political and commercial success, internal peace, intellectual development, power, and wealth.

What has the Catholic Church done to aid in this phenomenal growth?

Her acknowledged position in the capital of to-day is the most fitting answer to this question.

Sixty-eight years after Halifax was founded, Catholic interests had acquired such importance that a Vicariate-Apostolic was established, and a quarter of a century later Right Rev. William Walsh, D.D., was consecrated first bishop of Nova Scotia, which in 1852 was raised to the dignity of an archbishopric. On his death in 1858, Most Rev. Thomas L. Connolly, D.D., O. S. F., was promoted to the vacant see of Halifax, and during seventeen years of devoted service his marvellous power of organization and strong personality gave new impetus to the Catholic cause, and added much to Catholic dominion. His death was a national sorrow, even those most bitterly opposed to him as a Catholic prelate paying generous tribute to his worth as a man. Most Rev. Michael Hannan succeeded, but his time of service was brief. For five years he labored among his people, and then passed from the church militant.

If as Von Humboldt asserts, the finest product of our civilization is a man, it follows that there can be no



St. Mary's Cathedral,
Halifax, N. S.

finer product of Catholic civilization than the resultant of such character forces as mould the priest, patriot, and litterateur. Such is the three-fold right of His Grace the Most Rev. Cornelius O'Brien, the present archbishop of Halifax, to high place among men as the honored head of the hierarchy in the maritime provinces.

The Church in Halifax has made ample provision for the spiritual needs of her children and for the instruction of Catholic youth. Saint Mary's cathedral, a magnificent structure of gray-stone and granite beautifully situated on Spring Garden road, is an enduring monument to the enthusiasm and religious zeal of Catholic Halifax. In massive architecture, decorative splendor, and chaste beauty of detail, it stands unrivalled. Saint Joseph's, a very pretty church, and Saint Patrick's are other centres round which cluster Catholic interests. In connection with these churches numerous sodalities, clubs, total abstinence and benevolent societies are actively engaged promoting Catholic welfare and extending Catholic influence.

THE LATE MONSIGNOR J. CARMODY,
Halifax, N. S.

In the death of Monsignor Carmody the late respected pastor of St. Patrick's Church, the Church has sustained a severe loss. Long and closely identified with every movement relative to Catholic advancement he can ill be spared, but the lesson of his life lies open before his people, the beautiful lesson of a noble career.

Educational opportunities are within the reach of all. From the kindergarten to the college no barrier intervenes. Free schools with the privilege of denominational instruction after hours are open all over the country; no section is without its school. In the city proper, class-rooms rented from the church authorities are occupied by Catholic children taught by the Sisters of Charity and a staff of lay teachers. In connection with Saint Mary's is the Cathedral school instructing nearly one thousand children, and the schools in the parishes of Saint Joseph and Saint Patrick provide for upwards of five hundred more. These are entirely free, the city and government defraying all expense, and assuming control of all matters relative to the conduct of the schools during the hours of instruction decreed by the Board of Education. The Sisters wear the garb of their order, and are permitted to take the Normal School course in their mother-house, but otherwise are subject to the same regulations as lay teachers. This famous teaching order with its headquarters at the Mount has won recognition beyond the boundaries of the province; the parochial school attached to Saint Patrick's church, Roxbury, Mass., conducted by Sisters from the Mount being considered one of the best in the State. The handsome academy now in course of completion at Wellesley Hills, will without doubt add to their laurels. The Mount itself beautifully situated on Bedford Basin is deserving of more attention than can be paid it in the limits of a magazine article. Beginning as an academy for private pupils, in less than a quarter century it became the great educational source of the archdiocese with missions at Church Point, Eelbrook, Metaghan, Prospect, West Pubnico, Hamilton, and in four parishes in the diocese of Antigonish. In addition to its work as a teaching order it also conducts the orphan asylum, and infirmary in Halifax.

Other religious orders identified closely with the growth of Halifax and its intellectual development are the Ladies of the Sacred Heart, the Eudist Fathers, and the Christian Brothers, each order doing noble service in its special mission, and all uniting in zealous effort to advance the interests of Catholicism.

The Catholics of Halifax stand well

CONVENT OF THE SACRED HEART,
Halifax, N. S.

RIGHT REV. JOHN CAMERON, D.D.,
Bishop of Antigonish.

in the esteem of their fellow citizens. Their acknowledged patriotism, undoubted ability and progressive character have placed them in the highest positions in the gift of the people. A Catholic governor controls the interests of the province. Catholic mayors have administered civic affairs, Catholic legislators have their voice in all matters of public interest, and the Catholic vote, there as elsewhere, is a most important factor in all political issues.

It is a just cause for pride that in the recent election Catholics supported the whole ticket of their party irrespective of creed, another proof of the incorruptibility of the Catholic vote. Their honorable mode of procedure stands out in marked contrast to that of a certain element comprising members of both political parties who saw fit to satisfy prejudice at the expense of conscience, their desire to exclude the Catholic candidates driving them to the employment of tactics abhorred and condemned by honest men of all denominations.

The Acadian missions in this Archdiocese form an interesting study, those in the district of Clare, along St. Mary's Bay being of special interest, as the scene of the labors of Abbe Sigogne, who lived for the weal of his expatriated countrymen, and lives to-day in the loving memory of thousands of their descendants. Their very love for this pioneer priest makes it difficult to extract from the Acadian French a correct outline of his history; with the old it is surrounded by a halo, with the young it is a beautiful tradition, with all time and place are of less importance than the kindly deed, the broad Christian charity, the tender grace, and noble self-sacrificing character that marked Jean Mande Sigogne God's chosen apostle among His Acadian people. On a desolate waste on the Nova Scotian coast, the sea moaning at his feet, a gray sky overhead, a dreary stretch of sparsely-settled country in the back-ground, alone, with the possibility of many years before him, years of toil without congenial companionship or the consoling associations of home, the young priest realized that he had found his life work and bravely accepted his mission. Forty-six years of loving service, and then — the end is best told in the words of one who followed in his footsteps: —

> When the Vespers of All Souls were sung in the year of grace 1844, the Abbe Sigogne was nigh to death, and while yet the echo of the requiem was sobbing and moaning on the Autumn air, while the trees and the shrubs he had loved so well were standing all bare and lonely, as if in mute sympathy, his pure soul went out to meet the reward of its exile, and sorrow, and labor.

The fruits of his labor were known to all when a few years ago the churches of Clare could not contain the multitude assembled to do him honor. So out in the open field round the altar stone on which he had inscribed "*Hic stetit ara Christi*" knelt thousands of Catholics thanking God for the gift of faith. Over the remains of the revered missionary was placed a massive monument of white marble, and out on the Point a more lasting memorial has been erected to do him honor, the

college of Saint Anne, conducted by the Eudist Fathers for the higher education of Acadian youth. May every graduate passing from its walls carry into the world with him the singleness of purpose, the purity of life, and the incomparable zeal for the service of his Maker that characterized the holy exile, the pioneer priest of Clare.

Another name very near to the hearts of Acadian Catholics is that of the Rev. James Daly, who for nearly forty years has labored for their welfare, has shared with them their times of need, and, thank God, has been spared to share with them their merited prosperity. The beautiful brick church at Metaghan, the Star of the Sea, is the pride of St. Mary's Bay. May the years be many before its honored and beloved pastor ceases to minister at its altar.

In the eastern counties Catholic interests centre in the Diocese of Antigonish, to which town the see was transferred from Arichat in 1886. The memorable occasion of the silver jubilee of the Right Reverend John Cameron, D. D., the present Bishop of Antigonish, was fittingly celebrated in June of last year, when in Saint Ninian's Cathedral, His Grace the Archbishop paid eloquent tribute to the worth and works of the much beloved prelate. The following extract from his Grace's sermon is a masterly resumé of the chief events of Bishop Cameron's administration, and of the results of a quarter century of Catholic effort.

Twenty-five years have come and gone since that May day in 1870, when in the Chapel of the Propaganda College, Rome, where the quiet and earnest student, John Cameron, had made a solid and brilliant course of studies, the Rev. John Cameron, D. D., in the prime of manhood, was consecrated a Bishop. And now, after those years, you have assembled to congratulate him, and to praise God with and for him and for his labors on your behalf. I was one of the chaplains at his consecration and thus I am link between that event in Rome twenty-five years ago and this demonstration to-day. Naturally on an occasion of this kind we survey the field of his labors and make a reckoning of his achievements. "By their fruits you shall know them" is the heaven-given gauge of man's character and professions.

I shall not attempt, neither is it necessary

REV. JAMES DALY, of Metaghan, N. S.

when addressing you, to enter into the details of the Episcopate of Bishop Cameron. The spiritual good effected can be known to God only; some faint idea, however, may be had of it when we remember that he has visited six times the whole of his extensive Diocese, thus periodically blessing by his Episcopal labors and ministrations his people, and enheartening them in the strife against sin; that he has approved of and encouraged the erection of numerous pious sodalities and confraternities, whereby a spirit of piety has been engendered and fostered in the souls of many; that the organization of parishes and parochial work has been improved; that the number of convents — those blessed centres of knowledge, piety, and true refinement — has been increased from two to twelve, and that twenty-three new churches have been built and dedicated to divine worship.

There are other works, which, whilst material in their nature, are nevertheless necessary for the growth of piety, knowledge, and religion in the Diocese, and of these there is a goodly showing. It is true that unaided by priests and people, a Bishop, how zealous soever, could not accomplish them. But it is also true that to him, as leader and chief executive, their successful issue is to be chiefly attributed. A few of these works may be mentioned. This grand cathedral, a monument of faith and generosity, was burdened by a debt of $36,000 when his Lordship assumed control of the Diocese. In a few years that debt was paid off. A new college was built at a cost of $30,000, and endowed to the extent of $23,000. Moreover, an Episcopal residence and twenty-five commodious parochial houses have been erected. All these are pleasing evidences of the steady progress of religion, of the enlightened zeal of the Bishop, and of the large-hearted generosity of priests and people.

The college of Saint Francis Xavier founded by Bishop McKinnon is accomplishing noble work in the education of Catholic youth. Its reputation for thoroughness of training is drawing to Antigonish students from all parts of the Maritime Provinces. The cultured, zealous faculty may well be proud of the success of their efforts.

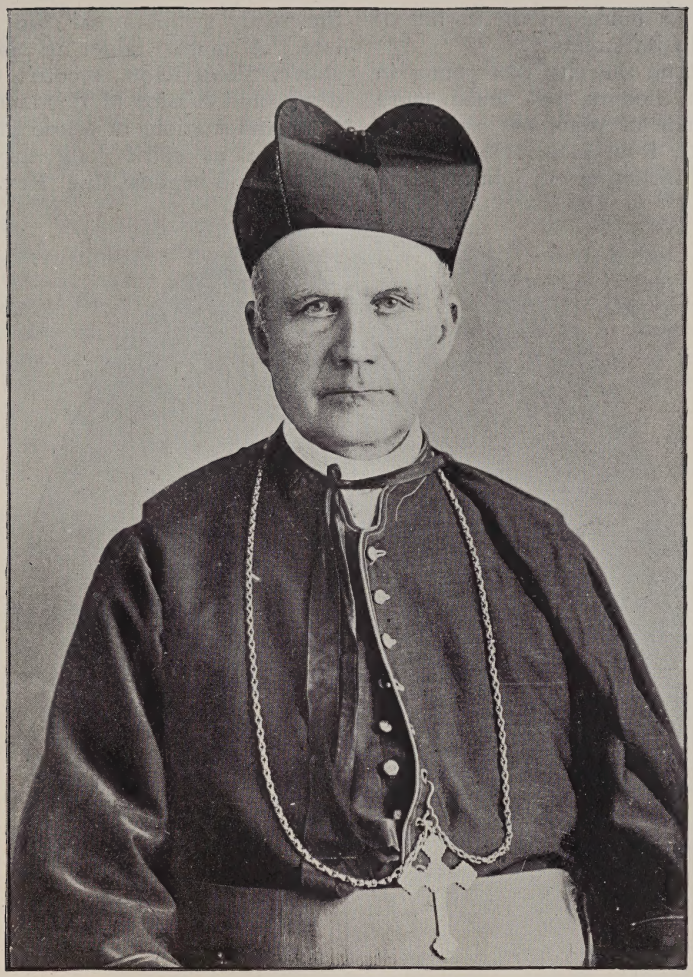
The missions connected with the Church in Antigonish are many and cover every field of Christian labor.

Every church and wayside chapel in the Province of Nova Scotia discloses a chapter of Catholic history, a sublime recital of heroic deeds, unremitting endeavor, and self-abnegation, that will never be fully known except by Him, who calls to His service, "The spirits of angels and the hearts of men."

Closely allied to Nova Scotia, not only in its geographical location, but also by those stronger ties of early associations and community of interests, is the Province of New Brunswick, a fair country richly endowed in natural resources and picturesque beauty of scenery. The dramatic incidents in the history of the early colonization of this province have furnished much material to the novelist's pen, notably the tragic scenes at the mouth of the St. John, where a woman with a warrior's soul defied the tyrant and coward, D'Aulnay. The records of any country do not present a more vivid picture of man's brutality than that presented by the brutal victor ordering the brave "Lady of the Fort" to be dragged by a rope round her neck to witness the execution of her followers and friends. Rare qualities of mind and heart governing the noblest impulses of humanity, magnificent loyalty to her husband's cause, and intrepid courage undaunted by disaster till with the death of her people hope died in her valiant heart, illumine even the darkest passages of her checkered destiny.

The "Old Fort" is a memory. Times of peace have changed the scene of warfare, and a city pulsing with the forces of civilization stands on the rocky promontory at the mouth of the St. John, the beautiful river, so-called from having been discovered by De Monts and Champlain on Saint John's day. St. John is larger than Halifax, more cosmopolitan in character, and possesses a greater share of natural advantages, facts that account perhaps for the friendly enmity (if such a term be allowable) existing between the sister cities. It has ever been the custom to regard the eldest born as the rightful possessor of the choicest portions, but St. John is a shrewd young sister, and insists upon having her rights, particularly in the matter of the winter port, long a bone of contention. With the happy adjustment of this difficulty the cities will be apt to emulate the example of many of their sons and daughters and enter into a lasting alliance. If capacity for suffering is a test of strength then St. John is strong indeed. Few trials have been spared her. Fire has ravaged her streets, destroyed her shipping in the harbor, and in the great conflagration of 1877 consumed fully a third of the city. This accounts for the modern aspect of the business centre. It has been entirely rebuilt of brick and stone. When the volume of flame rushed through the triple arch of the "old bell-tower" the bell in the turret tolled for the woes of a homeless people, its last message ere it sank in the ruins of the historic landmark. The "Barrack Green," originally occupied by troops when St. John was a garrison town, became the camping ground of destitute citizens reduced to the shelter of shanties and the acceptance of rations provided by the executive committees.

Nearly twenty years have elapsed since then, and little outer vestige remains of the ruin wrought; the real in-



Right Rev. John Sweeny, D.D.
Bishop of St. John, N. B.

jury is made manifest in the altered fortunes of formerly prosperous citizens, and in the decrease of industrial activities.

There is another memorable date, an earlier one, in the history of St. John, "the year of the cholera" an epoch of death, desolation, and orphanage. Old residents tell of the appalling seizure of victims, their swift agony ending in death, the constant passing of hearses through the city streets, and the open trenches in which the dead were hurriedly interred. From the depths of a great sorrow rose a blessing to the city. The cries of the homeless orphans brought to St. John the Sisters of Charity, the daughters of Saint Vincent De Paul. To the desolate waifs their sombre garb was as the raiment of angels, and the humble shelter they opened for them a palace of delights. To provide better accommodation for the orphans Bishop Connolly and his clergy gave up to them their own residence on the Cathedral grounds and

removed to a house on the corner of Coburg and Cliff streets.

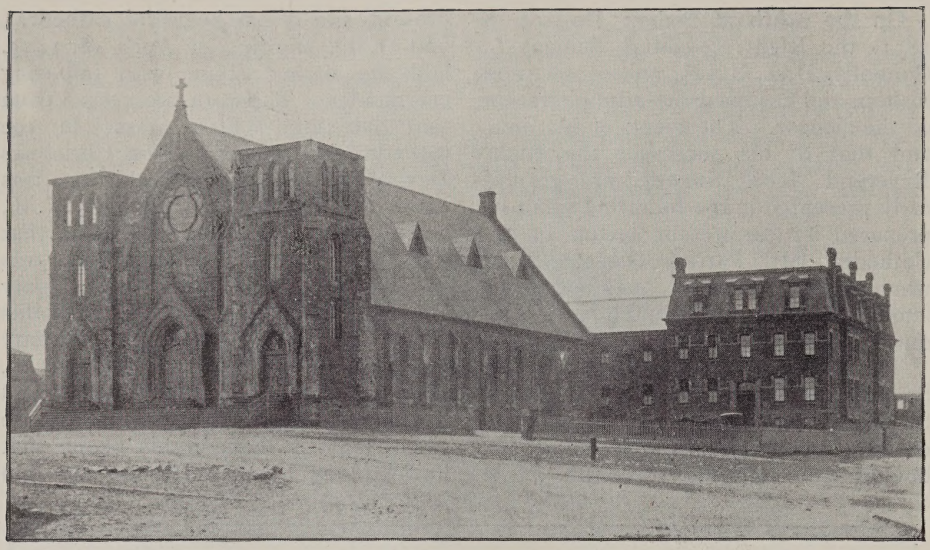
At that time the city was young in its diocesan honors, not much more than a decade of years having passed since the Rt. Rev. James Dollard was consecrated Bishop of St. John. Every Catholic child born in the diocese has learned to speak the name of "Bishop Dollard" in accents of loving reverence. A half century has not effaced the memory of him who held the sesame to all hearts. Those of his flock who still remain tell of the deeds of charity, the words of cheery encouragement, and the ready sympathy of the holy prelate. A mural tablet in Saint Dunstan's, Fredericton, records the birth, death, and mission of this man of God, the manifestations of whose great heart and zealous spirit long survive him. His grand-nephew, the Rev. William Dollard, rector of Our Lady of the Rosary, St. Stephen, is widely known as a close student of Irish literature, an eloquent lecturer, and a true exponent ot the beauties of Irish music. To the facile pen of his brother, James Benjamin Dollard, the readers of DONAHOE'S owe many delightful hours.

RIGHT REV. WM. DOLLARD, D D.,
First bishop of New Brunswick.

On the death of Bishop Dollard, in 1851, the Right Reverend Thomas L. Connolly, D.D., O.S.F., was consecrated bishop, and assumed the administration of the diocese. The events of his time, and that of his successor the Right Reverend John Sweeny, are graphically presented in the following synopsis prepared by the present sexton of the Cathedral, Mr. Patrick Gleeson, than whom no man is better qualified to relate the history of the Church in St. John during a period of forty years.

The bishop soon after his arrival in St. John, seeing that the old church of St. Malachi was too small to accomodate the congregation worshipping in it, bought from R. F. Hazen Esq., the present site of the beautiful cathedral, and on the morning of April 18, 1853, laid the corner stone with imposing ceremonies. The work progressed from that date and "First Mass" in the cathedral was celebrated on Christmas Day 1855. In 1859 the bishop was appointed Archbishop of Halifax, N. S., and early in 1860, the word came that the Very Rev. John Sweeny, V.G., was appointed bishop, which gave very great satisfaction to the Catholics of this province, especially to those of the city of St. John. On Sunday, April 15, 1860, he was consecrated bishop, and has happily presided over his diocese since; it is the hope of his people that he may long be spared to do so. On

St. Vincent's Convent,
St. John, N. B.



ST. PETER'S CHURCH AND RECTORY,
Portland, St. John, N. B.

August 15, 1860, the Right Rev. James Rogers was consecrated Bishop of Chatham, the province of New Brunswick being then divided into two dioceses. Of the many prelates and priests present at the consecration of Dr. Sweeny, he and a few others remain. His Lordship completed the cathedral and added to it St. Joseph's and the Virgin's Chapels. On July 16, 1885, the cathedral was consecrated by the Archbishop of Halifax, assisted by many bishops and priests and a great attendance of the laity. The night of the sixteenth was celebrated by a torch-light procession of the Catholic societies, temperance, religious and literary. The city had not seen anything like it, since the night of August 3rd, 1860, on the occasion of the visit of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales to the city and province.

The churches and buildings erected since the great fire of June 20, 1877, are:

St. Malachi's Hall.

St. Joseph's Hall.

The Home of Mater Misericordiæ, Sydney Street, for old people; also a new addition to the St. Patrick's industrial building at Silver Falls, and a fine new brick building added to the convent on Cliff Street for the schools.

In 1883, the new St. Peter's.

In 1884, St. John the Baptist, Lower Cove.

In 1892, Holy Trinity Church, (Valley).

The clergy at present in St. John and vicinity are Rt. Rev. John Sweeny, D.D., Rev. T. Casey, Rev. F. J. McMurray, Rev. A. J. O'Neill, Rev. A. Robichaud, Cathedral.

Very Rev. Thos. Connolly, V.G., Rev. W. C. Gaynor, Curate, St. John the Baptist.

The Rev. Redemptorist Fathers Weigel, Donahue, Krein, Connolly, Trimple, St. Peter's, North End.

The Rev. John J. Walsh, P.P., Holy Trinity.

The Rev. J. J. O'Donovan, P.P., Carleton, West End.

The Rev. C. Collins, St. Rose, Fairville.

The Rev. Father Gallagher, Silver Falls, Simonds.

This strong presentment of facts is

the most convincing proof of the growth of Catholicism in St. John.

In this maritime city there is a thoroughfare bearing the historic name of Waterloo, and midway down its length the Catholic Church in Southern New Brunswick has reared its citadel and thrown up its fortifications. Just on the crest of the hill stands the noble cathedral of the Immaculate Conception, its golden high towering cross marking the city's furthest point from earth, and very appopriately the nearest to heaven. Over the arch of the portal to the right of the great central door the story of the Last Supper is told in stone, and thousands of little children daily pause on their homeward way to feel in their young souls the throb of desire to share in the sacred feast. From the tower below the golden cross the chime of bells appeals to older devotees, and well do they respond, a fact to which an unwilling early riser of different faith bore grudging testimony in the remark, "You can't rest with those Catholics, they're always tramping to Mass."

But after the Masses are said the tramp of feet is still heard, thousands of feet, and with the noise is agreeably blended the chatter of tongues and bursts of laughter as the children troop away to the different schools waiting to receive them. One trail worn in the asphalt pavement leads into Cliff street, and ends significantly at St. Vincent's convent, the training school of Catholic girlhood, and the mother-house of the order of the sisters of St. Vincent de Paul, the famous teaching order primarily brought to St. John for the guardianship of orphans.

From this house are supplied teachers for St. Vincent's and St. Joseph's schools, St. John proper; St. Peter's, Portland; St. Patrick's, Carleton; St. Dunstan's, Fredericton; the Boys' Industrial school, Silver Falls; and the convents of Memramcook and Buctouche.

To direct this great educational force, and administer the affairs of so large a community requires rare executive ability, tact, and judgment, all three possessed in an eminent degree by the Reverend Mother Augustine, the ruling spirit of the mother-house and beloved head of the order. The financial stability of the numerous convents and institutions under her direction are sufficient proof of Mother Augustine's right to the encomium paid her as "The brightest business woman in New Brunswick." The thousands of pupils who have gone out from St. Vincent's remember less clearly those qualities of mind than the dominant influence of the loving heart and zealous spirit moulding their young lives on the highest ideals of Catholic womanhood. "I feel old age creeping on" wrote this friend of girlhood to a former pupil, "But, thank God, I can still attend to duty."

Yes, even in the glow of the sunset, with the radiance deepening towards the land of promise, this dearly-loved mother, teacher, and friend, points to the beacon of duty as the guiding light of those who would enter into "the reward of the hundred-fold."

The Ladies of the Sacred Heart are also doing noble service in the interests of education. The great pile of buildings on Mount Pleasant, overlooking the valley, and formerly known as "Reed's Castle," is now pointed to with pride by St. John Catholics as the "Academy of the Sacred Heart."

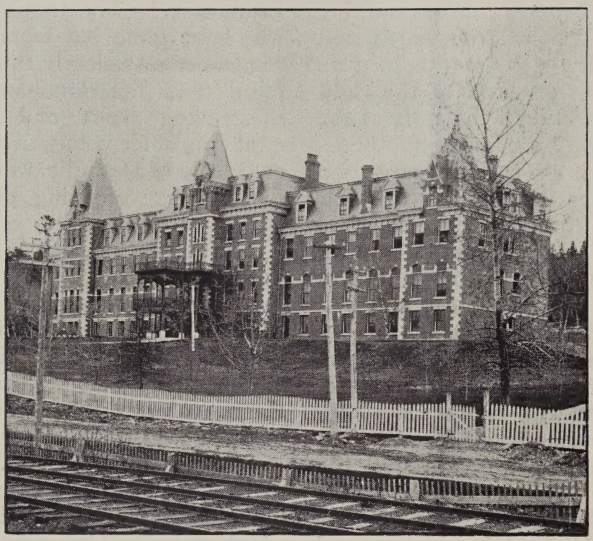
In the city, St. Malachi's (so-called from having been erected on the site of the old St. Malachi's church), makes provision for the education of eight hundred Catholic boys, instructed by lay teachers under the efficient principalship of Mr. James Barry.

When the cry "Free Schools" was raised in the Province, bigots were not lacking to force compulsory measures on Catholics, measures opposed to justice and truth, but the wisdom, the infinite patience, and indomitable perseverance of one man defeated their aims, and threw wide the doors of free schools, recognizing the existence of a God. To the honored head of the

Church in St. John, the Right Reverend John Sweeny, Catholics owe their exceptional educational advantages. He it was who opposed the King act in its entirety, and secured such legislation as made it possible for Catholics to accept free education without forswearing faith, That was a memorable day in March 1877, when the system was inaugurated, and children trooped from all parts of the city to enter upon their career as free school pupils.

The same far-seeing policy that governed his Lordship in the free school agitation actuated the erection of the college at Memramcook, and the foundation of the colony of Johnville, where a thriving town replaces a wilderness, and a prosperous people thank God and their bishop for their bettered fortunes. Possessed of a deep conviction that removal to farms is the true means of relieving distress in congested cities, Bishop Sweeny has successfully demonstrated the truth of his theory, and in the Industrial School at Silver Falls, is affording orphaned and destitute boys every opportunity to become followers of husbandry.

On the occasion of his Lordship's silver jubilee, a leading daily in summing up his career, commented on the loss society had sustained because the honored prelate so seldom came among his fellow citizens in the character of a guest. While ever ready and eminently fitted to fill his place as a dignitary of the church, his manifold duties as the Father of his people lay nearer to his heart and ever claimed his unwearying attention.



MOUNT ST. VINCENT, Halifax, N. S. P. 5.

In his long and eminently successful administration Bishop Sweeny has been specially favored by having the zealous co-operation of the Very Reverend Thomas Connolly, the Vicar General of the diocese. Strong in character, lofty in principle, gifted with a keen wit, and at times (with respect be it said) a caustic tongue, Monsignor Connolly is not found easy of approach by those of sordid purpose or insincere motive. But those who seek him for the consoling ministrations of his sacerdotal office, or in times of temporal need, know him as the wisest of counsellors, and truest of friends.

The existing condition of the Church

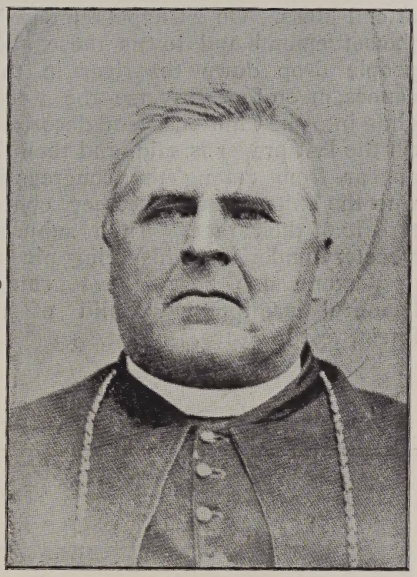
in the North End is an eloquent tribute to the work of the Redemptorist Fathers, who assumed charge of St. Peter's in 1883, and by their energy and zeal built up a prosperous parish. The Rev. Michael Oates, C. SS. R., now connected with the Mission Church, Roxbury, was the first rector of the new St. Peter's. During his mission among them he won the hearts of the Portland people, Catholics and Protestants alike holding him in high esteem, and alike deploring his departure when, his labor accomplished, the summons came to begin again in another field.

What wonder that under such guidance and with their natural endowments St. John Catholics have advanced so rapidly. They are prominent in commercial activities, in the discharge of executive and legislative functions, in brief, in every line of public effort requiring integrity of character and intellectual attainment.

In their social environment the Catholic people are very happy. There is no restless pursuit of enjoyment. Intellectual pleasures are numerous, music has its devotees, and the joys of home-life are nowhere more keenly appreciated. Social reunions are of frequent occurrence, and twice in the year there is a grand gathering of Cathedral parishioners; on Saint Patrick's night to do honor to local talent presented in varied form, and on that day of days when the weather being favorable the "bell rings at eight" and old and young respond to its call, descend the heights enclosing the valley, and cross the glistening tracks where wait the special trains for "The Bishop's picnic."

The fact that the proceeds of both these joyous occasions swell the orphans' fund adds not a little to the enjoyment of the pleasure seekers.

At the time of Bishop Sweeny's accession the vast extent of territory under his control subjected his clergy to such extremes of suffering that a division of the Diocese was decreed by the Holy Father, and in August of the same year the Right Reverend James Rogers was consecrated Bishop of northern New Brunswick, with his see at Chatham. Thoroughly alive to the interests of his people, endowed with a winning personality, and imbued with a religious zeal that his missionary labors in Nova Scotia



RIGHT REV. JAMES ROGERS, D.D.
Bishop of Chatham, N. B.

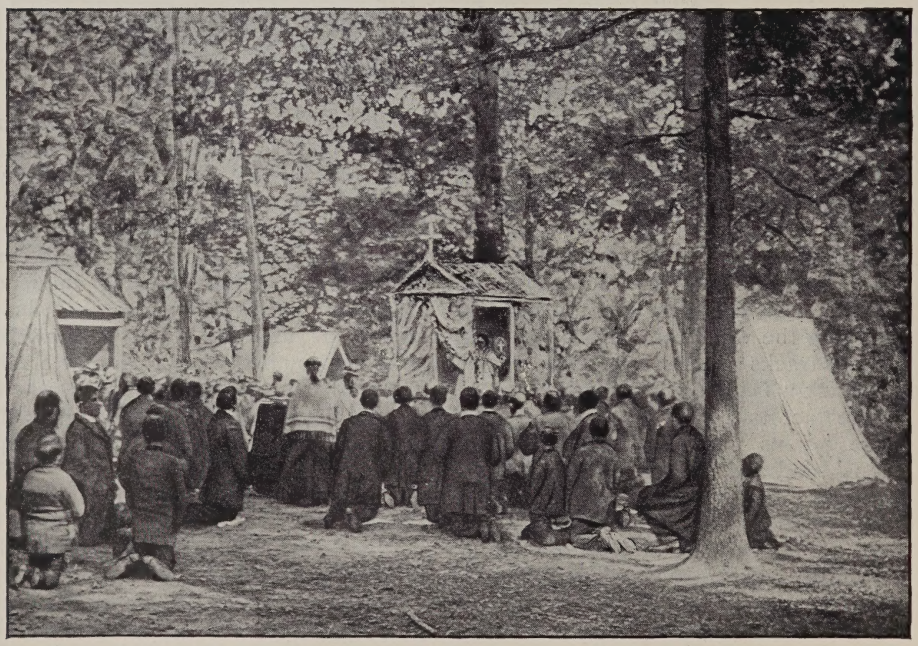
had served to intensify, Bishop Rogers entered on his episcopal office, and like his brother in the South made marvellous progress in building up a Catholic country. Churches rose in the most remote parts of his diocese, and convents spread their refining influence among the people. No line of Catholic effort was unheeded, but perhaps the most heroic mission of all is that of the Hospital Nuns of Saint Joseph, who in the Government hospital at Tracadie care for the most isolated and unhappy of God's afflicted, the lepers.

This special feature of the work of the Catholic Church, its loving care of its distressed children is also beautifully illustrated in the Indian Reservations. Defrauded of their rights, reduced to dire poverty, and driven forth to starve, the Indian tribes would have been lost indeed if the Church had not opened her

arms to them, gathered them into communities, taught them the arts of peace, and led them upward to a knowledge of God. They reward her devotion by clinging tenaciously to the faith, and rebuke Catholics of higher race pretensions by braving storm and distance to attend Mass. On "Chapel Sunday" in the settlements and towns these silent people drop down the river in their canoes, or on foot traverse the woods, glide into the Church, attend decorously till the last prayer is said, and then disappear from among the congregation with the swiftness and secrecy characteristic of their race. In a suburban cemetery under the whispering pines a grey stone slab bears the touchingly beautiful inscription "Child of the forest, rest in peace."

Bigotry is waning among the people of the Provinces. Now and again it asserts itself in malignant form such as the recent effort to drive the Sisters out of the schools in Bishop Rogers' diocese, but despite such differences social life flows smoothly, education and the knowledge of the better traits of individual character that comes from close association have bred tolerance and mutual regard, and peace prevails.

By toil of hand and brain, by inexhaustible energy and perseverance, the Catholic element has become a power demanding recognition, and receiving it, grudgingly it may be at times, and often delayed but ultimately conceded, another instance of "the victory of spirit over matter, of right over wrong, of enlightenment over ignorance."



GOOD MORNING.

Meyer von Bremen's popular picture.
Berlin, 1879.

MARY IMMACULATE.

A. Grass-Beussel

Donahoe's Magazine.

VOL. XXXVI. BOSTON, SEPTEMBER, 1896. NO. 3.

IS MILLAIS A GREAT ARTIST?

BERNARD MORGAN.

MILLAIS and Leighton, or Leighton and Millais, are the two foremost names in the Victorian epoch of painting. Leighton's career has been closed by death. Millais is (as we write) still living and President of the Royal Academy in succession to his life-long friend; but his career as a painter has also run its course. Both have been honored by titles of distinction, by the admiration of their contemporaries in art, and by popular applause, and both have been indefatigable workers — but here ends all similarity between them. In artistic temperament, method and evolution, they are as different as it is possible for two artists to be, who belong to the same race, period and environment. When you have said that in art Leighton was an ancient Greek, and Millais an end-of-the-century Anglo-Saxon, you have done no violence to the truth. Of the two, Millais is perhaps the better known in America, partly, no doubt, owing to the fact that some ten years ago a large number of his works were placed on exhibition in Boston and New York.

Like Leighton, Millais gave early proof of his artistic leaning and precocity. Born in 1829, he was only six years of age when he furnished a taste of his quality by sketching some of the French officers stationed at Dinan in Brittany, where he was staying for a time with his father and mother. Three years later, we are told, Sir Archer Shee, then President of the Royal Academy, declared that "nature had provided for the boy's success as an artist." If Sir Archer did really make the remark, he proved a true prophet, and his saying began to be fulfilled a few months later, when the youth, who had meanwhile become a student in the famous art school kept by Mr. Sass — one of those rare geniuses endowed with the faculty of teaching others to do what they cannot accomplish themselves — won the silver medal of the Society of Arts for a drawing from the antique. Two years later he was received as a student of the Royal Academy.

Although the youngest member

ever admitted, the character of his work soon brought him to the front, and during his course he won, first, a silver medal, and subsequently with his "Benjamites seizing their Brides" the gold medal of the Institution. "Pizarro seizing the Inca of Peru" which was hung by the Academy in 1846 may be said to represent the culmination of Millais' first period as an artist. Thus far he had shown marvellous dexterity of hand and as much truth to nature as was consonant with the artificial conception of art prevailing at a time when nature was sedulously subordinated to a sterile conventionality.

But the hour of change and ripening was at hand. In 1848, was founded the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood which has left such a deep mark on the art of the second half of the nineteenth century. Millais, whose work during the last fifteen years has been in many ways a flat contradiction of preraphaelitism, threw in his lot with Rossetti, Holman Hunt, Stephens and Collinson in their revolt against the old canons.

Preraphaelitism was in reality only one phase of a general renascence — the Oxford movement represented the religious, the writings of Thackeray and Dickens the literary, and

Sir John E. Millais.

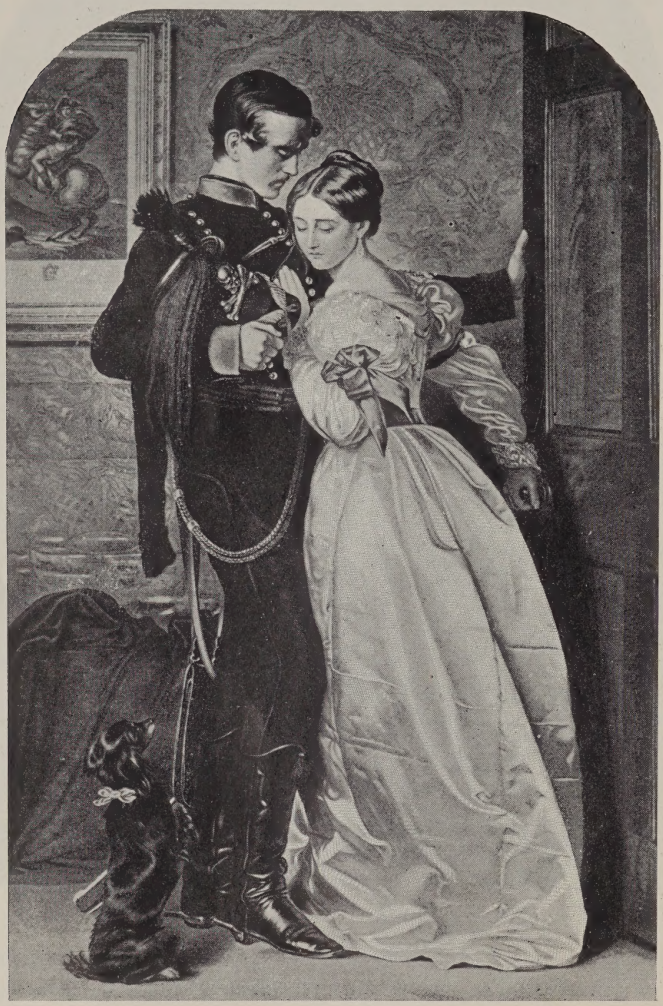
preraphaelitism the artistic expression of a universal and salutary change. If the artists of Rossetti's boyhood could draw (some of them) almost as well as Raphael, they had as little knowledge of or love for natural truth as the Byzantines of a century before Giotto; originality of conception was practically non-existent, and sentiment seldom rose above bathos. The root principle of the new school was one of opposition to the production of art from art itself instead of from nature, or, as Mr. Stephens has expressed it, preraphaelitism objected "to the breeding in and in" system. Secondly, the rebels held that all true art must be didactic—art which did not teach was not worthy the name.

THE HUGUENOT. (Page 228.)

Millais' formal connection with the brotherhood may be said to have lasted from his "Lorenzo and Isabella" in 1849 to his portrait of Mr. Ruskin in 1854. Whether he simply grew out of it, as one critic believes, or found its principles partly false and partly too exacting, as another maintains, may be debated, but it is probable that preraphaelitism with him was little more than a passing craze, and it is quite certain that he never entered into its didactic theory. During this period, the pedantic critics of the time, whom John Ruskin has so magnificently scourged, poured the vials of their wrath on all the preraphaelites. Millais' "Christ in the House of His Parents" was characterized in the *London Times* as "to speak plainly, revolting and disgusting."

Abuse of this kind had doubtless

something to do with moderating the ideas of the young *prèraphaelite enragé*, as a French writer has styled him, for we find that the three pictures he exhibited in 1851 are less violently opposed to conventional canons.



THE BLACK BRUNSWICKER. (Page 230.)

The change thus far was all for the better and rendered possible the painting of "The Huguenot" in 1852. Few pictures — indeed perhaps none — of our time have become more deservedly famous than this masterpiece for which the artist received £150 (with a gratuitous addition of £50) from a dealer. Needless to say the critics were not satisfied; one did not like the color scheme, another objected to the "finnicky" painting of the wall, a third found fault with the hiding of the man's right leg, a fourth doubted whether one of his arms was quite long enough and so on *ad infinitum*. Verily a modern version of the story of Apelles and the critics of ancient Greece! "The Huguenot" has happily survived and the critics are all dead.

Miss Ryan, the Irish lady who posed for the picture, is not beautiful (and the critics objected to her very strongly on this ground), but Millais has put into her face almost as much love and pleading and fear as the human face can possibly contain. The expression in her eyes alone would be sufficient to make a painter's reputation — indeed it set Millais' friends to saying that Millais was the first painter and "The Huguenot" the first picture to represent "woman as

a thing to be loved." Such is the view of Mr. Stephens (one of the original preraphaelites), and the well-known art writer in the *London Spectator* agrees with him, though why they have overlooked Titian (as in his "La Bella" for instance) passeth the wit of man to understand. "The Order of Release" followed in 1853 and strengthened the artist's reputation, though the critics still continued blind and objurgatory.

When "Autumn Leaves" appeared in 1856 John Ruskin went off into one of those rhapsodies with which he has so familiarized us.

"I thought some time ago," he writes in his Art Notes for that year, "that this painter was likely to be headed by others of the school, but Titian himself could hardly head him now."

Alas! before another year had passed the same eye that had seen all this excellence began to "see with consternation, that it was not the Parnassian rock which Mr. Millais was ascending but the Tarpeian. The change in his manner is not merely fall — it is catastrophe; not merely a loss of power — it is reversal of principle."

And so it was to some extent — if Millais did not throw himself headlong from the rock, whether Parnassian or Tarpeian, he certainly ceased to climb and entered upon the easy but downward path of catering to popular taste and pressure. "The

CALLER HERRIN'. (Page 231.)

Black Brunswicker," which twenty or even ten years ago was even more esteemed than "The Huguenot" of which, as anybody with half an eye can see, it is little more than a conventionalized copy, was painted in 1860. The woman is a portrait of Kate Dickens, the novelist's second daughter. But it was not until two years later that Millais really began to devote his art "to the life of his own day" to use the euphemistic phrase of a writer in *The Fortnightly* of 1886 — which means that he began to dash off ephemeral illustrations for books and Christmas numbers, and painted without discrimination everything that came into his head or into the heads of his now clamorous patrons. He has been sometimes compared with Velasquez, but whereas the great Spaniard never ceased to use art as a means of expression for the deeper and more serious part of our nature, Millais thought nothing of squandering his God-given powers in painting pretty young women and bluff old gentlemen for no other reason than because there was a market for them.

THE CHILDREN IN THE TOWER. (Page 232.)

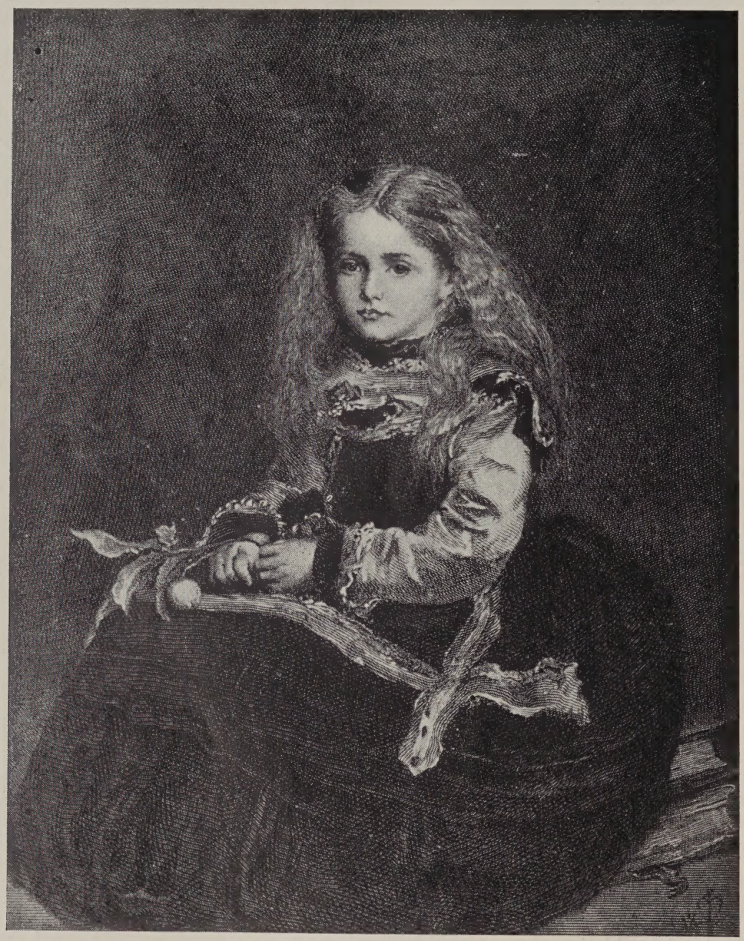
And here we may stop for a moment to inquire how perfect art is born and wherein Millais' art falls short of the perfect. However much people may differ from Mr. Ruskin on particular points, everybody will agree with him when he says: "Thoroughly perfect art proceeds from the heart which involves all the noble emotions, associates with these the head, yet as inferior to the heart, and the hand, yet as inferior to the heart and head, and thus brings out the whole man." In Millais the hand with its marvellous grace and accuracy is the most prominent factor; the head is the

THE BRIDE OF LAMMERMOOR. (Page 233.)

least. He never "mixed his paints with brains" to any great extent and hardly at all in his latest works; the heart played a genuine and powerful part in his early works, but instead of dominating the head and hand it became, in the end, the mere slave of the others. Look, for instance, at the girl in "Caller Herrin'." The pathetic look in her eye will almost bring the tears into yours — but turn back to "The Huguenot" and you will find the same expression there. The effect was a good one — it had "taken" with the people, and the artist does not scruple to paint the same eye in the girl who is in the throes of a death-parting and in the girl who is dreamily contemplating a bloater!

Of course there are many of his later pictures in which the feeling is deep and sincere. The "Children in

the Tower" has been condemned as strained and artificial but there will be many to think that the two forlorn little ones with their delicate white faces looking out of the canvas tell a pathetic tale of the fate in store for them at the hands of their brutal uncle's hired stranglers. And "Effie Deans" is genuinely sad — sadder than is warranted by Sir Walter Scott's story. The reader of the "Heart of Midlothian" will remember how "when it had chappit eight on every clock o' the toun and the sun had gaun down ahint the Corstorphine hills" young Jeanie Deans saw the parting between her sister Effie and young Staunton. Staunton is unsatisfactory, as indeed are the Huguenot and the Brunswicker — Millais seems to have put all the tenderness he had into his women, leaving the men somewhat woodeny. The collie in this picture might have been done by Landseer himself.



SOUVENIR OF VELASQUEZ. (Page 233.)

The reader will observe that in all

the emotional pictures we have noticed as well as in "The Bride of Lammermoor," which is also a favorite, the artist has heightened the interest by leaving the denouement unfinished. In all of them we see a pictorial expression of Campbell's famous line:

And coming events cast their shadows before.

There is true art in this, and this power of telling a story indirectly, yet so clearly as to require little exercise of the imagination or the intellect, has contributed in no small measure to Millais' popularity with an English public whose imaginative and intellectual qualities have never been held to be conspicuous.

If we add to the subject paintings we have mentioned, some really fine landscapes (of which "Autumn Leaves" is perhaps the most famous), two or three portraits (notably that of Mr. Ruskin), and a few studies of child-life, we have probably named all of Millais' pictures that will live. Millais was more successful with children than with grown persons because children think as little as the artist, who could paint anything he saw with his eyes but never seemed to be able to see deeper than his sitter's face and clothes. His child pictures are therefore very popular, — the famous "Bubbles" which all the world now knows as an advertisement for a certain soap, fatally so. In a "Souvenir of Velasquez" we have one of the most charming examples of this kind of work, and "Cherry Ripe" is almost equally graceful.

New Laid Eggs.

Of the host of other canvases by Millais, "New Laid Eggs" deserves a word. It has been described "as perhaps the sweetest picture of English girl-life ever painted;" it is certainly characteristic of Millais' ideal of art, and is about as unprera-

YES, OR NO?

phaelite as anything that can be imagined; but it is sweet enough, if that satisfies anybody. The three pictures, "Yes or No," "Yes," "No," of which "Yes" is far and away the best (though here again the man might be a well-made tailor's block for all the emotion there is in him), explain themselves. The titles of these pictures (reminding one somewhat of Grant Allen's notorious "Woman who Did," with the equally notorious "Woman who Didn't," Woman who Wouldn't," etc.), show signs of that mental hebetude in the artist to which we have already alluded.

When a boy he won a medal with the "Benjamites seizing their Brides," and the next thing he did was to paint "Pizarro seizing the Inca of Peru;" when "The Huguenot" was pronounced a success he straightway produced a second edition in "The Black Brunswicker;" when people told him that the power of "The Huguenot" lay in his painting of the woman's eye, he was perpetually on the lookout for subjects in which he might somehow contrive to paint that expression again; and so in the "Yes and No" series it was always more congenial to run a successful idea to seed than to think out a new one. The explanation of this phenomenon is simply that when Millais shut his eyes to Rossetti and his ears to Ruskin, his one ambition became to paint pictures that would please the British public. Leighton painted his pictures and chose his subjects just as he thought they ought to be painted and chosen, and would probably have done the same kind of work had he lived at any other epoch and in any other coun-

try. Millais aimed at being as national as "God save the Queen" and as up to date as a New York newspaper.

In examining into the causes of Millais' popularity we shall probably not be far wrong in ascribing it chiefly to his common-sense realism, his English tone and the simplicity with which he expresses his ideas — such as they are. His portraits are not great, because they are merely photographs in oil. The difference between a Millais and a Velasquez is the difference between a conscientious newspaper report and an essay by Carlyle. The ideal, or want of ideal, he chose to adopt, robs his pictures of the dignity which is one of the marks of the highest art, and of that refinement and distinction which elevate us in the noblest beauty. His works teach no lesson, and their highest praise is that they do no harm because they always possess at least a negative purity of

YES. (Page 234.)

feeling. But Millais had the artist's eye and hand as no modern painter (with the exception of Sargent) has had them; he saw to a hair's breadth how a thing looked and could paint to a hair's breadth the thing he saw. At one period of his career he bade fair to become the first of English painters; but the English phlegm proved too strong for the artistic impulse, and posterity will perhaps ratify the verdict that "Millais was a great artist—spoiled."

CHERRY RIPE. (Page 233.

THE FRUIT OF THE TREE OF KNOWLEDGE.

KATHERINE E. CONWAY.

IT was Eden sunshine and Eden shade,
And a heart child-simple and unafraid,
A year ago, or ever I prayed
O God, have pity on me!

Then one to my lowliness came down
From his lordly house in yon three-hilled town,
And whatever he touched, he seemed to crown —
O God, have pity on me!

But he hushed the birds in the garden close,
And he kissed the fragrance out of the rose,
And the innocent dreams from my sleep, God knows —
O God, have pity on me!

And he left me naught but the emptiness
Of a heart that crieth through storm and stress
For the vanished kiss and the spent caress —
O God, have pity on me!

I cannot rise to his life above,
I am not fit for the things thereof;
And I loathe the life that I used to love —
O God, have pity on me!

For I know what I never knew before —
That I'm low and witless and plain and poor,
And the best of my kin but a vulgar boor —
O God have pity on me!

Lost love! No blame for the joy that's done.
God's light be fairest thy house upon!
But oh, to go back a year agone!
O God, have pity on me!

THE POLITICAL OVERTURN IN CANADA.

ANNA T. SADLIER.

CANADA for some time past has had but one topic of conversation, the elections past, present and to come. They came and went at last, like other human events, and it is a truism to say that their result was a surprise to a large section of the public, if not to the whole country. Perhaps it was that the Conservatives had acquired the habit of success. For eighteen years successively they have occupied the high places of authority. Perhaps it was that upon this particular occasion the Conservative party was presumed to be on the side of the Church, rather on the side of toleration, social order and the right administration of justice. A dispassionate review of events may serve to give an idea as to whether or not such a presumption was justified.

Sir Charles Tupper, leader of the Conservative party and Premier of Canada, was a veteran statesman who had fought many a legislative battle side by side with Macdonald, Cartier and McGee. He gave up a lucrative position, that of High Commissioner in London, and threw himself into the campaign, with the impetuosity almost of his early manhood. He made as many as three or four speeches a day during the course of the electoral struggle. Everywhere his utterances were characterized by fairness, impartiality and a desire to carry out the ordinances of the Privy Council, while granting justice to an oppressed minority. In no instance does he appear to have deviated from this course.

Even in Toronto, stronghold of a belated and antiquated form of Protestantism, which deals largely with no popery invective and has even been known to sustain its side of the question by violence, Sir Charles made an emphatic declaration of his intentions. Were the heavens to fall, he said, his party would grant remedial legislation to the Catholics of the North-west. After his defeat Sir Charles Tupper's tone was manly, dignified and consistent. He announced that from the opposition benches in the House of Commons he would be prepared to give the

new leader, Mr. Laurier, his cordial support in any measure for the relief of the Catholic minority.

So much for the Conservative leader. What of his lieutenants? The sympathy of Catholics has gone forth especially to the three defeated Cabinet ministers from Quebec, because they were, as a leading Catholic journal observed, "voluntary hostages for the fulfilment of Conservative pledges to the French Catholic minority in Manitoba." Each one had sacrificed or was prepared to sacrifice a great deal for the good cause. Moreover, they were in all respects creditable and honorable representatives of a Catholic people. By certain fanatics they were denounced as ultramontanes, but their most virulent enemy could find no stain upon their public or private character. They were all three men of the highest integrity, whose word was synonymous with honesty and honor.

Hon. A. R. Angers has had a long period of service. He has held with distinction the most honorable offices. A man of mark, he has never sacrificed principle to expediency so that his personal rectitude equals his ability. He signalized his term of office as Lieutenant Governor of Quebec, by the dismissal of the Mercier administration, which he held to be corrupt. He threw himself from the first into the struggle for religious education in Manitoba. He gave his constituents the strongest assurances that he would do his utmost to secure relief for their Catholic brethren of the North-west. These pledges he nobly fulfilled. He resigned his place as Minister of Agriculture in the Bowell administration, because he believed that the government was acting with indecision — perhaps worse, with bad faith in the matter of the Manitoba schools. Mr. Angers gave up, as it then seemed, his present and future prospects in support of his convictions. He took, in short, a noble stand which cannot be too highly estimated by Catholics everywhere.

He declined all offers since made to him, which might have savored of compromise, and consented to return to the Cabinet only upon the positive assurance of Sir Charles Tupper, that a determined effort would be made to right the wrong which had been done to Catholics in depriving them of their schools.

Mr. Angers was called into the reconstructed Cabinet, as President of the Council and leader of the Senate. He was regarded as the embodiment of a sentiment, or rather of a principle, that of enforcing remedial legislation. By an unaccountable occurrence he suffered defeat, in the Catholic city of Quebec, at the hands of his own countrymen. Whatever the political sympathies, it is hard to imagine a Catholic who does not admire the manly, courageous, even heroic stand of Mr. Angers, in the matter of the Manitoba schools. It is a pleasure to know that this view is taken of his conduct, even by honorable opponents, political or religious.

Mr. Taillon, like Mr. Angers, has served his country in a variety of ways and for a considerable term of years; always, too, with honor and distinction. He gave up, at the call of duty, his position as Premier of the Province of Quebec, expressly as he declared, to fight for the cause of Catholic education. His speeches on that subject are both noble and noteworthy. He laid down the axiom that the Catholic Province of

Quebec is the natural protector of Catholic minorities throughout the Dominion. Incidentally, it may be remarked that it has shown itself a true protector of the Protestant minority in its midst.

The noble attitude of these men can only be realized in considering how rarely public men in these days are willing to sacrifice for principle, place, honor and emoluments present or prospective, and face actual poverty. For it is no intrusion upon the sacredness of private life, and it certainly is a fact redounding to their credit, that both these ex-ministers are poor, after long years of official life.

The Hon. L. A. Desjardins, the third defeated candidate for Quebec, though less widely known in political life than his late colleagues, enjoyed both as senator and as mayor of Montreal, the highest esteem of his fellow-citizens. He is in every respect a representative Catholic gentleman, and is universally popular on account of his genial urbanity of manners. He went to Rome as a pontifical zouave, serving in the Canadian contingent with distinction.

Such are the men whom the Province of Quebec has, by a strange anomaly, rejected. Impartial observers will no doubt see in their political careers, matter for respect and admiration. Side by side with them fought and perished for the principle of justice for all, many Protestant gentlemen, whom the country at large must regret, such as Mr. Coatsworth and Mr. Dickey. Others have crossed from the government to the opposition benches, where, it is to be hoped, they will make their voices heard for the same worthy cause.

As to the Liberals and their attitude upon the question of Manitoba schools, it is difficult, of course, to pronounce definitively. In the excitement of a political campaign and the overthrow of a great party long in power, many severe things have been said of those who have now a majority from the people. How far these things are justified will be shown rather by the sessions to come than by those that are past.

Hon. Wilfrid Laurier, prospective leader of the government, has during the many years of his parliamentary career deserved well of his compatriots. His record has been unstained, while his brilliant gifts, rare eloquence and unvarying courtesy, even under the most trying circumstances, have won for him both regard and admiration. It would be idle to deny that he has been one of the most interesting figures in Canadian parliamentary life for a number of years. Many Catholics were pained at Mr. Laurier's attitude upon the School Question. It seemed to them he lacked vigor, straightforwardness and the manly independence which are to be expected in a leader of men. His policy, it was thought, could scarcely have been that of a fearless, outspoken man resolved to defend the rights of the weak at any cost, when it won the praise of virulent sheets, as low in intelligence as in tolerance, and attracted the strife-makers and the enemies of his own faith and race. Mr. Laurier's course was therefore a disappointment to many who had admired his personal magnetism and his talents, who had felt proud of the eminence he had attained.

To this class — and it is a large one — it will be a source of sincere satisfaction to find that Mr. Laurier has been misunderstood, and that he,

too, in his own time and place will know how to champion his oppressed co-religionists and compatriots.

Before going further upon this part of the subject, it may be of interest to take a glance at the various men of mark and merit, who are to be found in the Liberal ranks. First, there is the Premier of the Provincial House in Ontario, Sir Oliver Mowat, well and favorably known to Catholics, though he is not of their faith. He has always ranged himself upon the side of toleration and fair play. It might have been wished, however, that he was in this case more pronouncedly in favor of remedial legislation. Hon. R. W. Scott, who holds a distinguished place in the Senate, whence it is possible he may be called to a more active part in governmental work, is a gentleman, an uncompromising Catholic, conspicuous for integrity, and prominent in legal circles. Another of Mr. Laurier's supporters is that fine type of old French gentlemen, knighted last year by the Queen, Sir Henri Joly de Lotbinière. His course, a long and distinguished one in the Provincial Parliament at Quebec, has been consistently such as to command the applause even of political opponents. Firm, courteous, honest, broad-minded, he has gone out of his way, though a Huguenot, to express his sympathy with the cause of the Catholic minority and his desire to do it justice. Mr. Geoffrion, Q.C., is one of the most distinguished lawyers of Lower Canada; Sir Richard Cartwright, an authority upon finance; Mr. Mills, Mr. Davies, Mr. Devlin, Mr. Fisher are all men who will reflect credit upon the coming administration. Canada need not despair in such hands.

If there has been a feeling of widespread uneasiness amongst Catholics, it has been through the ill-advised and deplorable speech or action of a section of the Liberal party and a certain kind of ignorant or irresponsible newspaper comment. To exalt the victory of the party as a blow to the Church deals a blow to the Liberals themselves from which it may be difficult to recover. For apart from the glaring impropriety of such a boast, the party which decries the influence of the Church is no friend to Canada; leaving religion aside, the Church has come to the rescue of the state at various national crises with splendid results. The Catholic Province of Quebec without the powerful influence of the clergy would grow into a demoralized, unstable and chaotic state, such as is seen wherever the power of the Church has been undermined by secret societies, as in the South American republics, and on the European continent.

There has been much foolish talk about ecclesiastical aggression, because the bishops of Lower Canada have done what it was their duty to do and come out boldly in defence of the liberties of oppressed Catholics. It was not a purely secular matter, as has been falsely alleged. It was the vital principle of Christian education which was at stake. The much talked of *mandement* practically left the people free to vote as they pleased. It only supported such candidates as would pledge themselves to secure remedial legislation. The pastoral expressly declares that the bishops bound themselves to neither party, desiring to preserve their liberty. The tone of the letter was lofty, dignified and tolerant; not a note of aggression in it. Whereas the organ of the Mani-

toba Catholics, the *North West Review*, has to complain, that "there was nothing more painfully immoral, or more distinctively unchristian, in the whole history of our persecution, than the conduct of the Protestant synods, conferences and assemblies in dealing with the Manitoba School Question." They simply besieged, well not precisely heaven — with declarations, resolutions, denunciations. One religious body went so far as to send a series of resolutions to the Privy Council, whilst that tribunal had the case of the Catholics before it.

The *mandement* was assumed to favor the Conservatives, because they had stood out boldly as the protectors of the Catholic minority; whereas the Liberals for the most part gave very uncertain utterance on the great question. Moreover, it was a Liberal who had actually introduced the mischievous legislation in Manitoba, which had caused all the troubles. Previous to the election, Mr. Laurier had suggested the appointment of a commission to inquire into the school matter. This of course was little short of an absurdity, as the matter had been investigated over and over and finally settled by the Supreme Court of Appeal, the Privy Council. He also declared that if the schools were Protestant, this grievance should be remedied. But that is not the question; Protestant or secular, they are equally obnoxious to Catholic parents, equally a violation of their rights, guaranteed by the Constitution, and equally in opposition to the decree of the Privy Council.

Did then the Catholic electorate of Quebec decide against remedial legislation? No. It has been found that many, if not most, of the candidates, pledged themselves to give justice to the minority, and Mr. Laurier himself made emphatic declarations, during the course of the elections, upon this head. The remark was made over and over: "The bishops urged us to vote conscientiously for men who would settle the school difficulty. We believe that Mr. Laurier will best do this." Many prominent members of the Liberal party have expressed themselves similarly; notably Mr. Charles Devlin and Senator Power, the latter in an able pamphlet, wherein he sought to prove that the Conservatives had gone far enough in their Remedial Bill.

Mr. Laurier has therefore a magnificent opportunity to right a grievance, and settle for all time a troublesome question. He has the support of many important members of his own party; he has the promised assistance of Sir Charles Tupper and other leading Conservatives; he has the Catholic electorate, which as a body will approve of any step in that direction; and he has public sentiment, which in the main is ever on the side of justice and fair play.

One lesson of the elections is clear. Quebec has the casting vote. It would be monstrous to suppose that it could have disregarded the wishes of its bishops and sold its brethren of Manitoba into slavery. No, Catholic Quebec, while carried away with the natural desire to have for the first time since Confederation, a French Canadian and Catholic Premier, has voted with the hope that Mr. Laurier would help those of its creed and race. If it has acted under a misapprehension and must live to discover that the Catholic Laurier will do less for his co-religionists than the Protestant Tupper, then, indeed, it

will be the saddest instance in history of misplaced confidence, and it will but add a brighter halo to the men who in any case have suffered a glorious defeat.

It is of interest to note that Mr. Joseph Martin, author of the iniquitous School Laws of 1890, has met with the defeat he so richly deserved. Protestants and Catholics have united to give him his Waterloo. It is also a pleasing election item, that the Irish of Montreal nobly rallied round the candidate pledged to support the cause of Christian education. Manitoba returned four Conservative candidates. Protestant Ontario sent an equal number of Liberals and Conservatives. It is, indeed, to the credit of Canadian Protestants, with a few exceptions, that they have judged the question with remarkable fair-mindedness. They have realized that what is good for the Protestant minority of Quebec is good for the Catholic minority of Manitoba. The shibboleth, "Hands off Manitoba" was a meaningless party cry, and absurd considering that it was the case of a very strong majority throttling a very weak minority. Manitoba was the bully, whose hands were on the small boy's throat.

To the question whether there is danger of violating constitutional rights by interfering with Manitoba, the answer is, No! Without going into the pros and cons of this celebrated case, which was finally settled by the Privy Council, it will be sufficient to quote from the British North America Act of 1857, by which the rights of Catholics were guaranteed. This act was drawn up by the Fathers of Confederation. The late Sir Alexander Galt had an active share in it, and from a remark in a private letter of the late Hon. Thomas D'Arcy McGee, it is clear that he, too, had a special share in this particular bit of legislation. The following are some of the provisions of clause 93 of the act above mentioned: —

In and for each province the Legislature may exclusively make laws in relation to education, subject and according to the following provisions:

(1). Nothing in any such law shall prejudicially affect any right or privilege with respect to denominational schools which any class of persons have by law in the province at the union.

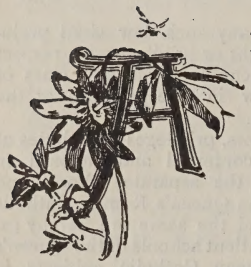
(2). All the powers, privileges and duties at the union by law conferred and imposed in Upper Canada on the separate schools and school trustees of the Queen's Roman Catholic subjects shall be and the same are hereby extended to the dissentient schools of the Queen's Protestant and Roman Catholic subjects in Quebec.

(3). When in any province a system of separate or dissentient schools exists by law at the union or is thereafter established by the Legislature of the province, an appeal shall lie to the Governor-General in council from any act or decision of any provincial authority affecting any right or privilege of the Protestant or Roman Catholic minority of the Queen's subjects in relation to education.

(4). In case any such provincial law, as from time to time seems to the Governor-General in council, requisite for the due execution of the provisions of this section is not made, or in case any decision of the Governor-General in council, on any appeal under this section is not duly executed by the proper provincial authority in that behalf, then and in every such case, and as far only as the circumstances of each case require, the Parliament of Canada may make remedial laws for the due execution of the provisions of this section, and of any decision of the Governor-General in council under this section.

THE ANGEL OF THE MARKET-PLACE.

MARY F. M. NIXON.



ALI Ben Radji, called "the Very Wise," sat in the marble portico. Near to him, gleaming white in the mid-day sun, was the mosque of Omyar. Beside the mosque the tall, gaunt, solitary palm tree watched in silence, or so it seemed, yet sometimes Ali Ben Radji heard the serrated palm leaves whispering to each other. People passing heard only the wind whistling overhead through the trees, but Ali Ben Radji was a wise man and one who well understood hidden things.

Below, the vigorous Eastern sunlight sparkled on the many-hued market-place until its ceaseless motion of revolving colors seemed like some vast human kaleidoscope. As the swarms of people passed from the busy restlessness of the mart below up to the cool whiteness of the place of prayer, or back again into their meagre, sordid lives, Ali Ben Radji, old and rich and very wise, smiled and listened.

They spoke of many things, these children of the people, yet oftenest of all, with wonderment did they chat of some strange person, a public letter-writer who sat within the dark shadow of a heavy column just at the end of the long, marble arcade.

"Who is she, Ali?" asked a merchant selling beaten, burnished brass from Benares.

"Why dost thou ask, Ahmed! Has she not written well for thee?"

"Yes — well indeed, but thus it was: I had lost a thousand rupees and ill could I bear it and I felt heavily laden in my spirit when I went to her. Before I well knew why, I told her all and when I came away, my letter written, I felt as if some dervish's staff had brushed my cares aside."

Ali Ben Radji smiled within his beard and answered nothing.

Shortly there passed a youth going below into the market-place, a pale-faced stranger youth, lonely with the worst awesome loneliness of all, — a stranger in a strange land. Yet, when the stranger came again toward the portico near the palm, his lagging steps were light, his face seemed like the sun, burst a-sudden through the dimmed lustre of a clouded sky.

"Sahib," said Ali, "hast thou

met good fortune since thou passed'st this way?"

"Truly I know not," said the lad. "I paused a moment in the market-place and all seemed busy and I felt alone and sighed. And then one spoke to me — I scarce know who — and asked 'Why art thou sad?' And soon I felt no longer sad, for I had talked with her and told her all; and as I spoke I seemed to see the violets and the daisy meadows of my home. A sky-lark whirred amidst the hawthorn hedges, soaring far away to the blue above. Something seemed to whisper in my heart, 'Take courage; only a little while and thou too wilt soar away homeward like the bird.' Strange I should so dream!" And the boy passed on while Ali Ben Radji smiled again.

Soon wearily, painfully up from the market-place an old woman toiled, well-nigh bent double under her burden of silken broideries from Damascus, and as she passed near Ali she raised her head and smiled.

"Good Zienda, why smilest thou?" asked Ali the Wise.

She smiled again and answered, "I know not. In the market-place, as I stumbled and fell, one helped me to my feet and whispered that I must not despair or fear. A few days more, a few months at the longest, and I would be again at rest. Nirvana comes to all and mayhap soon I would see those I have lost. I thought of this and smiled."

Close beside her skipped a child, her bare, brown legs scratched and torn with the rough stones o'er which she scrambled day by day, and she broke into a song, and cried to Ali: "Good Ser Ali, is not the sunshine fair? I knew it not and wept because my feet were sore, yet someone in the market-place said, 'Weep not. See the gay, warm, brilliant sunlight there by the mosque; go and sleep in it, child. Thou hast many sunny years to live;" and the child threw itself into the pleasant warmth and slept.

Ali Ben Radji, the Very Wise, thoughtfully stroked his beard and listened, and all through the long busy day they passed him by, those who bore some wondrous guerdon from the market-place.

Late in the afternoon and just before the sun went down behind the snowy mosque, a young maid passed and on her face so strange a peaceful sadness that Ali stopped her as she came and said, "My child, what hast thou?"

"Nay," replied the girl, "that know I not. My lover died a week ago far, far from me; and my poor heart was well-nigh dead, since I might never see his face again. And as I moaned, and sorrow-stricken paced the market-place below, a gentle hand detained me and I told my sorrow to a stranger there. Why, I knew not, but something in those deep, deep eyes which met mine own compelled it from me and a voice like a caress, so soothing was its gentle cadence, said to me: 'Poor little one, because thy dear one's eyes are closed and thine eyes may not see him, that does not make him less thine own, but rather more. Does he not love thee still? Wert thou not always like some gay tropic bird to make him gay when thou wert with him? And now that he is always with thee and sees thee every flying moment, now canst thou make him sad?' All this she said and more, and somehow all the world seems changed since she has spoken."

"Allah be with thee, my sweet

child," said Ali, and as she passed upon her way he bowed his head in prayer.

So sped the day and even came. The sky was crimsoned with the dead sun's blood; then silvered o'er with rapture at the fair moon's birth.

The form from out the market-place had gone, but wise old Ali rested still within the marble portico. To him there came a motley crowd and with one breath they cried, "Tell us what form was this within the market-place? A day so strange has ne'er been spent before. We find scarce man or woman, youth or child, who hath not found to-day a wondrous time of happiness. We think, perchance, that Allah has sent an angel upon earth."

"Nay, nay, it was no angel," said Ali with his strange, sweet smile. "No angel, but a woman."

"A woman! Good Ali, but thou jestest!" cried the crowd in great amaze.

"I speak the truth and wisdom," answered the good old man. "Hafiz, the letter-writer, lies very ill and this maid takes his place. When the great Allah sends a girl child to this earth he gives her a small gift. If well she bears all that comes into her life this gift grows great, so great that through it she gives to all around good cheer and comfort sweet. The angel of the market-place was but a woman with this gift, but she had well and bravely borne all of the sorrows of her life till, bearing them, she knew what others bore. So was she, friends, your joy and comfort through this long and weary day."

The crowd was silent, wondering much and doubting too, perhaps, though none quite dared to say he doubted words of Ali Ben Radji the Very Wise.

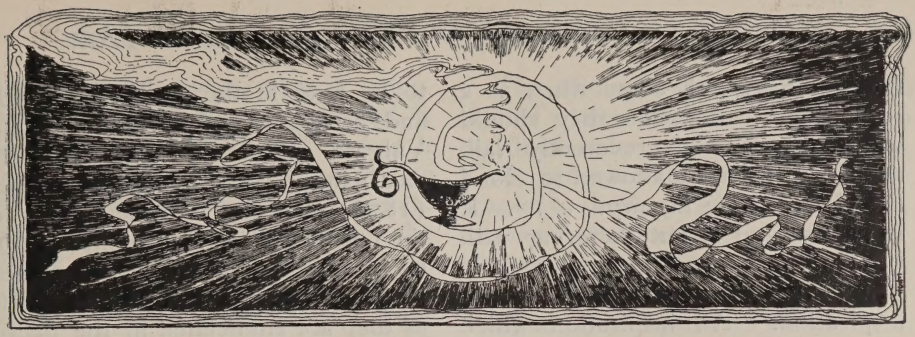
Then some one spoke, the sad-eyed girl whose lover died so far away. "What is this wondrous gift?" she asked. "May any woman have it?"

"Every woman has it, child," was the reply; "and too some men, but few know it and fewer, knowing, use it aright. Its name is *Sympathy*."

HEREDITY.

James B. Fitzgerald.

Was he a king or kern? Would I could know!
Whose wrongs still burn in me, unquenched by years;
And who was she, sad heart, that long ago
Bequeathed to me her rosary of tears?



THE NATURE AND EXTENT OF BIBLICAL INSPIRATION.

Rev. P. Griffy.

THE chief promoters of the Reformation maintained that God was the author of every thought, of every tittle of information, and of every word contained in the Bible. They believed that the Holy Ghost dictated to the sacred writers not only the substance, but the minutest details, and even designed the precise form of expression. According to their view the sacred penman was a mere mechanical instrument, a secretary who wrote word for word under the dictation of the divine author.

The children of the Reformation have made ample amends for this rigid view of their predecessors, however, and have gone to the opposite extreme. While the tendency of Luther and his friends was to minimize the action of the human instrument in the composition of the divine books, the tendency of modern Protestants is to minimize the action of the divine author. It would be a difficult, and indeed a profitless task, to follow the vagaries of Protestant thought on this question of inspiration; but it is interesting to note how far Protestants have drifted from the teaching of the founders of their religion.

Mr. Goldwin Smith in an article in the *North American Review*—(December, 1895,) quotes Professor Bonney, Canon of Manchester, as saying, at a recent English church congress held in Norwich, "I cannot deny that the increase of scientific knowledge has deprived parts of the earlier books of the Bible of the historical value which was generally attributed to them by our forefathers." Mr. Smith also gives a quotation from a writer in "Lux Mundi" (a collection of essays edited by the Reverend Principal of Pusey House) who says that "the Church cannot insist upon the historical character of the earliest records of the ancient Church in detail, as she can on the historical character of the Gospels or the Acts of the Apostles." And Professor Smith himself, in the article referred to, comes to the conclusion that "as a manifestation of the Divine the Hebrew books, teaching righteousness and purity, may have their place in our love and admiration forever; but

the time has surely come when as a supernatural revelation they should be frankly though reverently laid aside, and no more allowed to cloud the vision of free inquiry. . . . It is useless and is but paltering with the truth to set up, like the writer in "Lux Mundi," the figment of a semi-inspiration. An inspiration which errs, which contradicts itself, which dictates manifest incredibilities . . . is no inspiration at all."

It is desirable that Catholic readers of magazines and books which propagate these erroneous doctrines should have a fairly accurate idea of the teaching of their Church on this important question of inspiration; and the writer of this article aims at nothing more than to give, from approved sources, the teaching of the Catholic Church on the nature and extent of biblical inspiration.

I. The Nature of Inspiration.

What the Church has defined on this subject we find in three Ecumenical Councils. The Council of Florence (1441) says: "The Holy Roman Church . . . professes that one and the same God is the author of the Law and the Prophets and the Gospel, because the holy men of both Testaments spoke under the inspiration of the same Holy Spirit; and she receives and venerates their books, which are included in the following list." A list of all the canonical books follows. The Council of Trent (1546) says: "The holy Ecumenical and General Council of Trent . . . receives and venerates all the books of the Old and of the New Testament, since one God is the author of both. . . . But if anyone will not receive as sacred and canonical these entire books, with all their parts, as they have been wont to be read in the Catholic Church, and are contained in the old Latin Vulgate edition . . . let him be anathema." The Vatican Council (1870) says: "These books of the Old and New Testaments are to be received as sacred and canonical in their integrity with all their parts, as they are enunciated in the decree of the Sacred Council (Trent), and are contained in the old Latin edition of the Vulgate. And the Church holds them sacred and canonical, not because having been composed by mere human industry they were afterwards approved by her authority; nor merely because they contain revelation without any admixture of error; but because having been written under the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, they have God for their author, and as such were delivered to the Church."

From the words of these Councils, it is evident that it is an article of Catholic faith, which every Catholic is bound to believe, that the books of the Catholic Bible, and all their parts, are divinely inspired and have God for their author.

Now what is meant by saying that God is the author of the Sacred Scriptures? The sacred penmen are also authors of the inspired books. If we consider only the human side of their writings the inspired writers are as truly authors as any of the profane writers. God is the author of the Gospel of St. Matthew. St. Matthew is also the author of it. How do we reconcile the two statements? To answer the question it is well to distinguish between the *formal* and the *material* part of a book.*

The *formal* part is that which the

* See Franzelin, De Trad. et Script., Thes. iii. Mazzella, De Vir. Infus. Disp. iv.

author intends *per se*, what is essential to the book, what constitutes it, determines its species and makes it such as its author intended. The *material* part is that which is merely accidental to it,— the style, the choice of words, and what can be written in various ways without prejudice to the intended sense. That a person be the author of a book, it is necessary, according to the usage of language, that he should cause that at least the formal part of that book as conceived by him, should be committed to writing. And if one is the author of a book through the instrumentality of another, it is necessary that the latter, at the suggestion of the principal author, conceive in his mind as to be written, and by an impulse from the principal author be moved and will to write all those things and those things only, pertaining to the formal part of such book, which the principal author had preconceived as to be written.*

Now, we say that God is the principal author of the Scriptures, and the inspired writers are secondary authors. They are mediums through which God communicates His revelation. They are intelligent and free agents. They co-operate with God in an intelligent and voluntary manner. He suggests the thoughts to the sacred writers. He moves them to commit these thoughts to writing; and He provides for the exclusion of all other thoughts than His from the sacred book. If God had not caused the minds of the inspired men to conceive as to be written the truths contained in the Scriptures, and if He had not moved their wills to express in writing all those truths and those truths only, He could not be said to be the author of the Bible.

* De Trad. et Script., page 298.

The thoughts expressed by the sacred writers may have been known to them before being suggested by God; and when the truths are already known to the inspired writer from his personal recollection, or from trustworthy witnesses or from any reliable source, it is sufficient that God by a supernatural operation illumine his mind, and present to it the particular truths which He desired to have written, and that He move and assist the inspired writer to commit those truths faithfully to writing. Inspiration then is distinct from revelation. Revelation, in the strict sense of the word, is the manifestation of something which is hidden. Inspiration is an aid given, not for the purpose of making us receive or know a truth, but for transmitting it faithfully. In some cases a revelation is necessary to the sacred writer, as in the case of mysteries, of predictions of the future, of things inaccessible or unknown to the writer; but this revelation is not part of inspiration. It precedes inspiration, and may precede it by a long lapse of time.

It follows, therefore, from the fact that God is the author of the Sacred Scriptures, that He must have inspired at least the *sense* or the *formal* part of the sacred books in the manner explained. But, is this enough? Or is it necessary that the divine operation should extend also to the *material* part of the inspired volume — to the words, the style, the arrangement of details, etc.? The *sense* of the principal author of a book, which is written through the instrumentality of another, cannot be expressed, unless such words and phrases as are adequate to convey that sense are used. Therefore the divine assistance must extend in some manner to the material part.

Now, we ask, to what extent has God influenced by supernatural operation the material part of the sacred books? There are two opinions among Catholic exegetists. The more common opinion appears to be that which is advocated by Cardinal Franzelin, Cardinal Mazzella, Father Cornely, Father Brandi and most modern exegetists. According to these writers, God positively suggested the words to the inspired writers only when such positive suggestion of the words was necessary for the correct expression of the divine idea, as, for instance, in the first revelation of a mystery, or where some truth depended for its adequate expression on the particular form of a word which the writer, left to himself, would not employ. Outside of these cases, they say, God gave the sacred writers only such negative assistance in the employment of words, as prevented them from using wrong words, or words which were not adequate to express the divine ideas.

The divine authorship of the Scriptures, according to this opinion, does not require verbal inspiration. It is enough that God gives the inspired writer such assistance as would make him infallibly choose such words as are adequate to express the sense divinely intended. By adopting this view, its advocates say, we can best explain the diversity of style and diction to be found in the inspired writings, the difference in the words used by the Evangelists in recording the same sayings of our Divine Lord, and the passage in the Second Book of Machabees (xv, 39) where the sacred writer apologizes for the language and style of his books.

There are many eminent Scripture scholars, however, who do not agree with this view, and contend that God gave the sacred writer not merely negative assistance in the selection of words, but actually suggested words and language in accordance with the natural tastes, talents and acquirements of each writer. "I could never understand," writes Abbé Loisy,* "how the sacred books were inspired as to the substance and not as to the form; how, the ideas being furnished to the sacred writer by inspiration, he had only to cast about for words. . . . It serves, we are told, to explain the individuality of style. Just as if this individuality did not pertain as well to the thought as to the style!"

We must bear in mind, however, that Catholic exegetists who believe in verbal inspiration do not contend, as some erroneously imagine, that the sacred writer is a mere mechanical instrument, an "automatic typewriter," a secretary who writes word for word under the dictation of God; for in that case the sacred writer could not be said to be an author at all. "In the very act of inspiration," writes Father Levesque, who is a strong advocate of verbal inspiration, "there is no revelation, no dictation of words or of ideas; it is not a ready-made thing that God transmits by the pen of the sacred writer. No, He makes him do it; He draws it from his faculties, prepared either by their natural acquirements or by revelations. Biblical inspiration is a supernatural act of God — the first cause — which takes hold of the writer at the very moment whilst he is writing, which moves and directs all his faculties, leaving them however their freedom and personality; it makes him conceive, will and execute what He

* Enseignement biblique, 1893, n. 8.

wishes. The writer is a true cause of all that is in the inspired book; God is also the cause, and the principal cause, of all. But they are not, evidently, causes in the same manner; it is an action of the first cause upon the second cause, such that the one takes the responsibility of the work, and the other, whilst remaining truly free, acts only under the direction of the first and principal cause.* "

Let us leave to the exegetists and theologians the task of determining in what manner precisely Almighty God influenced the sacred writers in the selection of words and expressions which adequately and infallibly expressed the truths which God intended, whilst we accept as a good definition of inspiration that given by our Holy Father Leo XIII in his encyclical on the study of the Sacred Scriptures: "By supernatural power He (God) so moved and impelled them (the sacred penmen) to write. He was so present to them that all the things which He ordered, and those things only, they first rightly conceived, then willed faithfully to write down, and finally expressed in adequate words and with infallible truth."

II. Extent of Inspiration.

In the encyclical above referred to Leo XIII says: "It follows that whoever imagines that anything false can be contained in authentic portions of Scripture, they surely either pervert the Catholic idea of inspiration, or make God Himself the author of error. And so all the fathers and doctors were most firmly convinced that the Divine Scriptures, as they proceeded from the sacred writers, were free from all error of whatsoever kind." It is clear from these words that the Holy Father claims for the *original* Scriptures, as they came from the hands of the inspired writers, entire freedom from error. He does not say, and no Catholic says, that *versions* of the Scripture are entirely free from error. Errors of copyists and translators in matters of minor importance can be found even in our Vulgate, although we have it on the infallible authority of the Church that the Vulgate is substantially correct, and, in all matters of faith and morals, truly represents the original.

There are many eminent Catholic theologians who hold that the existence in the original Scriptures of what are called "obiter dicta," mere unimportant statements of fact, which are not inspired, is not incompatible with divine authorship.† Although this opinion cannot be said to be heretical, it certainly is not the common opinion of Catholic theologians, nor is it the opinion of Leo XIII as expressed in the words quoted above from his encyclical. One object of that encyclical is to point out that the Bible is not made up of parts, some inspired and some not inspired, but that God is the author of the entire work and is responsible for all it contains.

Some things in the inspired volume may be more important than others. Some things are essential to the aim of the inspired book, and are therefore intended by God directly. Other things are not essential, and are added merely for ornament, but still are intended by the divine author indirectly, as a part of

* The Nature of Biblical Inspiration, page 11.

† Cardinal Newman, in an article in the *Nineteenth Century* (February, 1884,) wrote: "There does not seem any serious difficulty in admitting the existence of 'obiter dicta' in Scripture."

an entire concrete work. "That the dog of Tobias," writes Father Levesque, "should manifest its joy at the return of its master, by wagging its tail (Tob., xi, 9), is a detail having no importance relative to the aim of the book; it is merely a picturesque trait and pleasant incident in the tableau. It could have been omitted without in any way compromising the aim of the book, but since the author has related it, it is true, as forming part of one inspired whole.

"If people are scandalized sometimes at seeing so insignificant a detail fall under the influence of inspiration, it is because they too often consider inspiration as a sort of revelation or dictation of the things. It is hard for them to admit that God reveals such details. But if God, by inspiration, brings out this recital from the faculties of the writer whom he employs, it is altogether natural that it should be related in a human manner, with all the details which naturally have touched the mind of the instrument. Had He chosen some other instrument, perhaps, in that case, certain details would have been omitted and replaced by others. But as soon as He takes one particular writer, the work will have a certain style special to that writer. We might say the same of the cloak which Saint Paul requests Timothy to bring him from his friend Carpus (II. Tim., iv, 13) Were it with someone else — not Carpus — with whom he had left his cloak, that would evidently have made no difference with regard to the aim and purpose of his letter. But since the circumstance in which the apostle wrote brought to mind this detail — very natural in a letter — God intends it also, and, letting it come from the pen of his instrument, He guarantees it from error." *

It may be convenient to fall back upon the theory of the existence of "obiter dicta" in the inspired volume when confronted with the alleged contradictions and errors contained in the Bible; but we believe Saint Augustine's method of meeting such difficulties to be much more commendable. "If I meet with anything in the Sacred Scriptures," he says, "which seems contrary to the truth, I have no doubt that either the text before me is corrupted, or the interpreter did not catch the meaning of the original, or I myself did not understand it."

To sum up what we have said as to the nature and extent of inspiration, we may lay down that the teaching of the most eminent Catholic theologians, and that which harmonizes with the doctrine of the Fathers and of the General Councils of the Church, as well as with the declaration of the Holy Father, is this: "That every idea enunciated in the canonical books, as conceived by the sacred writers, was inspired, and therefore free from error. While Catholic theologians are not agreed as to the precise manner in which God influenced the sacred writers in the selection of words, all believe that He must at least have influenced them to this extent — that they "expressed in adequate words and with infallible truth" the divine ideas.

* Nature of Biblical Inspiration, pages 14 and 15.

Ave Maria.

C. Becker.

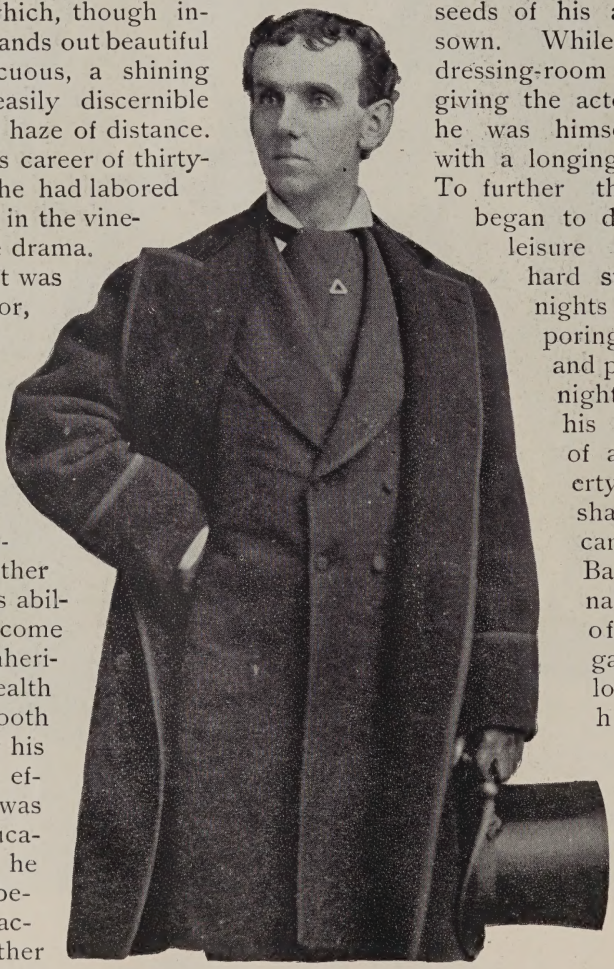
LAWRENCE BARRETT. A RETROSPECT.

THOMAS E. SHEA.

ALTHOUGH more than five years have elapsed since Lawrence Barrett passed away, this stretch of time is not too long to be traversed by an appreciative glance at the artistic temple he reared; a temple, which, though incomplete, stands out beautiful and conspicuous, a shining memorial, easily discernible through the haze of distance.

During his career of thirty-eight years he had labored unceasingly in the vineyard of the drama. With him it was genuine labor, for he had brought to his art none of the accessories that have contributed to the success of other actors. His ability did not come to him by inheritance. Wealth did not smooth the road for his preliminary efforts. He was without education. All he was, all he became, all he acquired, whether in art, literature or general education, was the results of persistent and never tiring endeavor.

Barrett's first active acquaintance with the theatre was in the lowly position of call-boy in a play-house which one biographer credits to Pittsburg, another to Detroit. In this humble capacity the seeds of his ambition were sown. While going from dressing-room door to door giving the actors their calls, he was himself possessed with a longing "to go on." To further this object he began to devote all his leisure moments to hard study. Entire nights were spent in poring over books and plays, the midnight oil being in his case the gift of a kindly property man in the shape of ends of candles which Barrett stuck on nails in the floor of the dingy garret where he lodged. Student habits were thus early formed, and he never ceased the task of enriching his mind throughout a notable career that has



LAWRENCE BARRETT.

BARRETT AS "CASSIUS."

been well and comprehensively described by stage historians.

The actor of to-day can learn much by calmly reflecting on the methods pursued by Barrett in securing a permanent foothold on the American stage. Success was not easily accomplished. Each step toward the end required fighting inch by inch. For years the laurel was far off, and the goddess of fortune seemed to mock him as she held the wreath in her hand and beckoned him onward. Even when he had reached the goal and the prize was within his grasp his exertions did not cease, neither did his ambition lose a particle of its old-time fervor. The place he had won for himself in the front rank of the world's exponents of the drama, he was compelled to labor constantly to

maintain. From first to last he was a worker; a worker with a conscience; a worker with never flagging ambition; a worker whom actors of to-day may well emulate.

His work was of an inspiring character. Though lacking perhaps in the magnetism and power of enchantment which characterized Edwin Booth, Barrett's art never failed to impress itself indelibly on his auditors. To give an humble illustration of the effect of his wonderful power, I can cite my own experience after witnessing him for the first time. The theatre was the old Boston Museum and the play was Richelieu. When I left that historic playhouse after the curtain had fallen on the last act of Bulwer Lytton's masterpiece, I found myself burning with a desire to try to follow the pace which Barrett had set so gloriously.

BARRETT AS "LANCIOTTO" IN "FRANCESCA DA RIMINI."

In connection with his impersonation of Richelieu there is told a story, which, though it borders on the ludicrous, will serve to show the effect his interpretation of the rôle of the mighty cardinal was capable of making. In the early eighties Barrett played Richelieu in Worcester, having as portion of his audience a delegation of students from Holy Cross College. The young men were kindly received by the actor behind the scenes after the play, and when they finally retired to their dormitory in the top story of the college, they went to sleep only to dream of the great cardinal and his impersonator. One of their number was so wrought up by the "curse scene" that in the middle of the night, while his fellow-students were slumbering peacefully in their cots about him, his imagination, released by sleep from his control, overpowered him. Jumping from his bed, with his arms raised on high, he delivered at the top of his voice those memorable lines commencing: "Around her form I draw the awful circle of our Holy Church" and proceeded to the end of the curse, while his companions, rudely awakened, quaked in terror under the neighboring sheets.

Unlike his two great contemporaries, Booth and McCullough, Barrett was not satisfied with following the well beaten path over which so many of his distinguished predecessors had trod. He was not

satisfied with oft repeated impersonations of Hamlet, Richelieu, and Cassius, although in these and other well known characters he was seen to excellent advantage. He strove always for something new. His ambition was to create. Time-worn characterizations were to him simply stepping stones to original creations. Fortunately for himself and for the public he was able to gratify this ambition, and his successes in this line are matters of stage history.

What Irving is to England, Barrett was to America. The former has the advantage of a permanent theatre in which to materialize his productions, but the latter, though lacking this important adjunct, succeeded in giving to the stage several elaborate presentations, possessing much of the completeness and magnificence so noteworthy in the efforts of the great English tragedian.

It was this desire to be to the stage something more than a mere player of parts that made him the most important dramatic figure of his day in this country; more important even than either Booth or McCullough, for they were content with eminence in oft travelled directions. Booth desired no greater glory than to be known as the world's greatest Hamlet. McCullough's Virginius transcended all similar efforts and his ambition went no further. Barrett was something more than an actor. He was a producer, in the fullest sense of the term. His aim was to give to the world productions that would live when he was no longer able to be the star performer in them. He did not believe that the stage limits should be confined to the works of Shakespere and the other classical dramatists. He believed there should be room on the stage for the ambitious attempts of modern play writers even though these authors

BARRETT AS "KING LEAR."

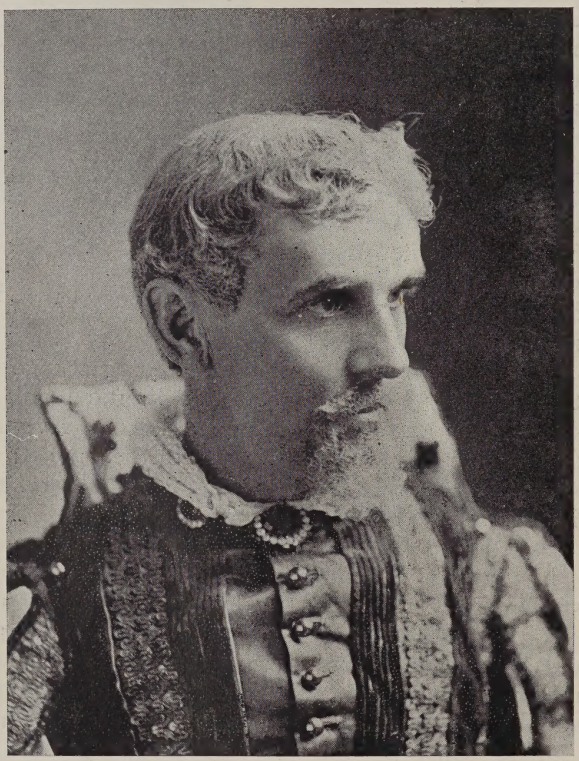
had the temerity to couch their language in the blank verse of the immortal bard of Avon.

This brings me to a phase of Barrett's career that has a particular significance to every American. He was born in this country, of Irish parents, and every drop of blood in his body glowed with love for his native land. His patriotism increased with age. When it was necessary for him to choose between the works of an American and foreign playwright, he did not discard the former's simply because it originated on this side of the Atlantic. His five most notable productions were "Man o'Airlie," "Dan'l Druce," "Yorick's Love," "Pendragon," and "Francesca da Rimini." Three of these were written by Americans.

His patriotism, however, did not

prevent him from receiving a full measure of credit on the other side of the Atlantic. When he gave his never-to-be-forgotten performance of Richelieu in London in 1884, George Augustus Sala wrote about it as follows in the illustrated London News: —

Mr. Lawrence Barrett's Richelieu is splendidly sufficing. He does not give a tumultuous and Boanerges-lunged version of the character. He does not rant; but when the occasion demands it, as in the famous "curse of Rome" passage, he rises to the required height of passionate energy. He displays from beginning to end wonderful versatility and elasticity of mind, passing from phase to phase of the many sided character without any sudden jerks or spasmodic transitions. He is alternately, and always in perfect naturalness, the inflexible, unscrupulous and implacable despot of France, whose ambition has decimated her nobility, but whose prolific and beneficent administration has raised her from beggary to prosperity; the affectionate protector of Julie; the kindly patron of Friar Joseph; the dry humorist; the astute expert in diplomacy and state-craft; the poetaster full of literary vanity; the broken down and almost dying valetudinarian, and ultimately the lion at bay, turning on his foes and triumphantly rending them. I cannot look upon Mr. Barrett's impersonation of Richelieu as a "conventional" one; because I do not know what the convention is in this case. I have seen Richelieus who roared and Richelieus who raved, some that grimaced and grinned, and others that maundered, and not a few that were dismally didactic. I find in Mr. Lawrence Barrett a Richelieu who shrinks from exaggerations, whose elocution is perfect, whose action is poetically graceful and who never forgets that Armand Jean du Plessis — why on earth did Lord Lytton make him call himself Armand Richelieu? — was a gentleman of long descent and of the highest breeding.



BARRETT IN "YORICK'S LOVE."

When on that sad day in March, 1891, Lawrence Barrett ceased to be, this country knew it had lost one of its rarest histrionic spirits. Hard indeed was it to realize that his manly countenance with its noble forehead, its deeply sunk eyes gleaming with intellectual fire would be seen no more; that his erect, elastic form no more would tread the stage he had graced for so many years.

The call boy, Death, had summoned him to the eternal scene of the Master.

I have searched the tributes that have been paid to Barrett's memory, and I find none so exquisite in its pathos as that of William Winter who wrote: —

> It was a beautiful life prematurely ended. It was a brave, strong spirit suddenly called out of the world. To the dramatic profession the loss is irreparable. In the condition of the contemporary theatre there are not many hopeful signs. No doubt there will be bright days in the future, as there have been in the past. They go and they return. The stage declines and the stage advances. At present its estate is low. Few men like Lawrence Barrett remain for it to lose. Its main hope is in the abiding influence of such examples as he has left. The old theatrical period is fast passing away. The new age rushes on the scene, with youthful vigor and impetuous tumult. But to some of us — who perhaps have not long to stay, and to whom, whatever be their fortune, this tumult is unsympathetic and insignificant — the way grows darker and lonelier as we lay our garlands of eternal farewell on the coffin of Lawrence Barrett.

MORNING MEAL.

W. Bouguereau.

HENRY GRATTAN.

R. M. Sillard.

EXT to O'Connell, Henry Grattan is the most honored of Ireland's illustrious sons. Every class and creed of Irishmen honor him. Those who love Irish independence are aware that he was the only Irishman who actually achieved it. Although he was a staunch Protestant, Irish Catholics cherish him as one of the earliest and boldest advocates of their rights. Considering, then, that he won some of the greatest liberties that Irishmen still enjoy, and that he it was who, for a brief period, gave Ireland a place among the nations of the world, it is strange that so little is known about him.

Let us, for a brief period, try to make the dead past live again by recalling the chief events in the life and times of Henry Grattan.

He was born in Dublin in the year 1746, six years after the opening of the Irish Parliament House in College Green, wherein it was destined he should make his future fame and triumphs. His father was a barrister, and at the time of his illustrious son's birth he was Recorder of Dublin. His mother came of Norman stock, — the DeMerlys (Marlays). She was a lady of culture and accomplishments.

Young Grattan was sent early to a day school in Abbey Street, in the heart of the city. As a child he was peevish and sickly, and took little part in the games and amusements of his school-mates. He made rapid progress at his studies, and at the early age of seventeen he entered Trinity College, where he evinced great talent, industry and ambition. Here he allied himself with the better set of hard-working students, men who afterwards became famous in church, bar and senate. He took high collegiate degrees, and made an especial study of the great orators of antiquity, which showed his early oratorical tendency.

Within the walls of old Trinity could be heard the trumpet note of Flood's magnificent eloquence in defence of Ireland's rights. The note struck on Grattan's ear, and forthwith the thought of retrieving the fortunes of his dear land, and achieving national autonomy became the master-thought of his life. This was the talk of every circle; the test-question of every political gathering.

Grattan's father was an uncompromising Tory of very narrow political views. He put himself at the head of the opponents of the reformers who were led by the celebrated Dr. Lucas, the founder of the *Freeman's Journal*. As has been too often the

case on subsequent like occasions, the citizens of Dublin took sides in equal porportions. It was hard for Henry Grattan to decide which side he would take. His principles were with Lucas; his love of country waged war with his affectionate nature and love for his father. At length his father insisted on a conformity to his unpatriotic opinions, which his son's self-respect could not yield. This led to sad estrangement, and young Grattan's exclusion from his father's home.

He repaired to the homes of his uncles, Dean Marlay of Saint Patrick's, and Colonel Marlay of Marlay Abbey near the city, the very place, by the way, where Swift wrote the celebrated "Drapier's Letters." Throughout all the vicissitudes of Grattan's career this colonel uncle was his staunch friend; helping him with money, counsel, sympathy; and, in the volunteer time, with the military skill acquired by his engagements in the German wars in earlier days.

Having finished his college term, Grattan prepared for the bar with all his wonted energy. For this purpose he went to London where he resided for about five years. Here he became acquainted with his own countryman, Edmund Burke, as well as with Lord Chatham, Fox, Wilkes, and most of the leading English politicians of the day. It is well known that Grattan found his legal studies very uncongenial; he could not take to the law. He was constantly to be found in the gallery of the House of Commons and at the bar of the House of Lords, drinking in the floods of eloquence rushing through its lofty chambers. Night after night he would sit here for hours, an earnest listener, and on returning to his rooms at Sunning Hill, close to Windsor Forest, he would declaim all he had heard. This over, he would transcribe and recite passages from Chatham and Burke to an imaginary "*Mr. Speaker.*"

Early in 1772 he was called to the bar. For a while he attended at the Four Courts, Dublin, but he could never get to like his profession, and having lost his first "case" he gave it up for good.

During the next few years great trouble befell Grattan. His father, mother, a favorite sister, and the lady to whom he was affianced, died. His own health became very bad; he gave up study and society, and seems to have lost heart and hope for the cause of his country. But it was only a transitory cloud. After a short time he resumed his political and oratorical studies, returned to society and made many staunch friends. Among these was the illustrious Flood who was in the zenith of his fame. Flood and Grattan formed a club in Dublin known as the "Society of Granby Row," where the most prominent men of their party met during the Parliamentary session. At their suggestion Grattan became a member of the Irish Parliament for the borough of Charlemont, and took his seat in 1775, when only twenty-nine years of age.

His first work in Parliament was directed towards the removal of the restrictions against "free trade" in Ireland. By the law of England the export of Irish cattle to England or to the colonies was forbidden at the time. The Irish were also forbidden to export woollens to any country except to England, and here only on terms which practically amounted to prohibition. It was also prohibited by "laws," and excessive duties, to

export either beer or malt to England, and to import hops from any country but England. The only exception made was as to the linen trade; this exception was made slowly and imperfectly.

Such was the condition of affairs in Ireland when Grattan entered the Irish Parliament. That this state of affairs did not long remain after he took means to relax them is well known to readers of Irish history. Freeing Ireland from such trammels was sufficient to render him illustrious for ages in the annals of his country.

Grattan next turned his attention to the question which, beyond all others, was of the utmost importance —that of the legislative and administrative independence of Ireland. True, Ireland possessed a Parliament of its own; but it *could not pass a law without leave*, expressly asked and given, of the English Parliament. Ireland then had no representatives in the English Parliament, and yet England bound Ireland by any laws it wished.

That Grattan completely, though not permanently, altered all this and achieved Irish legislative independence, is too well known to need repetition here, nor is it necessary to go into the details of his parliamentary work. Suffice for us to see what were the elements of his success.

The greatest element of Grattan's success was certainly his sincerity. He labored for the good of Ireland, nothing more, nothing less. He despised wealth. His own interest, health, or life, seemed to be the last thing he thought of. He never sought or took office under the English government. As Lord Russell once remarked, "A purer or more upright statesman never adorned any country."

Certainly his patriotism and true love for his country completely extinguished all private interests.

In addition to this there was the charm of his personal character. There was no falseness in the man. What he did he did openly. He never smiled in a man's face and slandered him behind his back. As a friend, he was true, thoughtful, tender. As a companion, he exercised a remarkable fascination. He was in the best sense of the word a gentleman.

Another element of his success was to be found in his intellectual powers and resources. Grattan combined much of Pitt's oratorical power with much of Edmund Burke's philosophical depth. He made statesmanship his best study almost from boyhood; he had thought out all the great questions of politics; he had at his tongue's tip the political learning of every age. He was the first to deal with Irish affairs, not as a party politician, but as a statesman.

The greatest of Grattan's powers, however, was his oratory. It was admittedly fine. His speeches were not merely graceful compositions; they had the elevation, the unity, the symmetry, the splendor of consummate works of art. Each speech had its own clear proposition. It was enforced with sound logic and argument, and flavored with a sparkling wit all his own.

Then came the memorable year 1782.

As if in response to the closing of Grattan's arguments there immediately answered the clash of the arms of the celebrated Volunteers. Over one hundred thousand men of every rank and creed rose in defence of their native land — its commercial

freedom and its legislative independence. What a glorious year was 1782! What a grand unity! The whole people sympathized from sea to sea! The Irish Parliament rose as one man. The ministry in Ireland yielded. The English Parliament yielded. Commercial freedom was granted in response to Grattan's demands. Legislative freedom was achieved. On the 16th of April, 1782, Ireland's independence was declared. The scene inside and out of the old Parliament House in College Green on that memorable day cannot be described. Outside, as far as the eye could reach, were the long lines of sturdy Volunteers, with gleaming arms and glancing banners and nodding plumes. Inside, the scene was magnificent. Never did dome rise over a more brilliant assembly. Illustrious peers adorned with their stars, and orders, and swords; the ladies radiant in varied beauty and attire; the members of Trinity College in silk and velvet; the Corporations in their many hued cloaks; all made a most imposing picture. Every member was in his place and in full court dress, as was then the custom. Many were the cheers for Philpot Curran, Flood, and Yelverton, as they entered. All eyes however were turned on Henry Grattan, and when he rose to move the Declaration of Irish Independence every heart thrilled, and every eye filled, as he uttered his famous apostrophe:—

I am now to address a free people; ages have passed away, and this is the first moment in which you could be distinguished by that appellation. . . . I found Ireland on her knees. I watched over her with a paternal solicitude; I have traced her progress from injuries to arms, and from arms to liberty *Ireland is now a nation!* In that new character I hail her! and bowing to her august presence, I say, *Esto perpetua!*

The glory of this achievement was acknowledged on all sides; all classes and creeds hailed Grattan as the "National Deliverer" — nay Liberator. Edmund Burke declared "that all ought to join in wreathing a never-failing garland for the head of Grattan." The English Parliament voted him five hundred thousand dollars. The Crown offered him the viceregal palace in Phœnix Park. All these he declined. He seriously offended his friend Fox by declining office; and his refusal of the palace gave great offence to the Crown.

About this time he married Henrietta Fitzgerald, a descendant of the old Desmond stock. She proved a true helpmate, encouraging her illustrious husband in all that was noble, gentle and heroic. They took a residence at Tinnehinch in the county of Wicklow, and there, for nearly forty years, Henry Grattan had a happy home.

My readers may remember how the Volunteers gravely offended Grattan by their assumption of a dictatorship over the Legislature, and how he peremptorily resisted and put down their perilous pretensions. Grattan knew too well that there was no tyranny worse than a military dictatorship. To Grattan this was a position full of difficulty and unpleasantness, as he was their own chosen spokesman and favorite. He did what was right with a statesman's insight, and with a patriot's courage; knowing what was best for Ireland, and what would conduce to her honor and peace.

Grattan's quarrel with Flood over the repeal of Poyning's Act and their wordy battles, to be found in all elocutionary manuals, need not be narrated here. Grattan's next great move was for Catholic emancipation.

It is strange that from the moment his advocacy ran towards this noble cause, his popularity declined rapidly. The whole current of opinion in both countries ran the other way. All his friends and compatriots were opposed to his Bill for the relief of Catholics. He contended that as long as the barbarous penal laws continued there was a radical weakness in the whole community; and that Irish Protestants would never be really free until the Irish Catholics ceased to be slaves. And they were slaves; with all the talk of "civil freedom," four-fifths of the population were debarred from all franchises, from all professions, from all juries, from their own houses of parliament, and in many cases from education, because there was a special statute against "papists" having these rights of citizenship. It was against this system that Grattan set himself with all his might, with all his enthusiasm, with all his genius. In and out of Parliament he assailed this system. His efforts succeeded to a large extent. As the spirit of nationality strengthened, the spirit of sectarianism declined; and finally in 1793 the great Relief Bill was carried by Grattan with the support of the Protestant bishops and clergy. Curran, Plunkett, and other influential Irishmen, gave Grattan steady and able help, and thus despite much resistance from the English, Irish Protestants admitted their fellow subjects to participation in civil liberty. In 1794 Grattan endeavored to pass a Bill for complete Catholic emancipation, but the Irish Parliament, which was so ready to pass this glorious measure, was itself soon afterwards extinguished, and so Catholic emancipation was deferred for a generation.

Grattan's health about this time almost utterly broke down. His spirits sank. His nerves became shattered. He seems to have foreseen the last days of his native parliament and the doom in store for his country.

The first week of the nineteenth century was an anxious time in Dublin. It saw the opening of the last session of the Irish Parliament, and the commencement of the great debate on the ill-fated Union. In the preceding session, the government bill for the "Union" had been defeated, and all the cities and towns of Ireland were illuminated in honor of the victory. But the popular majority was only five. Seeing this, the English government made immense exertions. Gold, pensions and peerages were offered on all sides. Nevertheless the popular leaders held high heads and had high hopes of their victory again.

The scene in the old Parliament House on the 15th of January, 1802, is memorable in history. All day and night the House rang with matchless eloquence. At last the gray morning began to dawn, and the debate to languish, when a great sound of popular tumult was heard from without. The debate stopped; cheer rang above cheer; all Dublin seemed to be in acclaim.

Presently there appeared at the door of the chamber, leaning on the arms of two men, Henry Grattan, dressed in the uniform of the Irish Volunteers, wasted by long illness, pale with suffering, white as a ghost. Few could believe that it was Grattan; but it was he. He sprang from his bed that morning; his wife parted with him believing they would never meet again. Fast horses bore him to Dublin, and he was there to fight his last battle for his country.

As he entered the House of Parliament all rose and uncovered. For awhile no sound broke the silence. But as the grand old tribune rose to address the House, there burst forth a long wild cheer that answered well the cheer without.

Scarcely had he risen when he fell back into his seat exhausted. Leave was asked that he address the House without rising. Then was witnessed that spectacle, among the grandest in the range of mental phenomena, of mind asserting its supremacy over matter, of the power of enthusiasm and of genius nerving a feeble and emaciated frame. His voice soon gained a deeper power, his action more energy, his eloquence ever-increasing brilliancy. For more than two hours he poured forth a stream of epigram, of argument, and of appeal. He traversed almost the whole of the all-important question; he placed the issue on the highest grounds. "The thing," he said, "the ministry proposes to buy is what cannot be sold — Liberty."

But he could not save it. The vote was adverse on the first reading. The debate was adjourned, and continued at intervals during several weeks. Grattan and the popular party contended against desperate odds; hoping against hope. The whole nature of Grattan was aroused. He shook off illness. He seemed to have grown young. He put forth all his resources and made a series of most brilliant speeches. As we read them now in cold print, we can almost hear the ring of his eloquence. Their surpassing force and beauty cannot be excelled. But the end came. Grattan could not save the Irish Parliament. The "Union" was passed — "by perjury and by fraud!"

"I sat by its cradle; I followed its hearse." So said Grattan of the Irish Parliament. He could never speak of the "Union" without indignation.

In 1805 he was induced by friends to enter the English Parliament as an Irish member. Here he devoted his labors in the cause of Catholic emancipation, believing that the repeal of the "Union" was hopeless until Irish Catholics were free. As a mark of respect the Catholics of Dublin subscribed *twenty thousand dollars;* these he refused. He also declined to take office in the English Parliament, which Premier Fox offered him. In 1819 he almost carried his Bill for Catholic Emancipation, the majority against him being only two.

He fell ill in London in May, 1820, and died on the 6th of June following. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, that resting place of great men who have left footprints on the sands of time.

Grattan was a great statesman, a good man and a true patriot.

IDEALS.

L. J. G.

LIKE butterflies that fret
Entangled in a net
Then at the last thro' some chance rift escape,
Of half their radiance shorn,
With ruffled plumes and torn,
Bright mockeries of their former hues and shape;

So in the poet's mind
The rich ideas confined
Struggle to break in music from his tongue;
He speaks — he speaks — but, ah,
How changed, how different far
The thought once uttered from the thought unsung.

So too the painter sees
Bewildering images.
And brush is seized, and canvas quick unfurled;
The bright creation glows,
But, lo! his easel shows
Mere shadowy glimpses of that vision-world,

Know then whate'er we cull
From art's fields beautiful,
Whatever fruits philosophies may yield,
Their prototypes more fair,
Are blossoming elsewhere,
Sweet songs unsung and visions unrevealed.

Until the veil is rent,
Our flesh-imprisonment,
And we are borne beyond this dust's control,
Then shall our orbless eyes
Behold realities,
And soul commune immediately with soul.

CATHOLIC GROWTH IN ENGLAND.

WILLIAM ELLISON.

IT is gratifying to Catholic Christendom to witness the altered attitude of Protestant England towards the Church especially in this present generation. While the change may be partly ascribed to advancing civilization and the tolerant spirit of the age, the main factor has been the inherent vitality of the Church herself, manifesting her progressive power in ways most interesting to the dispassionate student.

While the religious upheaval which followed Luther's revolt made England professedly Protestant, the new form of worship proved to be largely one of sentiment and expediency, which, when its novelty wore off and the enthusiasm of its promoters began to cool, was found inadequate to satisfy the higher spiritual aspirations of its more serious-minded adherents. The sense of religious dislocation which followed led many outwardly professing Protestants to hold still in their inmost heart a deep feeling of reverence for the faith of their fathers. The reflecting non-Catholics of the nation had their minds awakened and impressed by the superhuman spectacle of the enduring vitality of a faith which lived despite an opposition and persecution no merely human institution could have survived.

The more this striking attribute of the proscribed church was looked into, the more strongly it fastened itself on the Protestant mind. It ultimately led many conscientious souls to divest themselves of hatred and prejudice in earnest investigation of a religion they were willing to adopt if its doctrinal and apostolical credentials were found valid.

It was this benign spirit of inquiry and impartial judgment that first gladdened the hearts of the surviving Catholic authorities in Britain, for they well knew that the tenets of their Church had nothing to fear from honest searchers for the truth. The early converts which Catholicism won in this manner were among the staunchest of its followers, and while averse to make parade of their own happiness, they gradually communicated it to others who were, in turn, attracted to the same spiritual fountain. Those small groups of converts, formed principally in London, increased in numbers and influence every year. The movement spread to provincial towns and cities, and eventually it penetrated the venerable walls of Oxford University where it solemnly impressed itself on the mind of the future illustrious Newman and numbers of other men who had a serious regard for the choice of means in the essential question of salvation.

Dr. Newman's public profession of the Catholic faith created an immense sensation in England. He had been known among the learned men of the nation as a man gifted with mental powers of the very highest

order, and he had besides been a model Anglican churchman. The Protestant mind knew instinctively that an individual of his high intelligence and sterling character would not embrace the despised religion unless moved by the profoundest of reasons. When the eminent convert made his avowals and stated his reasons, they impressed a vast number as the dictates of a pure conscience which had received its "leading of kindly light" and inspiration from heaven.

Dr. Newman was not a public man, but when the interests of the Church or of his Catholic fellow-citizens required it, eloquent and soul-inspiring words of wisdom came forth from his retreat at Brompton Oratory, conveying his deep thankfulness to God for the grace of conversion granted to him, and urging those who sought his advice in spiritual affairs to lose no time in entering the same portals of faith and consolation.

Not less significant or beneficial was the conversion of Dr. Manning, who proved by every civil, social and ecclesiastical act of his Catholic life that he had at heart the well-being not only of his own devoted flocks, but of all believing Christians, irrespective of creed, clime or race. He was an Englishman by birth, by training and by instinct, and in his generous nature there was a fount of charity and nobility that rushed out in beneficent effort to elevate and save mankind.

He was a practical, tireless and unceasing worker in the Church and in society. In the great metropolis and throughout his archdiocese were numberless members of his own communion of the poor laboring class. He knew their trials and the temptations that beset them in London; he went into their humble homes and imparted to them words of grace and encouragement that kindled new hopes in their souls and planted Christian warmth and spiritual joy where before had dwelt gloom and darkness. These regenerated Catholics were surrounded by Protestant neighbors who witnessed the beneficent change and naturally sought out its cause. They drew nearer to Dr. Manning and listened more attentively to his words which were always uttered in tones of conciliation, love and charity.

It is only those who love souls that can win them. This was a predominant feature in Dr. Manning's character, and non-Catholics who had before regarded the doctrines of Catholicity with aversion and distrust, were now attracted by their beauty as it fell from the lips of the charitable preacher. Nor was the mission of the great convert confined to the humbler ranks of the people, for his high rank in the Church, in society, in the intellectual life of London, and his charming personality made him the peer and associate of the highest noblemen in the kingdom. He was thus enabled to exert an immense influence for the Catholic religion among men of high rank and position, and either directly or indirectly he was the means of innumerable conversions.

Preceding Cardinal Manning in the Archiepiscopal throne of Westminster, was the late eminent Cardinal Wiseman, a man gifted with the highest intellectual faculties and a personal dignity that shed lustre on the Catholic Church in England at a peculiar period of religious unrest among the Protestant sects.

The prudent Cardinal's bearing in the trying times was admirable, as was his judicious administration of his archdiocese. From his cathedral pulpit, and on public platforms, he spoke words of peace, fraternal charity and wisdom that dissipated sectarian prejudice, and brought Christian hearts closer together. Cardinal Wiseman's learned works, treating of the essential doctrines of Catholic Christianity, were extensively read throughout England by cultured Protestants. Their asperities were softened, their minds purified, and their hearts warmed by the genius of the great Catholic dignitary whose writings imparted to them true conceptions of the Catholic Church, her constitution, and modes of government and her holy purpose of directing man in his relations with his Creator.

The services rendered to Catholicism by Cardinal Wiseman at this critical time were simply invaluable, and from the fructifying truths sowed by him sprang gains and conversions in later times. The first notable conversions were from the ranks of Anglican ministers and professors, then followed eminent lay converts like the Marquis of Bute, and at a different time Lord Ripon, — who had been the head of Free Masonry — and numerous others of lesser note. The secession of these noblemen did not pass without vehement dissent from Protestant pulpits, but the noble-minded men who had been drawn to the Catholic faith by the promptings of conscience did not mind public clamor; on the contrary they infused their own fervor into the minds of others and led them after them.

Thus steadily did the cause of the Church advance and groundless prejudice decrease, until at the present time we see evidences of Christian charity and tolerance towards the ancient faith in England, which would have been thought impossible half a century ago. If we look about us for confirmation of what we assert, we see an Irish Roman Catholic — Lord Killoween — presiding as Lord Chief Justice of England; the other day we saw Hon. Mr. Mathews, a former Home Secretary,— and now a peer, appointed Ambassador to Paris, and it was only a few years ago since the Marquis of Ripon — the Catholic convert mentioned above — filled the position of Viceroy of India. These are quoted as prominent typical cases because in the England of to-day profession of the Catholic faith does not bar a deserving subject from high preferment.

Much of this prevailing spirit of equity, tolerance and justice is due to the example set by great statesmen of the Gladstone type, and much also to the Sovereign herself, who has made it plain in many ways that her subjects should not suffer because of religious belief.

Of this determination, she gave a very practical proof something over a year ago, when the Catholic Premier of Canada — Right Hon. Sir John Thompson — died suddenly while her guest at Windsor Castle. The Queen tenderly kissed the afflicted daughter of the dead statesman and showed the deepest sorrow at his tragic death. She ordered the calling of a priest to perform the Catholic rites over the deceased and one of her greatest war ships conveyed the beloved remains to Halifax, where her representatives assisted at the burial. Incidents like these indicate the change in England regarding Catholicity, and encourage

the hope that the time is approaching when the major portion of the British nation will once again be united to the fold from which their forefathers separated in the unhappy past.

The Supreme Pontiff shows by his solicitude for their spiritual welfare that he believes that the time is ripening for the consummation of this happy reunion. He has developed his sublime project with the tenderness of a loving father, and in his consummate wisdom and enlightened views of human action lies the potentiality of achieving this Christian triumph without sacrificing any of the essentials of faith or morals entrusted to his keeping.

STANZAS.

MARY F. M. NIXON.

I FAINT, I die! I cannot bear the pain
That racks my feeble limbs, makes my brow pale,
These sleepless nights, these endless days; 'tis vain
To pray for patience. Naught can me avail."

"My child, I hung upon the cross in agony
Unspeakable, through weighted hours, and all for thee."

"Alas! I cannot bear this fearful loss,
This empty longing in my heart's deep core.
I cannot patient lie beneath this cross,
Or live my life without him evermore;"

"Child, I lost all I loved — was lonelier far than thou
Canst thou not bear thy lot, and to my Father bow?"

"Unto the fevered pain of heart and brain
Are added fears and agony of mind.
O God! How can I bear it! E'en Thy name
Seems mockery. No comfort can I find."

"Poor little one! faint not, be brave, through all thy woe,
Thou sufferest no pang I may not say 'I know.'"

OLNEY'S MASSACHUSETTS PREDECESSORS.

MICHAEL E. HENNESSY.

THE Massachusetts men who preceded Richard Olney as secretary of state form a notable group in the roll of American statesmanship. From Timothy Pickering of revolutionary fame, to scholarly Edward Everett, the list is a remarkable one, including such men as John Quincy Adams and Daniel Webster. Each of these men enunciated a public policy, which, if not actually enacted into law, is embodied in the principles forming the bulwark of American liberty.

Timothy Pickering had fought for independence as Washington's adjutant and quartermaster-general and had taken an active part in the launching of the ship of state under the Constitution. A rock-ribbed Federalist, a patriot though he was, he yet, strange to say, found public opportunities to criticise the immortal Declaration of Independence. He succeeded Samuel Osgood, also of Massachusetts, in Washington's second term, as postmaster-general, and when Edmund Randolph lost the confidence of the administration and resigned, Pickering stepped into his shoes as secretary of state. General Pickering was discharging the duties of this office when John Adams came into power and was continued as secretary of state until the closing years of Mr. Adams' term, when in the great shaking up that occurred in the President's chosen circle of official advisers, Secretary Pickering was curtly notified that his services were no longer required.

Pickering while in office had grown to hate his chief, to whom public policy and decency required at least respectful deference in matters of public concern. When the break came in the Federal party, Pickering joined the forces of Alexander Hamilton, Mr. Adams' arch political enemy. Indeed, it was asserted that Mr. Pickering took his orders from Hamilton rather than from the President. Two of his associates in the cabinet, McHenry and Wolcott, did the same, and it is charged that the doings at cabinet meetings were by these officials reported to Hamilton with clock-like regularity. It is difficult at the present day to conceive of a President administering the affairs of his office under such circumstances. But this deplorable condition of affairs could not last very long. McHenry and Pickering were dismissed. Mr. Adams offered Mr. Pickering an opportunity to resign, but this he re-

fused to do, and he was accordingly removed.

General Pickering was an opinionated man and as stubborn as Mr. Adams. From the day he left the cabinet he never lost an opportunity to assail his late chief executive, carrying his hatred so far as to oppose his son, John Quincy Adams, for United States Senator from Massachusetts, and voting against his confirmation as United States Minister to Russia.

Prior to John Quincy Adams' abjurement of the Federalists, he and Pickering had been colleagues in the United States Senate, but there never existed between them the cordiality that usually characterizes senators from the same state. At first they maintained a stiff and formal courtesy, but gradually this was thrown off and they finally passed each other daily without so much as a word of salutation. Pickering was a native of Salem. He had filled many positions of honor and trust in his long public career, beginning with his leadership of the Essex County Whigs in 1768, soon after his graduation from Harvard. His fierce opposition to the Boston Port Bill in 1774, his sturdy resistance to British troops as colonel of militia in February, 1775, as judge in the same year, and as a revolutionary soldier throughout the war, form some of the most interesting passages of the history of the great struggle. After the war, as an earnest supporter of the Constitution, as postmaster-general and secretary of state, as member of both branches of Congress, and of the governor's council of his native state, he filled a large share of public attention. General Pickering died poor, but his record and memory are closely linked with the rise of the republic. His name is fondly cherished in Salem and many mementos of him abound in the old historic seaport.

John Adams' son supporting the war policy of Thomas Jefferson's administration was not dreamed of by the Massachusetts Federalists when they sent John Quincy Adams to the United States Senate in 1803. And yet this is what actually occurred in 1808. For this action Mr. Adams lost his seat in the Senate. The Republicans soon took him up and President Madison sent him as United States Minister to Russia. Mr. Adams was engaged in a diplomatic mission abroad when he was notified of his selection as secretary of state by President James Monroe. While attending a grand ball in Paris on the evening of April 16, 1817, Mr. Adams received the President's letter, which had been mailed March 6, two days after his inauguration. Glad to return home, Mr. Adams wrote the President the next day, accepting the office.

Regarding his selection Mr. Adams commented in his interesting diary that he was aware that Mr. Jefferson alone had the good fortune to have an harmonious cabinet throughout the whole period of his administration, and added: —

> The President, I am sure, will neither require nor expect from me any sacrifice of principles inconsistent with my own sense of right, and I hope I shall never be unmindful of the respect for the character, the deference for his sentiments and the attachment to his person due from me to him, not only by the relative situation in which he has placed me to himself, but by the gratitude with which his kindness ought to be requited.

In another note he says that he has not always agreed with the President on political matters and it might be, he observes, that he would be forced to disagree with him again.

During the eight years he occupied the post of secretary of state, two of the most important events were accomplished by the administration he so ably served — the enunciation of the Monroe doctrine and the ceding of Florida to the United States by Spain.

In important public events there is generally a dispute as to the prime mover in the matter. The Monroe doctrine is not an exception. There is a deal of evidence tending to show that the Monroe doctrine might well have been called the Adams doctrine, and Mr. Adams' friends adduce much indisputable proof of his belief in this policy long before it was enunciated. Some writers declare that the idea originated in September, 1823, with George Canning, who while British Minister of Foreign Affairs proposed to Mr. Rush, American Minister to the court of Saint James, that the United States should join England against the holy alliance, which desired the restoration of Spain's revolted American colonies.

England of course cared nothing about the United States, but was looking out for her own interests in the matter. She had built up quite a large South American trade with the young republics and desired to maintain it. Hence the proposition to Mr. Rush that the United States and England should unite in opposing European interference with the Spanish American colonies. Mr. Rush had previously, in 1818, informed Lord Castlereagh in respect to a proposed mediation of Great Britain between Spain and her colonies in which the co-operation of the United States was desired. Mr. Rush informed the British Minister that "the United States would decline taking part, if they took any part at all, in any plan of pacification, except *on the basis of the independence of the colonies*." Mr. Rush further added that "this was the determination to which his government had come on much deliberation."

On July 17, 1823, Secretary Adams informed the Russian minister at Washington, "that we should contest the right of Russia to *any* territorial establishment on this continent." This, Mr. Charles Francis Adams regards as "the first hint of the policy so well known afterwards as the Monroe doctrine." Five months later President Monroe sent his celebrated message to Congress.

Hon. John E. Russell in an article in the New York *Times* on the Monroe doctrine says: "It is well known that the portion relative to foreign affairs was written by Mr. Adams, Secretary of State."

This is the Monroe doctrine: —

> We owe it therefore to candor and to the amicable relations existing between the United States and those powers to declare that we should consider any attempt on their part to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety. With the existing colonies of any European power we have not and shall not interfere. But with the governments who have declared their independence and maintained it and whose independence we have acknowledged, we could not view any interposition for the purpose of oppressing them or controlling in any other manner their destiny by any European power, in any other light than as the manifestation of an unfriendly disposition toward the United States.

The Monroe doctrine was but the culmination of the gradual growth of a sentiment distinctively American, and many passages may be found in the writings of the founders of the republic bearing on the question of European interference in American territorial affairs.

The Whigs came into power with

General Harrison as President, in 1841. As Mr. Webster was the leading Whig in the country, President Harrison tendered him a cabinet portfolio, intimating the treasury, but Mr. Webster preferred the state department. War with Great Britain was at that time predicted by many over boundary disputes and depredations along the Canadian border, but these matters were amicably settled by Mr. Webster.

President Harrison did not live long to enjoy the fruits of his victory. On the 6th of April Vice-President Tyler took the oath of office as President, attended the late President's funeral the next day, and reappointed his former chief's cabinet, all of whom were regarded as able and representative men. But Mr. Tyler was born under an unlucky star, as the astrologers would say, — at least so far as cabinet officials were concerned. He had the misfortune to lose three members of his cabinet by death within a few months of one another and when he became estranged from his party over the bank bill vetoes, every one of his cabinet, save Mr. Webster, resigned. Mr. Webster had in hand a very important treaty matter with Great Britain which he did not care to leave unfinished. Otherwise he, too, would probably have resigned. For remaining in the cabinet he was roundly denounced by the Massachusetts Whigs and was read out of the party. Mr. Webster refused to go, and in a speech at Faneuil Hall, Boston, declared that he was a Whig, had always been a Whig and always would be one.

When Mr. Webster's important treaty with Great Britain had been signed, he tendered his resignation to President Tyler. He was succeeded by Hugh S. Legare of South Carolina.

The Whigs came into power again in 1849 under General Taylor. He died in July, 1850, when Millard Fillmore of New York, the Vice-President, was sworn in as President. Taylor's cabinet resigned and Fillmore had to find new advisers. He invited Daniel Webster, who had been sent back to the Senate from Massachusetts, to become secretary of state, and Mr. Webster accepted. Webster had been a candidate in the Whig convention for the presidential nomination, and had declared Mr. Taylor's nomination one not fit to be made, but in the campaign he spoke for the ticket. There was considerable to do with Cuban insurrectionists during Mr. Webster's last term as secretary of state. One of his last official acts was the saving of one hundred and sixty-two Americans who had unlawfully engaged in an attack on Cuba and were under sentence to be sent to Spanish mines.

When Webster died in October, 1852, he was succeeded by Edward Everett of Massachusetts, who had been Minister to England under Tyler. Mr. Fillmore's administration was drawing to a close, and the people heartily welcomed an opportunity to rid themselves of Whig rule. In November the Democrats swept the country, electing a New England Democrat, Franklin Pierce of New Hampshire.

Although Mr. Everett's term of service as secretary of state was brief, he impressed himself on the country and bolstered up Fillmore's administration by his famous tripartite letter on the Cuban question.

Becoming alarmed at the invasion of Cuba from American territory, which difficulty Mr. Webster had

only recently adjusted with the Spanish authorities, Europeans generally felt that it was the intention of the United States to acquire Cuba by force, if necessary, and then control the Gulf of Mexico. France and England, anxious to prevent this and thus protect the West India trade, proposed through their proper ministers that the United States enter into a treaty with them which should secure Cuba to Spain for all time. To this astonishing proposition Mr. Everett replied that the question was not a European one but purely American; that while the United States disclaimed all intention to violate existing neutrality laws, it would not relinquish the right to act in relation to Cuba independent of any other power. Mr. Everett further added that the United States could not see with indifference "the island of Cuba fall into the hands of any European power other than Spain." This was a bold reiteration of the Monroe doctrine and the entire country applauded its promulgator.

The prominence of Cuban affairs in diplomatic circles, at the present time, recalls the fact that under three of Mr. Olney's Massachusetts predecessors, Adams, Webster and Everett, Cuban affairs demanded a great share of attention from the secretary of state. Mr. Adams was or would be considered to-day, mad on the annexation question. Professor Morse, in his American Statesmen series, notes that in April, 1823, Mr. Adams wrote the American minister at Madrid: "It is scarcely possible to resist the conviction that the annexation of Cuba to our Federal republic will be indispensable to the continuance and integrity of the Union." Mr. Morse also says that Mr. Adams looked forward to the possession of the whole North American continent by the United States. He favored the acquisition of Louisiana, and in 1815 stood ready to ask the British representatives to cede Canada. Through his untiring energy and diplomatic skill Florida was obtained.

IONA.

CHARLES H. A. ESLING.

HOME of the halcyon heart! Columba's nest!
Gray isle enhedged 'mid the white coralled spray,
As in snow-blossomed boughs serene doth sway
The Thrush's bed. Though to all storms abreast,
Faith's sun through cloud and clamor manifest,
Thou pearl-like e'er dost opalescent ray;
Since when, in thee, aflight from grief's dismay
Thy dovelike pilgrim found his cloister-quest.

Then woke in hymns thy sea-crooned silences,
And all thy desert burst in blooms of prayer,
As May's breath calms the Boreal violences
Thy Gospel-light summered the Northland bare.
Like thy dear saint, my spirit wings to thee,
Through spheres of stress, Shekinah of the Sea.

THE ACE OF HEARTS.

W. A. Fraser.

FOUR men were just sitting down to a rubber of whist in the veranda of the Gymkhana Club in Arakan. They had dined — which was wise — for "the devil lurketh in an empty stomach," say the Burmese, and no man can see the end of luck.

Cook and the Major cut together as partners, and Campbell sat opposite Herbert. Then, because the seat next the wall was out of the breeze and hot, they cut again for seats. That was the Major's doing; he was always like that, arranging things fairly.

"Here, you fellows, cut!" cried the Major. "Campbell has cut the 'Queen,' and I have turned up the 'deuce,' so I suppose I have won the warm corner!"

Herbert cut a "ten," and Cook turned over the card he had been holding face down. It was — the "ace of hearts."

"For downright luck commend me to Cook!" laughed the Major, as Cook pitched into the hot seat.

And the cutting of the cards was the drawing of lives in a lottery!

"Can't make it out," sighed the Major, as he watched Cook throw away with consummate care every chance which came his way. "It's either 'sun,' or the boy is in love."

Then the god of whist cursed with bad luck Cook and the Major. That was because Cook nursed six trumps until they were useless.

"You've the best of the cut, Cook," broke in Campbell, "for the breeze that comes across the corner of the veranda here is heavy-laden with the perfume of the native town. And it's *gnapie*, my boy, sweet *gnapie*, that I will back to knock out all the scents of Naples Bay."

"It's like a graveyard," grunted Herbert, lighting a cheroot; "it makes me ill."

In the billiard-room some one was picking at a banjo. Suddenly a fresh sweet voice sang a verse from the "Bengali Baboo," and the players joined in the chorus.

Only Cook did not sing. He sat like a gravedigger,— a sense of coming evil had spread its gloom over him.

Then he made the second misdeal

in twenty minutes. The Major never moved a muscle — he was facing the guns now. He bit the corner of his iron-gray moustache, and looked straight into his hand.

"Just as I thought," he muttered: "the young ass has lost his head over 'May,' and there'll be no end of a row about it! The Colonel will never let May take up with a merchant. Why, he'd turn his nose up at a civil servant. He's a good enough little chap, but his position isn't in it with the Colonel."

Then Campbell ordered a bottle of "Simpkin," swearing that he couldn't stand Cook's long face, and that they'd have to drink the blue devils out of the game.

"Here's to the little woman that's driving the whist out of your head, Cook!" said Campbell, holding his glass up.

"Sh — h — h!" broke in the Major. "Leave the ladies out of it."

The wine made no difference; the luck ran just the same — dead against Cook and the Major. Cook was playing like one in a dream. The voices of his companions sounded far away.

The Major called for trumps — "shrieked for them," as he put it himself. But Cook was dead to such trifles; nothing short of a knock on the head with a tennis racket would have wakened him up to the occasion. There is only one result to such play — disaster.

"I'm sorry, Major," said Cook, when the rub. was over, "for playing 'bumble-puppy' with the game, but there *is* something. When I put my hand over to your side of the table I feel as though I were touching a corpse."

Cook was serious enough, but the others laughed. "Bets are off when a man's dead," quoth the Major; "so you will have to pay the whole shot, Cook, if I'm dead. I tell you what it is: if you keep on I shall go behind this month. If it were not for the money I make out of you 'juniors,' I do not know what I should do."

This was good, coming from Lutyens, who was always paying up — if not for himself, for some one else.

They all knew that he'd give away everything he could not lose in a fair gamble, if anyone needed it, all but one thing — the "V.C." on his breast; that was the one thing he did seem to care for,— that and the Service.

The V.C.? — Oh! that was up in Afghanistan, when he drove a horde of blood-thirsty Patans back from a wounded boy of a lieutenant they were trying to spit, and carried him in under his arm.

But the "Something" kept grinning at Cook from among the glasses and cards. Sometimes it was peering at him over the shoulder of one player, and sometimes the other. He saw it plainly enough; but to speak of it meant unlimited chaff, and an aftermath that might stick to him. It does not do to see "Things," and *speak* about them.

A man may hold his tongue, though it feel like Irish frieze, and as dry and thick; but he cannot help the nerves — nor the cold damp on the forehead, either.

The Club was very quiet, and the fellows who had been clicking the balls in the billiard-room and singing bits of songs had gone home.

Suddenly, from the shadow of the sloping bamboo roof, a harsh, grating voice called "Tucktoo!"

Cook jumped perceptibly, and the

pins were sticking sharper than ever in his scalp.

Seven times the "Tucktoo" called in his sharp, imperious way, the last dying out in a long drawn "A—a—a—h—h!"

"Hello! are you back again!" queried the Major, looking up toward the disagreeable voice. "Something must be going to happen. When I came here the Gym was blest with a lucky Tucktoo — a regular Mascot; but Hashim assured me that he left the day after I set foot in the place. I wonder if he thinks that I am not coming here any more? Perhaps my luck is going to change. Why luck should be associated with those hideous ——"

"Tucktoo! Tucktoo! Tuck—ta—a—!" drawled the lizard in derision overhead.

"Oh, never mind him, Major!" broke in Herbert; "he's only after the flies up there. He finds it deuced good stalking-ground when the lights are going."

The Club was very quiet — "creepy," Cook called it. Suddenly the big brazen gong over by the *Cutcherry* sent out a booming note, as the sentinel swung his heavy wooden mallet. Then again and again, twelve times: it was midnight.

"Ah! I wish that were 'Big Ben' calling to me from Westminster, and this my club at home," sighed the Major. Then he added abruptly, "Time's up, gentlemen! It's Sunday morning."

"Come on, Cook; I'll drop you home in my trap. You look as though the 'mulligatawny' had been a little too heavy for you."

Just as they rose from the table the weird, ghostly call of a jackal came cutting through the heavy night air like the thrust of a javelin; then another answered from the other side of the big maidan just opposite; then another and another took up the dismal, wailing note, until the whole night was made hideous with their ghoulish din.

Cold drops of perspiration stood out like beads on Cook's forehead. "Hold on!" he gasped; "I must have a peg before I go. I fancy that I'm a little off."

As the gray Waler mare swung them around the white stone post where the Club road turned into the main street, the Major felt some one get up behind on the dogcart.

"Is that you, Campbell?" he asked, for he could see the syce running on ahead yet. No one answered, and he looked round. There was no one there.

"Deuced queer!" he muttered. "I could have sworn that some one jumped up behind as we struck the road there."

Cook did not speak. He could feel it up there behind in the syce's seat — "It," that which had been peering at him over the other players' shoulders all the evening.

How raw the night air which blew in their faces from over the harbor was! — it made him shiver.

When Major Lutyens dropped him at his bungalow, Cook stood watching the high-wheeled dogcart as it whirled away into the night. "There are three sitting there!" he gasped. "I am glad Lutyens felt it. My head is so *garm* that I almost thought —— I hope to God it's not Lutyens, though! He's too good a sort to 'snuff out' in this beastly hole!"

As Cook turned into his bungalow he realized that he was alone. "It" had gone from him. The terrible oppression which had been over his spirits all the evening had fallen from

him, as one takes off armor. He felt almost like dancing a *pas seul* — and then the hideous thought that "It" was still with Lutyens sobered him. He slept like a log, for the strain of the evening had tired his senses.

The next day, about ten o'clock, Cook's head clerk, Baboo Grish Chunder, came to the bungalow.

"Chol'ra get plenty worse, sir!" said the Baboo. "All Burmese coolies under Manji Nee Aung run 'way last night. They plenty 'fraid this seekness, sir. Ramsammy telling me Herbert Sahib, he gettin' chol'ra too."

"Great God!" he muttered; "that's the first!"

Then he ordered his trap and drove over to Herbert's bungalow. As he pulled up his pony a man came out on the veranda — it was Major Lutyens.

"Look here, youngster! just turn your pony's head about and drive off to your own bungalow again. You can't do any good here, and I shall see after Herbert all right."

But Cook got down from his cart in a quiet, determined way, and told the syce to put the pony under a neighboring banyan tree.

Then Lutyens spoke again.

"You're young, Cook, and you've got it all before you. I'll see that Herbert has every care. Of course the black devils will all clear out and leave him alone; but I'll stop, and the doctor will send an assistant down from the hospital if he can spare one. He says it's simply 'hell' up there. All the wards are full of the cholera patients, and the assistants are clearing out. God knows he hadn't too many as it was! So now, clear off home, and don't drink any water that anybody has even looked at."

But Cook had come up on the veranda by this time, and was coolly lighting a cheroot.

"Do you hear?" said Lutyens. "It doesn't matter if it does come my way. I've seen all there is to see. I think you ought to cut it for Somebody's sake, if not for your own. You'll be all right in that quarter some day, perhaps."

But his words seemed to have little effect on Cook, who puffed at his cheroot leisurely, and seemed to be waiting until Lutyens finished.

"As for me," continued the Major, "I really fancy that I am in for it any way. The breeze that blew across the table last night over the three of us carried this infernal thing — this cholera; it was that which Campbell thought was the perfume of *gnapie*. You missed it where you sat — the 'ace of hearts' let you out."

"It doesn't matter about all that, Major," answered Cook, in a dogged sort of way. "I have come up to help look after Herbert. I haven't had as much experience as you've had, but I know what it is like when this comes along. All the servants clear out, and leave a man to shift for himself,— that means shifting over the river. I am sure it was last night did it, and because I was lucky enough to get the sheltered seat I am not going to back out of it that way. I am going to see the game through."

A soft, mellow light came into the Major's steel-gray eyes as he held out his hand to Cook, and said:

"You should have been in the Service, Cook. Come inside."

There was no doubt about it. The surgeon said it was "*pukka* cholera," and only the best possible care could save Herbert.

It is always the same: the fight is short and sharp — soon settled one way or the other — more often the other!

In India there is no hurry. Life is slow, but "Death gallops on the King's horse." Yes, death is fast there — the yellow whirlwind rush of the tiger, the cobra's dart, the coming of the black death, the cholera: these are *ek dum* ("at once") where all else is so slow.

Side by side the two men fought through the silent watches of the night for the life of their friend; but as the gray streaked the sky next morning, the blue nails were driven into the white cramped palms for the last time. It was settled — the other way!

One hand had been played out, and together they must go on, for Campbell was down now.

There was no questioning, no admonition now to turn back; silently, steadily they fought it all over again — fought the hideous black thing that had come down from Chittagong with the coolies coming to the rice mills.

Born of the decaying bodies of the thousands who perished in the great cyclone, and that lay along the roads exposed to the burning sun, it had spread far and wide, carried by the travellers.

On the third morning there were but two left. Another hand had been played.

"Now, my boy," said Lutyens to Cook, as he left him at his own door, "I am going home; and if you hear that I am ill and come near the bungalow, I will shoot you. By God, I will!" he said, as he turned on his heel.

Cook watched his trap disappear up the road, then he turned into his bungalow with a sigh.

"Poor old man!" he murmured. "God grant that it may pass him! Poor old man!" — and then his head dropped heavily to one side as he sat in the chair. He slept like a log — the sleep of exhaustion. At tiffin time the Khitmutghar woke him up.

"Go over and find out how Major Lutyens is," Cook said. "Don't let him see you."

Then he ate a little, and drank; it was safest, and would keep his strength up for the last fight, which he felt must come — the last hand in the rubber. After that ——? He really didn't care very much; he was so tired!

He drove to his office; things were going all right there, so he drove home again.

"Major Sahib seek, sah," was the laconic report of his Khitmutghar.

Whatever had been the Major's intention with regard to the shooting, he had no chance to put it into execution, for Cook walked into his bedroom unannounced. That he swore and called Cook a young ass did not matter in the least.

The surgeon had been there — and it was the same thing over again, only now it was drawing toward the end. There was only one to fight.

Later on in the evening, when the terrible spasms had left Lutyens for a few minutes, he turned his gray eyes, now grown so large and luminous, on Cook, and said: —

"It's no use, old man! I never funked it in my life, and don't now. But we simply can't beat out fate. *Mera Kismet*, as the natives have it. There was only one life out of the four to be spared, and you got it when you cut the 'ace of hearts.' You deserve it all — for you're pluck to the backbone. Come here till I pin this V.C. on your breast, to show

you what a dying man thinks of you. Of course I can't give it to you. I only wish I could, for if ever a man deserved the Victoria Cross you do! I shall be buried with it on my breast, but let my eye rest on it where it is now till all is over. I would rather die with the cheer of my men behind me and the howl of the enemy in front. God! how we pricked those Afghan devils with the cold steel the day I won that on your breast! But I know when I'm beaten, and shan't fret about it. I think I had better tell you something that is on my mind while I am talking. I myself loved winsome little May — everybody did, I think — she never knew it, though. It wasn't good enough for her — my love, I mean. The old Colonel was sweet on Herbert, and the title, and all the rest of it. Herbert, too, was madly in love with her; but you didn't know that, Cook. In some things your innocence is simply lovable. Promise me this, comrade, that when toward the end I begin to weaken, and the cramps double me up, so that you have to use all your strength to pull my head from between my knees, you won't pay any attention when I ask you to put an end to it all by giving me an overdose of chlorodyne, or a bullet, or something. Just let me fight it out to the end; then there will be no aftermath of misery for you."

All this talk did not come at once. There were the terrible and increasing spasms, and between, brief spells of semi-collapse and quiet, in which the brave man, dying surely and horribly, talked.

It was only a little longer — as with the others. The surgeon, and the drugs, and the brandy, and the rest of it, were as idle as the tears that coursed down poor Cook's cheeks — the round cheeks that were now so pale and drawn — as he worked over his dying friend.

"God bless — hearts — yes — yes the — the — ace — Cook — the — the 'ace of hearts!'"

It were better thus. He did not feel the pain now — did not know.

Then the eyes cleared for a minute and the lips moved, — very dry and white they were. Cook put his ear down close.

"Good-bye, May, — Cook," came like the dying sigh of a gentle breeze.

The third and last hand had been played out in that game of death.

Cook drove home alone this time. There was nothing sitting on the seat behind now — not even the syce. The sahib was mad to expose himself to this terrible thing — he would rather run behind. They are careful servants — the natives — of themselves.

There was no marriage. It is often that way in India — more of death than marriage.

"I loved Major Lutyens more than I shall ever love any other man," May said simply to Cook, when he asked her to be his wife; "but I suppose he never even thought of me. I avoided him because I knew he did not care for me."

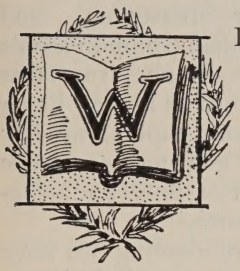
That was why there was no marriage.

The Ace of Hearts rests on Cook's dressing-table, framed in silver.

— *Pall Mall Magazine.*

ON READING.

R. F. Horton, M.A.



E are as a rule very particular about the people with whom we associate; there are few things which more agitate the minds of good parents than the society in which their children are to move. About the principle of discrimination it is not necessary to say anything. We all of us have some principle of our own; there are people whom we want to know, there are others whom we treat with reserve; there are some whom we keep at arm's-length. This is the essence of our dignity — or, let us call it, our self-respect. When our principle of discrimination is false, our dignity may become undignified, the dignity merely of a flunkey; but when our principle of discrimination is sound, when we want to know the good and noble, and are indifferent to the vulgar distinctions of wealth and spurious rank, the soul becomes strong and pure by virtue of its discerning choice and rigorous self-restraint in the matter of companionship.

We may observe, however, a difference as our character ripens and our moral form becomes set. In youth we must shun the vicious and the weak, counting their very presence a danger and their breath a miasma; later on we can pass unharmed among men of all sorts, securely assimilating what is good and rejecting what is bad; and at last, by the grace of God, we may become so firmly knit in all purity and truth and charity that our presence among men of the most degraded type will be harmless to ourselves, but serviceable to them.

We are all agreed, then, that the society which we affect is not a matter of indifference; it must be at all times wisely chosen, its effects upon us must be scrupulously watched, its tendencies to deflect us from the appointed way must be rigorously checked and valiantly frustrated.

Now the object of the present essay is to show that in the power of reading we have admission to society of all kinds, to society of all ages; that our intercourse with men and women through the written page is often more intimate than that which we hold with living people; that the influence which these invisible minds

exercise over us is incalculable; and that therefore the choice which we must bring to bear in the selection of what we read should be even more intelligent, more earnest, more severe than that which regulates the selection of our companions and friends.

The idea is old and even trite; it is the application which is not so trite. While readers were chiefly or entirely the cultivated few, who approached books with a carefully trained intelligence, and with all the composure and fastidiousness of culture, the caution was hardly needed; but when everybody reads, when books are free to us as the air we breathe, when all of us are thrown into the crowd of authors who jostle one another in the crowded streets of literature, it is necessary to caution the unwary against those besmirching persons who may rub against them unawares and to suggest by what methods it is possible to quit the mixed throng of the thoroughfares, and to find in quiet and wholesome places the companionship with the good and the great by which the soul can thrive.

No better preface can be given to what is now to be said than these wise and beautiful words of Mr. Ruskin: —

> Will you go and gossip with your housemaid or your stable-boy, when you may talk with kings and queens, while this eternal court is open to you, with its society wide as the world, multitudinous as its days, the chosen and the mighty of every place and time? Into that you may enter always; in that you may take fellowship and rank according to your wish; from that, once entered into it, you can never be outcast but by your own fault; by your aristocracy of companionship there, your own inherent aristocracy will be assuredly tested, and the motives with which you strive to take high place in the society of the living, measured, as to all the truth and sincerity that are in them, by the place you desire to take in this company of the dead.

This passage must be guarded against misunderstanding, or a mean interpretation might be put upon it. It is not meant that people who move in the humble ranks of society should use the medium of literature to become acquainted with the ways and habits of the great. The kings and queens referred to in this passage are of a quite different kind; they are those regal minds which in the long silence of the ages have exercised their widening sway by the authority of clearer insight, more passionate feeling, stronger reasoning, and sweeter numbers than common minds were capable of. Flunkeyism is as rampant in literature as among living men; in books and papers, no less than in society, one needs an eye which is impatient of tinsel and penetrative of solid worth.

In the power of reading we have admission to society of all kinds, to society of all ages. There is something quite pathetic in the sight of young men and women reading their scrappy and titillating newspapers, or their blood-curdling and sensational novels, when they might be at the same time holding high converse with the strong master spirits of humanity; might be "laughing with Chaucer in the hawthorn shade" instead of guffawing with the clown who grimaces and holds the board for a day and a morrow; might be moving in the fields of fancy with Shakespere, and learning from that wise spirit the mysterious secrets of life, hearing the "sweet, sad music of humanity" instead of losing all the capacity of genuine feeling by submitting to the unreal raptures, the base alarms and the subtle poisons of popular fiction.

But it is not quite true to say that admission to that society of the noble is open to all. There is need of effort, of patience, of discipline

to approach great minds in literature. Anyone can read "King Solomon's Mines," or "Trilby" but not every one can read "The Antiquary;" anyone can read Alfred Austin's poems but not every one can read Milton's sonnets. The present writer once knew an athletic man who made a notable remark. The conversation turned on a discussion whether it was better to read "Hamlet" or to see Shakespere. Our athletic friend determined that it would be better to see Shakespere, on the singular ground that "it would take less time." Now, beyond all question, it takes time and energy and active thought to hold intercourse with those great authors who have attained their greatness by the expenditure of time and energy and active thought. And here comes in the responsibility of reading; it is our duty to nerve ourselves to encounters with the great; we are to put on the livery of the master minds.

But it may be said, who are the master minds? By what mark are we to distinguish them? How are we to discharge our responsibility in the absence of those regal insignia with which alone we are familiar? Here is an acknowledged difficulty. And in it may be rooted a plea for reading more of those writers whose place in literature is fixed, and less of those current writers who have not yet passed the stern examination of time, or received the hall mark of that final criticism which is not local or of the age, but universal and eternal.

There is a certain note which is quickly perceived in the minds which are whole and strong; it is like the deep sound of a bell, which though there are all varieties of tone and compass and vibration, can never be produced where the metal is base, or where the bell is cracked. This note has been caught by many of us in the study of the great masters of classical antiquity,—Homer and Thucydides, Sophocles and Plato, Virgil and Tacitus; but it may be caught even more readily from the great masters of English, from Spenser and Shakespere, from Bacon and Raleigh, from Milton and Addison and Johnson and Burke, from Burns and Wordsworth and Scott, from Helps, Carlyle and Tennyson, not to approach any nearer to the noble company of the living.

And as Sir Arthur Helps has been mentioned incidentally, let one of his wise counsels find a place here. "Every man and every woman who can read at all," he says, "should adopt some definite purpose in their reading — should take something for the main stem and trunk of their culture, whence branches might grow out in all directions, seeking air and light for the parent tree, which it is hoped might end in becoming something useful and ornamental, and which at any rate all along will have had life and growth in it." It is only by some self-discipline, by some concentration of purpose, by realizing that this magic faculty is not a convenient device for passing heavy hours, but a golden stair which leads into high places, that any progress can be made towards that company of which we have been thinking. This is not a warning against desultory reading, which is in its place a wise and excellent thing, but it must be kept in its own place; it must not be allowed to encroach on the sacred ground which is reserved for the purposeful disciplinary reading which will introduce us into that "eternal court open to us, with its society as wide as the world."

Now we come to observe more particularly that between an author and a careful reader an intimacy is established of a kind which is rarely possible in the actual intercourse of life. An author can creep into the soul, and is the more readily admitted because his approaches seem so silent and unintentional. The Bible is the most intimate of all religious influences. St. Paul, for example, approaches us more nearly than the preacher who addresses us every week from the pulpit. Those nameless psalmists whose writings have been preserved among the Psalms of David are more living, speak more directly to us, than the people whom we meet in the streets or in the railway trains. We may pass the time of day and nod a smile to a man every morning for twenty years and not know so much of him as we know of that passionate soul who cried unto the Lord out of the depths, and waited for him as the watchmen wait for the morning (Ps. cxxx).

But what the Bible is, in a peculiar degree, other books are in a less degree. There is even a touch of terror in opening a book, that a man should be able to come into this grappling connection with us; if he is a truthful spirit he can make us blush with shame, tremble, shed tears as we read. We take the silent, innocent-seeming volume into our hands, and when we put it down we shall never again be what we were before. What a spell the writer weaves! what a miraculous power he exercises! For, to pass to this other point, the influence the book exercises over us is incalculable. Saint Augustine opened the book, and one single sentence changed him from the brilliant, godless, self-satisfied rhetorician into a powerful religious influence. Here, on the other hand, is a religious youth who opens a mere magazine article written against his faith; he throws off the early influences of home like a mantle, and plunges thenceforward into the "sunless gulf of doubt," with the unspeakable morasses at the bottom. Here, again, a pure and untainted mind will take up a book which is foul, prurient and suggestive, and the very course of nature is set on fire, a turning-point comes, and the old innocence is gone forever.

In the quaint stories of an older day the Power of Evil would shape himself like a tiny animal, and affect an entrance into an unsuspecting body; now he finds himself between the dainty covers of a book, or lurks in the brief paragraphs of a licentious journal, and obtains an easy and unobserved entrance into incautious minds.

You may have observed, even in your friends, changes from day to day, which are like the shadows chasing one another on the hillside. A mind naturally gentle and sympathetic passes into a phase of cynicism; thinks it, for the time, the correct thing to question every one's motives, and to doubt whether simplicity and sincerity have any visible existence on this planet. You find on inquiry that your friend has been reading "Vanity Fair," or a book as cynical, without any of Thackeray's saving soundness and tenderness. Or, on the other hand, one who has been hitherto lethargic and indifferent to all noble enterprise seems to be fired with great thoughts of service and devotion. You find that the change is all due to the biography of an heroic soul which has been playing upon the springs of thought and feeling.

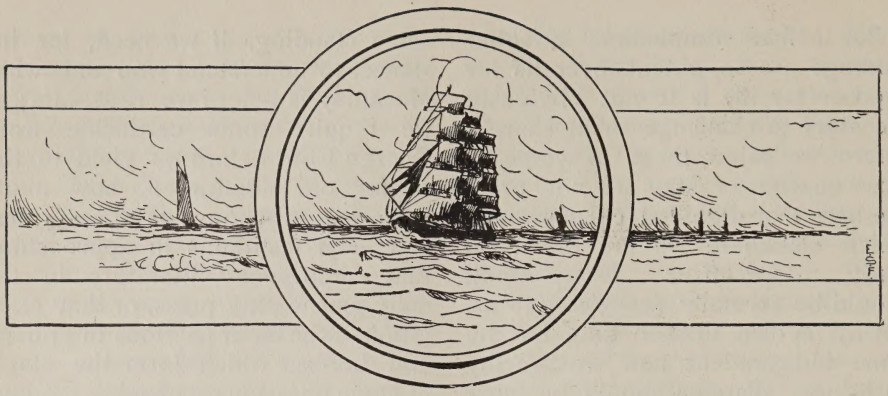
But if these companions in sober bindings are so potent over us for good or for ill, is it not obviously necessary to challenge them sharply before we allow them to come to close quarters? May we not practise here that dignified exclusiveness which elsewhere we are only too ready to practise? Every book should be formally *introduced* to us, not by its own introduction, but by some independent and trustworthy authority. Parents should be more particular in getting testimonials for the literature which comes into the hands of their children than in learning the character of the schools and the school companions.

The writer remembers to this day the impression made upon his boyish mind when his father emphatically forbade him to read "Don Juan," saying that it might inflict a serious injury upon the spirit. For more than twenty years that famous poem remained *taboo* to him, and when at last he read it, he thanked God for the wisdom of a father which had saved him from passing through those shameless pages before his moral frame was knit, and the power of discrimination had come with the slow discipline of the years. But long after the paternal authority is no longer available — and indeed, for most of us, up to the very end — it would be well for us to expect some adequate guarantee from all printed matter which lays claim to come into close quarters with the soul. You shall do wisely to learn how few are the writers to whom you can safely surrender yourself, how few the guides whom you can follow with closed or even half-closed eyes.

And if this applies to books of some standing, if we need, for instance, to understand who and what Macaulay is before we read him; if we require some certificate from George Eliot before we yield to the author our admiration, how much more does it behoove us to be critical and even fastidious in approaching that catch-penny literature in the daily and weekly press, or that excitation of the baser passions in ephemeral books, which form the staple of some unfortunate people's reading.

Let it be realized once for all that a mind debauched and gulled by the dull tirades of a one-sided party newspaper, or a mind surrendered to a faction in politics or religion, and fed only on the morsels dished up to it by one-eyed partisans, becomes permanently degenerate, and finally incapable of clear vision or free thinking. If we have learned the meaning of "party" and "faction," and if we distinctly label our newspaper, pamphlet or speech with its appropriate title before we read it, a sound mind may escape without any permanent injury.

And if it be asked, Who then shall stand to us *in loco parentis?* Who shall assure what we may read? The answer to be given cannot be altogether unequivocal. Let the wise decide, until your own wisdom has become manifest to the wise as well as to yourself; and if the wise are inaccessible; then as it is better to go friendless than to have false friends, consider that it is better to go bookless than to read bad books. God, nature, man are accessible; read *them.* The world's greatest books are accessible; try to read them; and for the rest, where the heart ardently seeks for wisdom the wise are not far away.



A TREASURE FROM THE SEA.

FRANK H. SWEET.

STORMS and disaster are frequent on the New England coast; and especially is this true of the long, sandy points that run out into the Atlantic and dare the elements to their worst. On these desolate, wind-swept flats are isolated houses and farms, and straggling towns and settlements, whose one industry depends on the caprices of the sea. Sometimes, when wind and wave are favorable, there is rejoicing; but more often there is a hardened, hopeless endurance. The men are always watching to take the sea and sky at advantage; and the women wait, passive alike to hope or fear. Even the children have learned to accept danger as part of their daily lives.

It was on one of the wildest and most desolate of these points that Peter Gradt built his little cabin. There were but two lines to his horizon, one of sand and one of sea; and although the sea line was sometimes cut in twain by the masts of fishing smacks, the land line always remained unbroken. No tree or shrub had the hardihood to aspire to its dangerous exposure, and even the tough thistles and wire grass, which alone of all the vegetation were able to withstand the fierce lashings of the sand and rain storms, had a habit of throwing themselves prostrate at the approach of danger.

But Peter Gradt did not lack for building material. He had only to walk along the shore and make a selection. He had a taste for color and variety; so his cabin was made of rare woods from many lands. His doors and windows, the benches around the sides of the cabin, and the few shelves and brackets, were of rosewood and mahogany, and of woods whose surface was like polished marble. As the years went by the shelves and brackets became loaded with queer things which he picked up among the wreckage, and brought back from his fishing trips.

Jacob Gradt, the second son, was something like his father. He had a passion for collecting; he liked to

walk along the beach, and to sail out into the dreary distances, with no companions but his own thoughts, the winds and the waves, and perhaps a few mews sailing dreamily overhead.

He had once found a seaman's chest on the beach, and this was filled to overflowing with the treasures which the sea had brought to him. Somehow, by a word or sentence at a time, he had managed to pick up what was considered a good education for that section. A few books had come into possession of the family; Peter Gradt had a Don Quixote, descended from his father; his wife had a Bible and a history of the early martyrs, and one day a sea-stained, dilapidated copy of Shakespere had been found among the débris on the beach. These were supplemented by several seed catalogues, an almanac, and an old copy of a Boston newspaper.

With these, and such unreliable help as his father and mother could give, Jacob had educated himself. There were no schools or neighbors he could go to, so what he could not understand was supplied by his own vivid imagination.

But these brief glimpses into an unknown world fired him with a desire to see for himself. He longed to go away to school, to college; to some place where he could learn about the things the sea and the sky and the winds were whispering to him, but which he could not comprehend.

He would require money. He understood that perfectly well. But how was he to obtain it? His folks, and the few neighbors along the coast, lived mostly on fish and birds. Two or three times each year they carried fish to the nearest town and exchanged them for the few necessities they required. They had small need for money, and seldom saw it. Jacob was nearly seventeen, and he had never owned a dollar in his life.

He had an idea that it would cost a great many dollars to go away to school. He did not know how many, but feared that it would be more than he could possibly earn. There were no employers in this region; the only marketable thing he could get was fish, and they were of little value in this fish country. The local dealers accepted them in exchange for merchandise, but no one would pay money. And the nearest of the large towns was two or three days' journey away. His boat was too small to carry much of a load, and too frail for a trip that would require at least a week to go and come. He felt how useless it would be to attempt such an impossible feat.

When he spoke to his father of his hopes, the old man laughed and told him that he knew too much about books already. His mother was less outspoken, but her silent disapproval was more eloquent than words. Jacob said no more about schools, but his longing grew more intense with its repression.

One day as he was walking on the beach he found a large block of some curious ash-gray substance. At first he thought it was wood, but a little examination showed his mistake. It was marked with yellow and reddish striae, like those of marble; but it was not marble, for it had floated in on the waves. He tried to lift it, but it was too large and heavy. Then with considerable exertion he succeeded in turning it over, and rolling it out of reach of the tide. It had a peculiar odor which

he found very agreeable, and he was loath to leave it behind. But even the odor would not compensate for its bulkiness, so at last he turned away and walked slowly up the beach.

But the rich perfume followed him and presently he retraced his steps and examined the block once more. Then he went to the cabin after the wheel-barrow.

When his father returned from a fishing trip, a few days later, the block was lying among some old nets behind the cabin. The old man looked it over critically.

"No, I don't know what 't is," he said, in answer to a question from Jacob, "but I s'pose likely it's some sea growin' stuff. It smells mighty good. Howsomever, it's too big an' awk'ard to have lyin' round. Ye'd better roll it back to low water an' let the tide carry it out."

But Jacob did not roll it down to low water. It remained behind the cabin for several weeks, then he removed it to the small back room where they kept their nets and other fishing gear.

Ten or fifteen miles up the point were a number of inland ponds and shallows. Birds were plentiful here, and at certain seasons the snipe shooting was excellent. Hunters were comparatively scarce, but occasionally parties of city sportsmen appeared and remained during the shooting season. They usually came in boats, and either made a camp near one of the ponds, or returned and slept on board each night. Sometimes they wandered down as far as Peter Gradt's cabin, but not often.

One afternoon a small yacht was seen heading down the coast. As it reached a point opposite the cabin it rounded to and a boat came ashore. Peter Gradt and his oldest son were away fishing; Jacob was behind the cabin mending a net.

Two men left the boat and approached the cabin; the others walked away toward the dunes. All of them had guns; and they evidently intended to explore the flats for birds.

"Hello, bub!" exclaimed one of the men, as they came round the corner of the cabin and saw Jacob at work; "can you let us have a piece of half-inch rope, ten or twelve feet long? Our man forgot to bring any, and we have some splicing to do. We will be glad to pay your own price."

"Yes, I guess I can let you have some," answered Jacob, as he rose from the net; "but I don't want any pay. Come in here."

He led them into the little back room and began to overhaul a pile of nets and cordage. Suddenly he heard a low exclamation of wonder, followed by a suppressed whisper. As he turned he saw them regarding the gray block he had found on the beach. They turned away, however, with apparent unconcern and began to examine the other objects in the room. Neither of them appeared to take any further notice of the block.

When they turned to go one of them said, as though with sudden recollection, —

"By the way, bub, what was that queer-looking thing in the corner? The gray, funny-smelling rock, I mean."

Jacob looked at him sharply. He felt sure there was something behind this seeming carelessness.

"I don't know," he answered. "I picked it up on the beach."

"Do you want to sell it?"

He began to button his coat as though it made very little difference to him whether it was for sale or not. At any other time Jacob would not have hesitated. He would even have been willing to give the block away, for its novelty had already worn off. But now his suspicions were aroused.

"I guess I'd better keep it," he said, quietly.

"Oh, give him a dollar for it, Alf, and come along!" exclaimed the other man, affecting to be impatient.

"Suppose we say five?" and Alf looked at Jacob inquiringly.

The boy caught his breath. Five dollars! He had never seen so much money in his life. But his hard, practical shrewdness did not desert him. He shook his head.

The men looked at him keenly. Then the one called Alf asked, insinuatingly, —

"What good is it to you? I thought money was scarce down this way, and that you would snap at five dollars. The thing is very curious and I would like to have it, first rate; but I can't pay a fancy price. Now what will you take, lowest figures?"

"I'd rather you'd make an offer," replied Jacob, after a moment's thought. "I'm willing t' sell, but you must give me something like what it's worth. I suppose the best thing for me to do would be to take it up to one of the big towns."

This last was a sudden inspiration, and it had its effect. The men looked at each other quickly.

"The fellow either knows what it is, or has some idea of its value," Jacob heard one of them say in a low voice to his companion. Then they walked aside and talked earnestly for some minutes. When they came back Alf held a roll of bills in his hand.

"Look here, bub," he said persuasively; "it would be foolish for you to take that thing up to the city and maybe have some sharper get it away from you. It is valuable; we don't mind telling you that; and we would like to have it. This man and I make perfumery, and we could use it in our business. We can afford to give you more than an outsider would. If you'll let us have a bill of sale of it, fair and square, we'll give you three hundred dollars, cash. What do you say?"

Say! Jacob could only stare blankly at them for a moment; then he nodded eagerly and took the paper and pencil the man offered. A few minutes later the men called to some of their companions, and the block was carried down to the boat.

When Peter Gradt and his son returned from fishing they found Jacob waiting for them on the beach. A few words acquainted them with the wonderful events of the day.

"What'll ye do with the money?" asked Peter, after the first excitement was over.

"Can I do just what I like with it?" asked Jacob.

"Of course! it's your'n. But I'd advise ye to git a boat and outfit. That money would give ye a fine set out in fishin'."

Jacob shook his head.

"If you don't mind," he said, with a glad ring in his voice, "I'll take it an' go away to school."

"Well, do jest what ye think best. But I'm afeard it 'll spile the makin' of a good fisherman."

As they walked toward the cabin the old man turned, with sudden curiosity in his face.

"What'd they say the stuff was?" he asked.

Jacob looked blank.

"They didn't say," he answered, ruefully, "an' I forgot to ask."

It was not until many years afterwards; not until he had been away to school, and had come back and worked his way to the command of a fine fishing schooner, that he told his father he believed the stuff was ambergris.

THE ROSE.

D. J. Donahoe.

As through the flowery fields I went
Upon a dewy morning,
I saw a rose of sweetest scent
That in her bower blushing bent,
The fields with light adorning;
No sweeter flower
Illumed a bower
Upon that dewy morning.

I said, "O rose, thou bloom'st for me,
All in the dewy morning,
And I shall pluck thee from the tree;"
But soft she said, "Nay, let me be;
Take warning; oh, take warning;
For bitter smart
Shall sting the heart
That plucks me in the morning."

I said, "I'll wear thee on my heart,
O, sweetest flower of morning;
I said, "I'll wear thee on my heart,
Oh, nevermore from me to part;"
And every danger scorning,
I plucked the flower,—
Before an hour
It withered in the morning.

THE ROSE.

M. Nonnenbruch.

OBVERSE.

REVERSE.

Medal struck in commemoration of the 200th anniversary of the birth of Saint Alphonsus, founder of the Congregation of the most Holy Redeemer.

BIS-CENTENARY OF SAINT ALPHONSUS' BIRTH.

J. M.

ON the 29th of this month the Neapolitans will keep high festival in the Church of Saint Mary of the Virgins. It was in this church two hundred years ago that the saving waters of Baptism were poured on the head of Alphonsus Maria di Liguori, when he began that life of marvellous innocence which was to fill the greater part of the eighteenth century. This was the parish church of the Liguori family. Alphonsus was born at a country house, in a suburb of Naples, called Marianella, two days previous, on the 27th of September, 1696.

The *Circolo Romano di Studi San Sebastiano* has issued a programme giving details of the manner in which the birth of Saint Alphonsus and his elevation to the dignity of doctor of the Universal Church is to be celebrated by this learned body.

1. A marble memorial will be placed at Marianella in the house in which the saint was born.

2. An illustrated work will be given to the public, showing the excellence of the apostolate of the holy doctor.

3. A medal commemorating the centenary has been struck.

4. Mindful of the fact that Saint Alphonsus considered himself especially called by God to preach to the poor, the committee has arranged a series of dinners for the poor, preceded in each case by a religious service in some church.

5. There will be a solemn commemoration in form of an academy over which His Eminence Cardinal Parocchi, Vicar of his Holiness, will preside. His Eminence will address the assembly, and the celebrated *L'Anima e Dio*, the words and music of which are by the holy doctor, will be sung.

Northern Italy has already laid her tribute of honor at the shrine of Saint Alphonsus. In the month of April no less than three thousand pilgrims, among whom were four bishops and three hundred priests, passed through Rome en route for

Pagani, where the body of the saint reposes. This is now a small town; but in origin it is very ancient and has a very remarkable history. In our days, however, Saint Alphonsus is its centre of attraction. Pilgrims come to visit the chapel where he reposes, and the cell in which he spent the last years of his life, and gave up his soul to God. When Pius IX had to seek refuge at Gaeta he visited the holy doctor's chapel, where on the 8th of October, 1849, he celebrated Mass. He spent much time in prayer and then the shrine in which the saint's body reposes was opened for the Holy Father. When His Holiness had venerated the precious relic, he took the ring from the finger of Saint Alphonsus and replaced it by his own. This was an honor without precedent rendered by the great Pontiff of the Immaculate Conception to the author of the "Glories of Mary."

It was to this sanctuary the pilgrims from the north of Italy came to do honor to their illustrious countryman, in commemoration of his two hundredth birthday.

An objection may possibly present itself to the minds of some from the fact that the Church does not commemorate the entrance of her children into this world, reserving her honors for the day on which they enter into life everlasting. This is true, and the present celebration is not one ruled by the ritual of the Church. It is a demonstration of a people grateful for the gifts bestowed by God on their country and on themselves through the instrumentality of Saint Alphonsus.

Saint Alphonsus is, in the truest sense of the word, a *popular* saint, since his career not only shines brilliantly as an example for every state in life, but presents a striking instance of wonderful powers sublimely consecrated to the amelioration of the masses.

That Saint Alphonsus' life contains a model for every state of demonstrated in every chapter is his biography. His home circle was permeated with the aroma of every virtue of the ideal Christian family. As a boy we behold in him a manly courage to resist those who dared to offend God. As a youth he was an exemplar of studious and untiring industry, and pointed out, in his own practice, the means of avoiding contamination in surroundings full of danger. In his relations to his parents he was the very personification of obedience, reverence and love. As a professional man he exhibited the perfection of the virtues of his state. In his dealings with inferiors he was a striking example of that Christian condescension which knows how to help without humbling the poor.

And when at the call of God he gave up everything that this world holds dear, and consecrated himself to the divine service, he became a model ecclesiastic, first as catechist then as preacher; he was a seraph at the altar, a father in the sacred tribunal, a missionary burning with zeal, a superior thoughtful as a mother. In fine, according to Pope Gregory XVI, he was raised by God to the episcopal dignity to be an example to the pastors of the Church.

There is an indescribable sympathy between those who suffer; fellow feeling has a special touch of its own; and this is why the suffering life of St. Alphonsus has attracted so many to him. There is also the encouragement of beholding a life-long struggle between nature and grace, where grace was always victorious.

NAPLES. CITY OF SAINT ALPHONSUS.

A most devout client of St. Alphonsus has written: —

> No temptation that we know of seems to have been spared him. He was tried by the fluctuations of prosperity and adversity; sickness attacked his body, slander his reputation; his heart, early wrung by the separation from friends, was in later life more cruelly tortured by their perfidy. The struggle with his own nature endured as long as he lived. . . . Injury never provoked a retort from the childhood of Alphonsus, but the Bishop of St. Agatha still colored under insult, and, much as his labors have bequeathed to us of what is excellent and undying, throughout his life-time his disappointments were more apparent than his successes, and the machinations of his enemies pursued him to the grave. . . . He experienced common temptations to common sins; he was only uncommon in his victories.*

In the second place Alphonsus devoted his life to the amelioration of the masses. This he did by his voice and by his pen, by his preaching and by his books.

His perfectly cultured mind, his graceful action, his clear and telling voice, his marvellous success at the bar, his princely position, the wish of his father, the expectation of his friends, all seemed to invite him to labor for the high-born and the learned, and to adopt a style of oratory then in use and called sublime. But so far was Alphonsus from accepting the invitation that he, in no measured terms, condemned this unapostolic style, and from the very beginning adopted that which was popular, proposing to himself to speak in a manner so clear and simple that the most ignorant might understand him. And this resolution he kept faithfully during his long life.

* Meditations by S. M. Alphonsus Downing, p. 97.

The masses in the Church of God are the poor, and the Lord had sent Alphonsus "to preach the Gospel to the poor and contrite of heart." In the city of his birth he mixed with the poor, sought them out, preached to them even in the public streets. But finding that the number of the poor and uninstructed was greater in country districts than in Naples, he left the city, travelled from village to village, gathered the people around him and preached to them the word of God.

If we visit in spirit the places evangelized by our saint we shall find that the effects produced by him put a seal on his popularity. Wherever he went, the whole community was moved as if by a wave of compunction. Hearts were upheaved, tears of contrition rolled down the cheeks, the confessionals were besieged, and it was rare to find any who had not strengthened their souls by the reception of the Holy Eucharist. Before leaving he would lead the people into a sort of spiritual calm in which, with an art truly divine, he taught them the practices of a perfect Christian life.

Here, as usual, he was ever simple and plain. We must fear God, he would say, but we must love Him more than we fear Him; and because we love Him, we must avoid giving Him displeasure. Then dwelling on our weakness, and on the power of our enemies, he would lead all to the sources of strength which are to be reached by prayer and the sacraments. In these instructions he would enter into details and supply motives, ever playing on two chords of the human heart, the desire of happiness and the aspiration to love, which God alone can satisfy. It is, therefore, no wonder that when the mission came to an end, the people wept and sobbed at his departure. It was the labor of Saint Alphonsus' life to fill the people with faith, with hope and with love; he made them understand that they were children of God, and that by a Christian life their sorrows would be turned into joy when in the kingdom of their Heavenly Father.

During his apostolic labors Saint Alphonsus exercised another apostolate which bids fair to continue even to the end of the world, the apostolate of the pen. We cannot here enter into an examination of his works. All his writings are our property as children of the Church. His purely theological works are for our teachers; the ascetical are for all; and these are in every sense popular. * They have been translated into every language. They are popular whether we consider his style, the matter which he has chosen, the practical bearing of his teaching, the manner in which his heart speaks to ours, or the way in which he seems to lift us up to his own level, making us think of God, love God, submit to God, converse with God, have recourse to God, as he was wont to do himself.

Pius VII would have in Rome the fingers which wrote these books. "Let these holy fingers come to Rome," said his Holiness; "fingers which have so well written for the glory of God, of the Blessed Virgin Mary and of religion."

Leo XII assigns him a first place amongst those who have helped to sanctify society by their writings. Gregory XVI confirms all that we have written, saying that Alphonsus was one of the greatest lights of the Church, "because of the wonderful

* See centenary edition of the works of Saint Alphonsus.

example which he gave of every virtue, and because of his most learned and pious books."

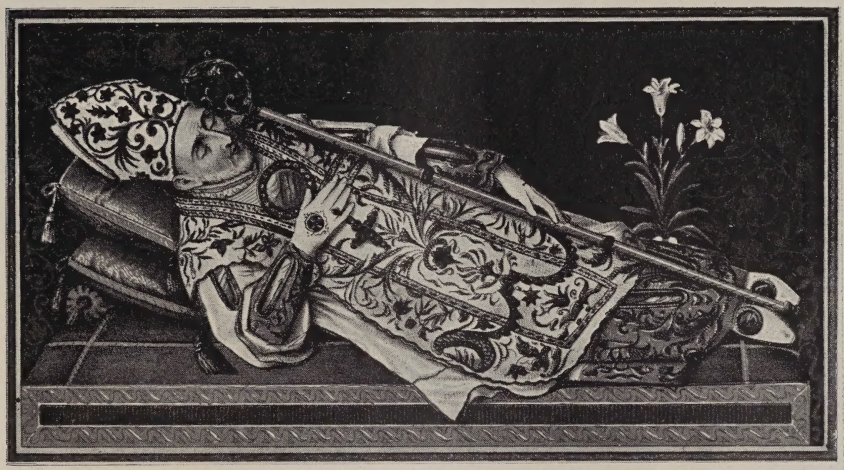
Pius IX declared him Doctor of the Universal Church, and his successor, our Holy Father Leo XIII, whom an author has called the "workman's Pope" desires that the books of Saint Alphonsus should "be so diffused that they may be found in the hands of every one."

What more is needed to secure to our saint the title *popular?* If anything, we find it in his personal character. Where there was question only of himself he was the meekest, the humblest, the poorest of men; but where there was question of the

BLESSING OF THE BABE ALPHONSUS BY FATHER FRANCIS GEROME.
The latter was canonized a saint on the same day as Saint Alphonsus.

rights of the lowly he knew no fear in his protection of them; where there was question of truth, of morality, of the rights of the Church, he was ever a dauntless defender and for these he was ready to lay down his life.

His Eminence Cardinal Capecellatra, in a "Life" recently published, calls Saint Alphonsus the saint of the people, and he shows how strong is his claim to this title. As such we salute him, while rejoicing with all who celebrate his Bis-centenary.



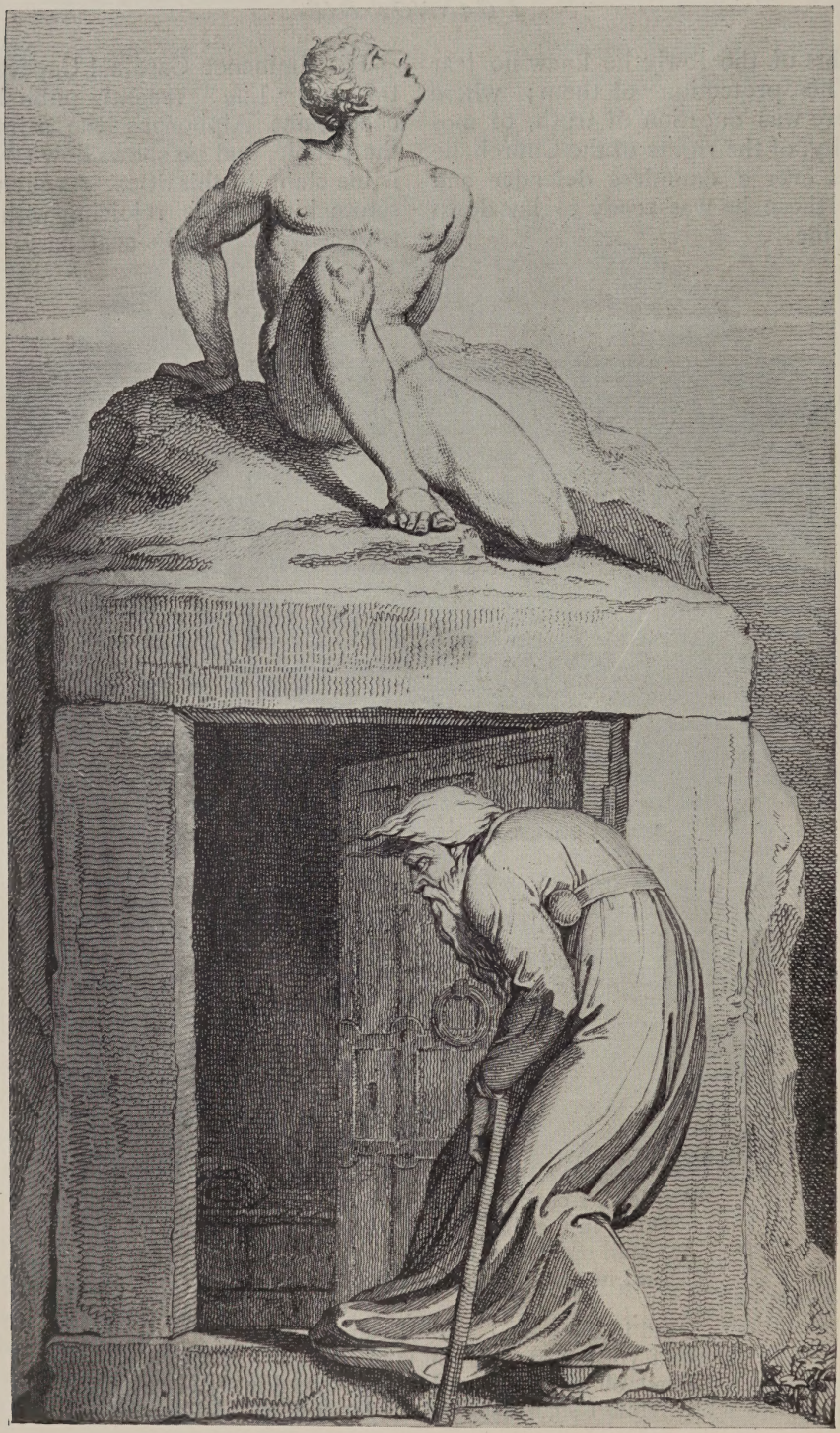
BODY OF SAINT ALPHONSUS AS IT LIES AT PAGANI, ITALY.

I CANNOT DIE.

A. M. F. ROBINSON.

AH, love, I cannot die, I cannot go
Down in the dark and leave you all alone!
Ah, hold me fast, safe in the warmth I know,
And never shut me underneath a stone.

Dead in the grave! And I can never hear
If you are ill or if you miss me, dear.
Dead, oh my God! and you may need me yet;
While I shall sleep; while I — while — *I* — forget!



THE DOOR OF DEATH.

W. Blake.

WILLIAM BLAKE—MADMAN OR MYSTIC.

URS is not merely a complex but a self-contradictory age. Five centuries have listened with reverent awe to Dante's song of the unseen kingdoms, when lo! a Lombroso is born to tell us that Dante's and all other genius spells madness. On the other hand not one century has elapsed since the passing of William Blake, the Irish poet-painter, whose work even a Wordsworth described as "undoubtedly the production of insane genius," yet the current of modern idealism bids fair to reverse the remorseless verdict in his case.

Mad or mystic, as you will, Blake was certainly a genius, perhaps the greatest Ireland has bred since her Homer, Ossian. The same Wordsworth that thought him mad felt that "there is something in the madness of this man which interests me more than the sanity of Lord Byron or Walter Scott;" Fuseli has said of his designs that "the time will come when the finest will be as much sought after and treasured in the portfolios of men discerning in art as those of Michael Angelo now;" and "Ah, sir" Flaxman would exclaim to one who admired the designs "his poems are as grand as his designs." High praise this from men who spoke with as much of knowledge as of feeling.

Ex uno disce omnes. Look at this pathetic figure of Age on crutches with the wind of time sweeping him onwards towards the Door of Death. Gloomy portals are they and the bodily eye sees no way beyond them, but the visionary has pierced their blackness and beholds the renovated man with the sunburst of everlasting day clothing his nakedness like a garment. It is a favorite subject with Blake, to be met with in his "Albion," "America," and "Thel" but here most perfectly as an illustration to Blair's somewhat sodden poem "The Grave." He must be well beyond the reach of poverty who can afford to buy even one of these designs to-day. The artist executed a round dozen of them for ten guineas and was fain to be thankful.

It was of Giotto and Cimabue that Ruskin said: "They spoke the burning words of prophecy with the stammering lips of infancy." Perhaps the same is true of Blake. That he is not understood may be due partly to his and partly to our limitations; in his visions he saw more than he could paint or sing, but he could paint and sing more than it is given to us to see and understand. At least it is true that a Rosetti was deeply touched with his spirit and a Yeats praises him for a seer.

Madman or mystic? In charity if not in justice let him speak for himself: "I assert for myself that I do not behold the outward creation, and that to me it is hindrance and not action. 'What!' it will be questioned, 'when the sun rises, do you not see a round disc of fire something like a guinea?' Oh, no, no. I see an innumerable company of the heavenly host crying 'Holy, Holy, Holy is the Lord God Almighty.'"

B. M.

EL CRISTO DE LA VEGA.

Rev. Joseph Nunan.

A WONDERFUL story centres round the church of Cristo de la Vega. A stone's throw from the walls of Toledo it stands, an edifice in no way prepossessing. I remember the first time I stood on the knoll overlooking it, and, in response to my query a dark-skinned little maiden merely told me that it was "El Cristo de la Vega." My impression at the time was, that it was one of those little convents that are scattered so profusely throughout sunny Spain. Curiosity was not sufficiently aroused to give it close inspection.

I remained for some time seated on the hill, admiring the surrounding scenery. To say it was magnificent by no means does it justice. To my right, tortuously winding along, flowed the rapid river Tajo — *el rio noble*, as the Spaniards love to call it — and beyond, like mighty giants, rose the rocky mountains of Toledo, behind which the brilliant sun was sinking. The sky was gorgeously painted. I have often admired the skies of Italy, but those of Spain are in nowise less beautiful, though less known. To my right spread a splendid valley, covered with trees, vines and vegetables. In front of me quietly slept the little church, and in the distance I beheld the celebrated "Fabrica de Armas," whose steel — the famous Toledo steel — is known the world over, I remained in contemplation of this august scene until the sun had set, when flinging my long manteo over my shoulders, I leisurely returned to the city.

A few weeks passed, when I heard it said among my friends that Cristo de la Vega would soon have its annual feast. Upon my inquiring I was informed that it was one of the most popular devotions of the Toledeans.

"Haven't you ever visited the church?" inquired a young friend, well versed in Spanish legendary tales.

"No," I replied, "I have never entered it. I mistook it for a monastery."

"Then, of course, you don't know its story."

I admitted my ignorance, and he continued:

"Well, if you give me your undivided attention for a few minutes I will repeat the tale as it has come down to us century after century. It is a pretty story and the truth of it no one can gainsay, for the evidence still exists in the little church. You must go there yourself and be convinced that it is no airy Spanish fiction that I will now narrate to you.

Have you ever studied Spanish history? If so, you are well aware of the fact that the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries are justly called the golden age of Spain. Her power and influence were felt, you might say, in every part of the world. Her valiant soldiers swept everything before them. Her fleets and vessels waved her ensign on every sea. There was no daring enterprise, no adventure fraught with danger, that

the Spaniard was not ready to undertake; and, in fact, the greater the difficulties and the more foolhardy the action, the quicker he would buckle on his armor and his sword to essay it. Ah! those were the days of chivalric and heroic deeds. How puny, how insignificant are we Spaniards of to-day compared to our illustrious forefathers!

Together with the wonders achieved in America, our noble soldiers in Flanders were daily adding glory to the Spanish name. Victory after victory followed our arms. It was during these exciting times that Diego Martinez and Inez Vargas lived in Toledo. Diego was the son of a poor but respectable family—a tall lad and brave as a lion. Inez, a young girl of sixteen summers, the sole joy of a widowed father, was a perfect type of a real Spanish-Arabian beauty, and you know what that means. Diego loved the fair child, and his love was reciprocated. Life was as sweet to them as a summer's dream. Daily they strolled along the banks of the Tajo, singing together, or wandered in the fertile valley, Diego gathering the fairest flowers for his smiling loved one. Every Sunday, side by side, they walked to the little church to hear the holy Mass chanted, and there, on her knees, Inez seemed like a being from above. Diego often found himself more absorbed in her than in the solemn sacrifice. How beautiful she is! he would say to himself, not one in all Toledo can compare with her.

This ideal existence they lived for some time, when one day the news came to Diego that he was ordered to the war in Flanders. His heart smote him when he thought of Inez. He would have to leave her. Where would he find courage to say farewell? Perhaps he would never return. Who knew but that his bones would lie blanched and mouldering on the plains of Flanders?

Bitterly he bewailed his fate, yet there was a secret hope in his heart that he might do brave things and crown his name with glory. He thought how happy Inez would be to hear his name spoken of with praise. "Martinez of Toledo did this in such a battle." "The great Martinez, almost single-handed, routed a whole regiment of the enemy." Such were his thoughts that day, and in truth, war was with him more than love.

The same evening he wended his way to the dwelling of Inez. From the street he heard her singing, singing as only an all-gay heart can sing. What music there was in her voice! To him it was far sweeter than the chant of an angel. He lifted the latch and entered.

"Why, Inez, how happy thou art," he said.

"Oh! Diego, is it thou? While singing I was thinking of thee. Welcome."

"The evening is beautiful, Inez. Wilt thou take a walk with me in the vega?"

"Yes, with pleasure. But we must return in one hour. Father will be here and I must have supper prepared for him, and thee too, Diego, if thou wilt dine with us."

"No, not this evening, Inez, I cannot, for I must sup at home. But come, let us go."

Down the rocky, tortuous street they walked, past the city gates and onward to the gently-sloping meadow. You have seen the vega, how beautiful it is! What a wealth of beautiful flowers are scattered over it! How solemn stands the relic

of the old Roman circus! How smoothly flows the noble river! What surroundings more picturesque! What skies more brilliant! I imagine that a meadow more lovely does not deck our mother earth.

Here to this lovely spot came Diego and Inez. How delightfully joyful she was! Not the semblance of a sorrow was in her heart. She was as brimful of pleasure as a ray of the sun is with light. Diego strayed along, plucking, as was his wont, sweet flowers for his love. Yet there was a thoughtful look upon his face that was seen there seldom. He was thinking how he could tell her of his departure on the morrow, but the words died ere they were spoken. Night was coming on and the hour was almost gone.

"Diego," she said, "we must be returning,"

"Yes, love," he replied, handing her the bouquet "and here is a frail offering to my divinity."

"Oh! how beautiful they are. Come, let us go to the church and say an Ave for the dead, and I will place these sweet flowers at the shrine of the Virgin as a present from thee. She is more worthy of them than I."

Up the hill they wandered to the church; and, as they entered, the bells began to ring the "hour of the dead." In the gloom before the crucifix they knelt and prayed. A silence as of the grave encompassed them. Darkness shrouded the altars and the pictures, and the only glimmer of light, feeble and flickering, came from the little oil lamp that hung before the tabernacle. For a short moment they knelt — she wrapped in prayer; he, filled with the thought of his last farewell to his beloved.

"Come, Diego, we must go," she said at last.

"Inez, I must speak with thee."

"Canst thou not do so on our way home?"

"No, here I must speak. It may be the last time. To-morrow I go to Flanders."

"What is it I hear thee say, Diego?" cried she, bewildered.

"Love, I am ordered to Flanders. My life as a soldier now begins."

"Dios mio! Dios mio!" she said, clasping her hands in sorrow. "Oh, I was so happy, and to think I will not see thee more. Listen to me Diego, do not go."

And she placed her little hands upon his shoulders and pleaded while her tears fell upon his breast. Embryo soldier that he was, he, too, could not restrain himself, and there in the little church, alone in the darkness and silence they wept together.

"My love, my love," he whispered, "I cannot. One year from this day I will return, and here at this very altar I will wed with thee."

"Wilt thou truly return and keep thy promise, Diego?"

"Yes, Inez, by my life."

"Wilt thou swear it?"

"Why, love, is not my word as strong as an oath?"

"No, no, swear that thou wilt come back and wed with me."

"Where dost thou wish me to do so?"

"Here at the foot of the holy image of Christ."

"It is well, love."

"Kneel thou and touch with thy right hand those sacred feet."

He did as she commanded.

"Diego," she said "swearest thou by the cross of Christ that on thy return thou wilt wed with Inez?"

"Yes, I swear it," he solemnly uttered, and forth from the temple went the two young lovers.

Next day Diego set out for Flanders. Inez bade him a tearful farewell, and he, his heart strangely filled with love and war, kissed her tenderly.

"Weep not, Inez, I will return," were his last words.

The days and months passed by, and sad, in truth, was the heart of the lonely Inez. The smile that once dimpled her cheeks had fled, and no more did the sweet Castilian love songs tremble from her lips. Alone she wandered by the river or through the flowery meadow that once echoed with her buoyant laughter. There was a great void in her heart that only her sworn lover could fill. Daily at the set of sun would she walk to the little chapel, and there at the foot of the Christ she was wont to pour forth the heavy sorrow that weighed upon her soul.

"Bring him back to me, O God! bring him back to me," was her one fervent prayer.

The year was rapidly drawing to a close. Eagerly did she await its departure. The morning of the eventful day at last arrived. She vested herself in her gayest garments and the old smile came back to her face. "He will come to-day," she kept repeating, "to-day my love will come." And she broke forth into a sweet song she had not sung for many a month. All day long she sat by the window, and watched and waited for the well-known face; but it came not. Her father returned from his day's toil and found her there with her arms folded, and her head bowed, and the tears raining from her eyes.

"What now, my beautiful one," he exclaimed. "What is it ails thee?"

"To-day he said he would come and he has not."

"Ah! Diego, Diego, thou art ever thinking of him, Diego! Diablo would suit him better. I never liked the looks of the boy!"

"Father, do not speak so, perhaps he is dead."

"Dead! no fear of it. If so, we would have heard. No, he is acting the gallant to some fair dame in Flanders, Inez. Drive him from thy mind. I always said he was unworthy of thee. There are a thousand youths in the city a thousand times better than this vile soldier!"

"Father, speak not thus. For me there can be but one youth and one Diego."

"But thinkest thou that I can endure this incessant moaning? That I can stand quietly by and see my only child fading away like a delicate, uncared-for flower? I am an old man, Inez, but to restore the roses to thy cheeks, I myself will go to Flanders and bring back this — this — diablo, or I will let my dagger taste his heart's blood. Before heaven, I —"

"No father," said she, rising and placing her hand upon his mouth," thou shalt not swear to commit such a deed. Let us leave him to Heaven, I promise I will weep no more."

"Promise that thou wilt think no more of him."

"Father, my loved father, I cannot."

"Then, at least, cease groaning, and fling away this detestable melancholy. Let us see as of old, thy face lit with smiles. Ah! Inez, thou'rt the fairest lass in Toledo, thou art worthy to be the spouse of a king."

"But, I'm afraid," she smiled, "Diego will never be a king."

"Diablo! diablo!" the old man muttered, "Mil diablos! Inez, let me hear no more of him."

"As you wish, father."

The old man went to his room, whispering to himself: "Illusion! only a childish illusion, she will forget him soon."

But the father knew not the strength of a woman's love.

Another year, and yet another hurried away, and still the soldier of Flanders did not appear. The war was ended, but where was Diego? His name did not figure in the list of the dead or wounded, and Inez knew it, but her faith in him was still unshaken. Hope continued to live in her bosom. Not a day in all those years did she relax her practice of visiting at sunset the little church, and praying to Him who hung on the cross.

Bring him back to me, O God! bring him back to me, was ever her whispering prayer.

During her second year there was no outward sign of her grief. She greeted her father with smiles and gaily chatted with him. Mention of the absent lover was never made. The old man was delighted. Once again she begins to be the Inez of other days; she has forgotten the ingrate, — the father thought. He little imagined what was passing in her heart, or dreamt that the canker of love was slowly devouring it

One cold and miserable day in January, such as Toledo only knows, in the third year of Diego's departure, the old man prepared himself and travelled to the great beyond. Inconsolable was Inez. In all Toledo she had not a bosom friend. In these past years she had shunned her acquaintances, and they had learned to forget her, and when the poor loving father was laid away in the grave she returned to her dwelling alone — a solitary being in the midst of the great city.

What could she do? Live alone in the bustling imperial city? No. The house was hers and her father had left her a comfortable sum of money. She bethought herself of a maternal aunt who lived in a little pueblo of Villasequilla. She wrote and told the old lady of the death of her parent, and requested her to come to Toledo and live with her. The aunt at once prepared and in a few days was with Inez.

"Aunt Josefa," said she a few days after the arrival, "remember I already told you, you are mistress of the house. Without father or mother you must be both to me."

"In truth I will be, my sweet one," wiping away her tears, "are you not the child of my dear Matilda?"

"And act here as though you lived here always."

"Excuse me, Inez," admiring the young girl's handsome face, "but do you not think it is time for you to marry. At your age your mother was already wed."

"Dear aunt, I have not time to think of such things. But I beg of you never speak of this to me again."

"Love, you are not offended?"

"No, far from it. The subject is not pleasing to me, aunt Josefa."

"I will never mention it again, Inez," she said as she went to prepare the mid-day lunch.

There in the kitchen she thought and thought.

How beautiful she is, she soliloquized, yet what a strange girl. Not wed! What an idea! Ah! I have it. Those black robed nuns

yonder wish to have her. Yesterday I watched her going to the convent. And the old lady was thoroughly convinced.

Life passed along smoothly for the next few months, though after her father's death Inez became sadder than usual She was more lonely than ever. Her aunt was truly kind and sympathetic, yet she could not fill her father's place. More frequently she strolled in the vega, more frequently she wended her way to the little church. The neighbors long since ceased to stare and wonder at her. They knew not her secret, and they imagined her strange conduct was due to some malady. Nor were there wanting young men and in the high ranks of life, too, who would willingly wed with her. But to all of them she turned a deaf ear. Would she give her hand without her heart?

It was a beautiful morning in July of the third year. Inez was slowly walking along the river's edge, close to the bridge of Alcantara. Life was just beginning to stir in the city above. The fishermen were busy arranging their nets, and some half a dozen women were loudly singing and industriously washing their soiled linen in the waters of the Tajo. From the bridge floated the tinkling sound of bells that were suspended from the necks of innumerable goats on their way to the city.

Under one of the arches of the bridge Inez spied a knight seated upon a noble Andalusian stallion. His steel armor glittered in the rising sun. The great feather of his sombrero waved gently in the morning breeze. Inez came nearer. She noticed that his spurs were of gold, and likewise the hilt of his mighty sword. Both horse and rider seemed to be thoughtfully contemplating the river. He gave no heed to the sound of the footsteps of the maiden. 'Tis some noble warrior, she thought, perhaps he can tell me of Diego.

She walked slowly to his side and was about to question him, when she beheld for the first time his face. A great wave of pleasure rushed through her being. Her heart throbbed as though it would break its bonds.

"Diego!" she cried, "Is it thou?"

The knight slowly turned in his seat, looked at her and calmly said:

"Well, I swear by Belzebub, I do not know who thou art."

Inez wildly stared at him, and with a loud cry that echoed and re-echoed along the banks of the river, she fell senseless upon the ground. The warrior called to the women along the beach and fiercely said to them:

"Take the maiden to her home, and cursed be the witches that make these innocent creatures mad by their evil counsels."

With that he gave the spurs to his horse and sped onwards to Toledo.

. . . . . .

Inez had made no mistake. The gaily attired warrior was none other than Diego. He had fought bravely in the war of Flanders and was made a captain. As his rank in life increased, so did his desires. The king had heard of his wonderful bravery and his soldierly capabilities, and when Diego returned to Madrid he was knighted and became one of the grandees of Spain. Entering Toledo, seated upon his prancing steed, with his gold-hilted sword dangling at his side and his bright breastplate showing the dints of many a battle-stroke, Diego Martinez was not the humble and obscure soldier that departed from the city scarce three years before.

In the ceaseless strife of Flanders he had forgotten his love in Toledo, nay, even her name escaped his memory. Yet, when he returned to his native place these recollections of the past came back vividly to his mind. He steeled his heart against them. He, the famous soldier, the noble Don Diego Martinez, could not marry a poor plebeian. He would make an alliance with some maiden of noble birth. And as to Inez, — well, none knew of his vow to wed with her, nor would anyone give credence to the report. Such were his reasonings and they satisfied his sordid soul. It was in the midst of these very reflections that Inez beheld and spoke to him under the arch of the bridge of Alcantara. For a moment his heart was touched, but the ever present whisperings of fame and fortune crushed the passing remorse.

A few days after Inez went to the house of Diego. She entreated, she begged and, weeping, besought him to fulfil his oath. His heart was obdurate. Coldly he looked upon her and haughtily said:

"Inez, once and for all, remember that the Captain Don Diego is not Diego Martinez. So, farewell to thee."

Raising her weeping eyes, she answered: "To thee I plighted my troth, to me thou gavest thy oath. We shall weigh both in the scales of justice."

. . . . . .

Don Pedro de Alarcon was the royal governor of Toledo. He was an old man and as valiant as he was just. In his youth he had fought bravely for his native land, and, like Diego, was knighted for his courageous deeds. At this time he was holding court in Toledo. The great hall was thronged with judges, lawyers and spectators, listening with patience to the many complaints that were made.

The lawyers pleaded their cases and awaited the sentence of Don Pedro. The busy scribes were writing with furious haste. Some of the gray haired judges were quietly dozing and the spectators passing comments one to the other.

A woman with hair dishevelled, her eyes red with weeping, entered the chamber-hall and cried aloud: "Justice, judges, justice, Don Pedro."

She cast herself at the feet of the governor, who, quieting the confusion, tenderly raised her from the ground and asked her: "Woman! what is it you wish?"

"I look for justice, sir."

"And what do you desire of me?"

"To restore to me a broken jewel."

"Of what jewel do you speak?"

"Sir, my heart."

"Did you not give it away."

"No your Excellency, I loaned it."

"Have you witnesses?"

"None."

"And promises, were there any?"

"Yes, ere leaving Toledo he took an oath to return it to me."

"Who is he?"

"Diego Martinez, now noble and Captain."

"Guards! bring to me the Captain and he shall fulfil his oath." A perfect silence fell upon the hall. The drowsy judges and the spectators looked on this strange scene with bated breath. Some minutes after, raising the tapestried curtain that overhung the door the summoner cried: "The noble Captain Don Diego."

He passed along the crowd with head thrown back and pride and fury gleaming from his eyes.

"Are you the Captain Don Diego?" asked Don Pedro.

"I am, your honor."

"Do you know this girl?"

"Three years or more ago, yes?"

"Did you swear to wed with her?"

"No."

"Will you swear that you did not so swear?"

"Yes."

"Then, go in peace."

"He lies, Don Pedro, he lies," exclaimed Inez, weeping with shame.

"Woman do you know what you say?"

"I say he lies and I swear it."

"Have you no witnesses?"

"No, not one."

"Captain, depart and excuse us that we should doubt your honor."

With a smile of deep satisfaction, Diego bowed low to the judges and walked towards the door. Inez, when she saw him departing, cried out between her tears:

"Recall him, I have a witness. Call him back, sir."

The Captain returned. Don Pedro seated himself. The crowd remained silent.

"I have a witness," said Inez." One who will speak the truth."

"Who is he?"

"A man who heard our words and looked on us from above."

"Was he in some balcony?"

"No, my lord, he was on a place of misery, where later on he died."

"You say, then, he died."

"No, he lives."

"As God lives, you are mad. Who was he?"

"El Cristo de la Vega."

At the mention of the Redeemer's name, judges and spectators arose, raised their hats and bended their knees. In the deep silence that followed this announcement surprise and fear filled the hearts of those present. Diego, shamed and confused, cast down his eyes. The governor whispered with the judges and then said aloud:

"The law is for all. Your witness is the best. There is no higher tribunal than God. Scribe, to-morrow at set of sun, thou shalt take down the declaration of Cristo de la Vega."

Quickly through the city spread the strange action of Don Pedro. On the following afternoon the roads were filled with people eager to witness the unheard-of sight. The sun was slowly setting when Don Pedro with the judges, the scribe, and the royal guard went onward towards the little church. Close behind them came Inez and her aunt with monks and priests, nobles and plebeians following A few moments after, Diego, on his noble steed, passed on.

Arrived at the entrance of the church, the governor and his court slowly entered, and ranged themselves before the image. The little church was jammed with people. Before the cross they placed lighted lamps and candles. They knelt and for some moments they prayed. Arising, a notary in his richest robes called for Diego Martinez and Inez de Vargas.

On one side he placed Inez, on the other Diego. In a deep solemn voice he read the accusation. Finished, he approached the crucifix, and, slightly inclining, in a loud voice demanded:

"Jesus, Son of Mary, before us Thou hast been cited as a witness by the mouth of Inez de Vargas. Dost Thou swear that on a certain day, before Thy divine presence, Diego Martinez swore to Inez to take her as his lawful wife?"

Hushed was the multitude. Not one of the mighty crowd seemed to move or breathe. A moment passed and then there was heard a voice strange and unearthly. Clearly and distinctly they heard the words it slowly uttered: —

"*Yes, I swear it.*"

The great throng trembled and fixed their eyes on the holy image. And what did they behold! The mouth of the Christ was open and the right hand that was nailed to the cross, unloosened and raised itself and then fell to the side. A miracle, indeed, it was.

But you wish to know what was done or rather what became of Diego and Inez?

Then and there, she renounced the world and entered a rigid order of nuns, where she vowed her whole being to God. And Diego! Fame, fortune and power lost their attractions, and giving all his possessions to the poor, he became a humble Carmelite lay-brother. The scribes gave forth the wonder that was wrought, and Don Pedro erected a beautiful altar to commemorate it. And this is the reason, my friend, why we of Toledo yearly celebrate, with gladness and rejoicing the feast of Cristo de la Vega.

IN SEPTEMBER.

JULIAN E. JOHNSTONE.

I.

I CAST my books aside,
For the morning is nearly done
And walk alone by the water-side,
In the soft September sun;
In the soft September sunlight
That lies so warm and still,
It seems like slumber glorified,
With wings of woven-gold wide,
On fields and flowers, sun-bright,
On mere and mead and hill.

II.

The skies are bright and blue,
And the seas and the fields are green:
And Oh! dear mother, it needs but you
To finish the perfect scene;
It needs but the gentle presence
Of your sweet face and eyes
To make the dark reseda sea,
And the soft undulating lea
A region filled with pleasance,
A part of Paradise.

III.

And gladsome children play
And gambol along the beach,
While the tumbling waves with laughter gay
And a swirl run up the reach.
Run rapidly up and after
The elves that shout with glee,
As, tunics gathered high in hand,
They race the billows up the sand,
Then turn about with laughter
And chase them back to sea.

IV.

And one fair child is there
With lips of almandine,
And a waving wealth of yellow hair
Like the locks of Geraldine;
Like the locks of that sweet sister
Poor floweret of a day,
Who passed from sunshine into gloom,
In all her beauty, all her bloom ——
I stooped and gently kissed her,
Then sadly turned away.

V.

The skies are bright and blue,
And the seas and fields are green;
But, mother, 'tis better far that you
The maiden have not seen:
The beautiful little maiden
With cheeks of pink and white,
And eyes like to the hyaline,
The liquid eyes of Geraldine,—
'Twould kill you, sorrow laden,
So sweet, so sad a sight!

EDITOR'S REVIEW.

WILFRID WARD'S lately published conversations with Tennyson have prompted a comparison of the poet's attitude with that of Cardinal Newman towards religious doubt. As viewed by this writer in *The Spectator* there were seemingly strong enough grounds to justify the comparison. However, students of the poet's and the cardinal's methods in arriving at conclusions in matters of faith, as revealed throughout their writings, will readily perceive the necessity of whittling away very many radical points of difference, before the limited community of religious thought and of ratiocination existing between these two great minds is discernible.

In certain elementary principles, such as the rooting of man's faith upon his sense and conviction of duty there was a real similarity of perception and an agreement in intellectual acceptance, but outside of this and a few other fundamental generalities, there was but little harmony or likeness in the mental processes of the two men in regard to religious doubt and faith.

Tennyson's philosophy, deep, strong and true as it was in many rudimentary principles, never brought him to complete acquiescence in the dogmas of Christianity, though his works breathe to the full a profound reverence for its principles and emphasize over and over again by vivid illustration its mighty and inevitable lessons. As remarked by the writer referred to, Tennyson "never succeeded in reconciling himself wholly to the Christian creed, profoundly as he revered and loved the person of Christ."

In so far therefore as Tennyson himself was concerned the poet's own lines, in "The Two Voices" as quoted by Mr. Ward, represent almost entirely the extent to which his philosophy carried him in matters of faith.

> As far as might be, to carve out
> Free space for every human doubt
> That the whole mind might orb about.

Despite the quotation, his poetry contains a more fixed and settled teaching than this, or it were ill for the poet's repute and influence with later ages.

With Cardinal Newman the ends of reasoning were vastly different. He believed honestly in allowing space for human doubt but only for the clearer perception of how best to solve it, in matters of faith. He devoted years of his life to studying the reconciliation of human reason and faith. In his own experience he passed through every phase of the mind's uncertainties in regard to Christian creeds and dogmas. Step by step he rose through the power and keenness of philosophical analysis from the disturbing mists of mental inquietude into the luminous altitudes of abiding certainty and rest. The problems that presented themselves to his mind were sifted with a subtlety and depth far beyond anything the poetic genius of Tennyson gave indication of. Hence it is a mistake to think there is any but a rudimentary similarity between the mental bearings of the poet and the cardinal towards faith. The former saw only with the poet's eye, and conspicuous as are the beauties and truths of his masterpieces they have been equalled and often surpassed by the great poetical works of other eras. The latter in the unique results of his life and the writings he has left to the world commands a far higher and more enduring encomium. His place is among the clearest and greatest thinkers of all time.

* * *

MARQUIS ITO, Japan's prime minister, is out in an interview in the London *Daily News*, in which he states his belief that the successful future of his country will depend upon its freedom from all religion. He regards religion as unnecessary for a nation's life, and views the growth of free thought and atheism among the educated classes with complacency.

Japan has made great advances in the last quarter century. Intellectually and materially she has progressed beyond any other period of her history. But if the ideas of her present prime minister are a fair criterion by which to judge the national principle, the future power and prestige of the Japanese will not be conspicuous among the nations of the earth. It argues little in favor of this high official's knowledge of philosophy and of the world's history, that he can entertain the hope of enduring national eminence based upon the disintegrating principle of atheism. Japan, under this prevailing system, would soon dwindle into insig-

nificance or become an anarchists' paradise. It is however sufficient for the exposure of Mr. Ito's hollowness to quote two of the expressions attributed to him by the journal he talked with. He believes in life and government by science; and he continues — "Science is far above superstition; and what is any religion, Buddhism or Christianity, but superstition, and therefore a possible source of weakness to a nation?" Again, referring to national education and morality he establishes the latter upon the former and says: — "So long as they (the people) are educated they will be moral, and Shintoism, which for centuries has been the religion of the upper classes has always taught that right living will secure the protection of the gods without prayer to them."

It is to be hoped for the welfare of Japan that her prime minister's executive and diplomatic capacity is superior to his views as a theologian and philosopher.

* * *

WE have taken and given some hard knocks in our journalistic career. We have had bouts with, and unstinted praise from, some of the ablest journalists of the continent. But the first periodical of any prominence that refused to take its medicine like a man, or declined to recognize us as a foeman worthy of its steel on the ground that we didn't cover the requisite number of square yards of paper, was DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

WE cull the foregoing from a column or so of airy persiflage in a recent edition of our special critic, the paperlet. It is all we deem necessary to notice in the attenuated lucubration of which it forms a part, though before commenting on it, we wish, parenthetically, as it were, to whisper a word in our adversary's ear. This is to concede to him freely all the credit he may derive from his essay on *Editors' Sheets*. We have not space to reproduce his remarks here but we might say that we have our own opinion of these adjuncts of the profession, and would gladly welcome the day when, through the industry and independence of our exchanges, we would be freed from the necessity of preparing them. We know it is but the veriest cant that exaggerates these printed notices and extracts into a *debasing* influence on Catholic journalism, but, so far at least as DONAHOE'S is concerned, it has no love for the custom, and cheerfully admonishes all its exchanges that the sending of these supplements is to be in nowise considered a "request" to publish them *in preference to their own unbiassed views*. We hope this is sufficiently clear to the paperlet.

In passing too, we might say that we are not bound, nor shall we attempt, to offer any explanation for our magazines not reaching our contemporary. We know that we sent them according to custom; without a word of inquiry to us our opponent accused us of purposely "withholding" them; we stamped this charge as mendacious; and we have nothing to retract.

Now for the "hard knocks" extract which we have selected for comment. We cannot quite understand a writer who devotes one part of a long leader to a statement of what justice demands in controversy, and in the next paragraph, which we reprint above, commits a wilful violation of his own precept. It may be constitutional inability to judge of things as they really are; it may be that limitation of vision which persistently sees but one side of the shield; or, it may be an overweening self-estimate, which precludes the possibility of anyone differing from him, being under any circumstances right. Whatever the cause, the effect on our critic's quoted animadversions on DONAHOE'S is a rather wordy juggling with fact, which might perhaps be expected in the tactics of a sophistical attorney sustaining a bad case before a court, but should hardly be found among the methods of an editor who regards himself as the special conserver and promoter of Catholic literary affairs.

For the information of fairminded readers and critics of our magazine, who from this editor's unjust attack upon us may have formed an erroneous impression of our attitude towards criticism, we will reprint what we wrote at the beginning of our passage at words with the paperlet. Had it but heeded our frank declaration then, instead of being to-day torn asunder in an internecine broil, DONAHOE'S and the paperlet might be delightedly exhibiting to their readers a genuine Siamese twin attachment. In our May number we wrote: —

Judicious criticism is an excellent and interesting thing. It fills a wholesome function in the literary world, and has a corrective and improving effect when intelligently bestowed and wisely utilized. So far as DONAHOE'S is concerned, it will ever give and accept well-grounded criticism in broad, good-natured, and manful fashion. Since its motto is *Excelsior* in all that makes for the best moral, cultural, and literary tone, it will apply to the removal of apparent defects all advisory or censorious suggestions emanating from sensible and well-meaning sources. . . .

We have no quarrel with the critic who argues against the point of view of our articles. . . . If these cannot stand the attack of differing minds well and good. Controversy began in the Garden of Eden and will endure till the world of men and women is swallowed up in nothingness. *But to make a published article the peg*

upon which to fling aspersions upon a periodical's motives and intentions is neither legitimate controversy nor ingenuous dealing. It is not practised by men who have the real good of literature at heart.

There is the platform upon which we shall always be glad to meet a square antagonist. Let no one hesitate to dissent from DONAHOE'S on the ground that we are too sensitive or too conceited to hear an adverse opinion fairly expressed. It is only the imputation of false motives, petty carping and faultfinding for the love of it, we protest against. We are keenly conscious of our deficiencies, and are honest enough to brook their honest exposure. On the other hand we are certain of our loyalty to the Faith, to the highest ideals in literature, and to the true and important duties of a Catholic editorship. We were untrue to our post did we in silence allow the purity of our intentions to be called in question.

Far be it from us to deny real merit wherever it exists. While we are not at home in a mutual admiration society, and believe in calling a spade a spade, we are always ready to acknowledge true worth generously. We are willing to believe that "some of the ablest journalists of the continent" may have had good reason for their "unstinted praise" of our contemporary. We should indeed feel pleased if circumstances permitted our uniting in the general acclaim. But until our combatant shows the disposition and ability to judge us as we are, and not as its prejudiced imagination would have us, we must refrain from joining in the somewhat pickwickian laudations, which have so sweetly titillated the senses of our contemporary and, we fear, unduly inflated its cerebellum.

* * *

SINCE writing the above we have noticed a tendency on the paperlet's part to apologize for certain references made to the editor of DONAHOE'S. It does this in its edition of August 6, by way of an obsequious communication to *The Rosary Magazine*, which had previously intimated the injustice of the paperlet's aspersions against us. We are edified at the compunction manifested by the writer and sincerely hope *The Rosary* will not harden its heart to its penitent's pleading, but extend forgiveness readily. We feel certain *The Rosary* will do this on account of the kindly feelings it otherwise entertains for the offender and the eloquent words in which its high opinions of his worth are always couched.

Concerning our own poor connection and feelings in the affair, it matters little. We are quite disinterested. If *The Rosary* and *The Casket* but preserve their entente cordiale, which is so edifying to observe, we shall be more than recompensed for acting as one of the links which draw such magnanimous hearts together. We should view with consternation any inclination on the paperlet's part towards a direct apology to ourselves. In case it should ever be disposed that way, we beg it to pause and consider. We should be loth to see it abasing itself to unnecessary humiliations. We are above taking offence at the use of personalities in arguments against us, since we regard them only as indicating an adversary's controversial feebleness; and we are merciful to the weak. Our opponent, therefore, owes us no apology, since in our heart we pitied without blaming him, and his deferential acknowledgments to our brother of New York were, as far as we were concerned, a mere work of supererogation.

But who knows? The paperlet and we may yet be happy. Appearances to the contrary notwithstanding, and despite all the paperlet's previous pen-whanging, we are not implacable, and perhaps our contemporary may yet succeed in writing itself into an approximate understanding of us. But we warn it against any such advances as those in its concluding paragraph to *The Rosary*. Fine phrases butter no parsnips; soft soap makes slippery standing ground; and taffy we could never chew.

* * *

WE have had occasion before to treat of the conditions besetting the progess of Catholic Church architecture in the United States. In too many instances the sacred temples fall far short of their essentials both in construction and in ornamentation. Reasons are plentiful, but in most cases they are of a nature which due attention to the primary object of building a church and the means available for that purpose would go far to remove. As this is a matter of the first importance in the full and many-sided development of the Catholic Church in America, too much stress cannot be laid upon the necessity of moulding her architecture upon more fitting ideals, nor can attention be too often called to the many defects which to-day mark a

deterioration from her glowing artistic traditions.

In the August number of *The Century* there is an open letter from the pen of Prof. A. D. F. Hamlin on this subject, which is well worth the consideration of those who have at heart the growth of a high type of American church architecture. Setting aside the prejudicial tone and the inaccuracy of an odd reference, there is much wholesome criticism and food for thought in the strictures this critic makes. We do not think there is room for dispute nor grounds of offence in the portion of his letter which we transcribe for the good of the cause. The writer says among other things: —

> A vast amount of money has been expended in the United States during the last twenty years upon elaborate and costly ecclesiastical edifices, some of them sumptuous to the verge of extravagance in their appointments and decoration. Yet to how few of them can we point as monuments of really noble or impressive architecture! With all their richness of design, and the striking originality of conception which sometimes characterizes them, they rarely possess the monumental quality, the repose and dignity which the history and traditions of architecture have taught us to associate with buildings designed for worship. . . . One would expect to find the noblest and worthiest examples of our church architecture among those erected by the Roman Catholics. It was the Church of Rome which, in the middle ages, evolved the unrivaled splendors of Gothic ecclesiastical architecture. As compared with the Protestant denominations, the Catholics of the United States have in general the signal advantage of much larger parishes, requiring churches of correspondingly increased dimensions. In small towns as well as great the Catholic churches are almost without exception the largest in the place. It is a regrettable fact that their architectural quality should so seldom correspond with their dimensions. They are frequently pretentious and showy buildings, but deplorably deficient in architectural character. They are badly designed, and in their internal treatment tawdriness both of construction and decoration is often offensively conspicuous.
>
> It is not easy to determine how far this general inferiority of modern American Catholic churches is due to an actual dearth of architectural talent among the Catholics of the United States, how far to favoritism in the selection of architects, and how far to a general artistic insensibility. There is evidently somewhere a woful lack of artistic training. . . . Men of very inferior training are intrusted with the designing of the most important and costly churches, which by their very size and costliness become the more objectionable as lasting monuments of wasted opportunity and artistic ignorance.
>
> A reform in the architectural practice of the ancient Church would be a welcome consummation, and should be desired and promoted alike by those within and without the pale. A campaign of education in art, and especially in architecture, among the clergy and the more influential laity might in time rescue their church architecture from its present condition. There are signs here and there of an artistic awakening in that Church. Will not its adherents rise to their opportunities and responsibilities toward the community in the matter?

* * *

THE esteemed *Rosary*, like the Duke of Wellington, has a word to say. It re-lights the exploded firecracker of its admired contemporary, *The Casket*, and calls on all the neighbors to enjoy the "fun." As we had considerable diversion ourselves when the same bit of pyrotechnics was originally set off, we cannot well object to the harmless recreation afforded our brother of New York in touching a match to the burnt powder. We rather think, however, that the joke is against him this time, and we invite him in proof of our opinion to examine our August number. He will there find that we had quite forestalled him in exhausting all the entertainment inherent in the paperlet's fusee. The wriggling, respected friend, was no part of *our* sensations, and we are no Mark Tapley, either, smiling at grief.

We might by way of contrast ask our valued contemporary how it could approvingly reconcile the re-publication of a tirade it believed to be "unjust," with the rigid principles elsewhere manifested in its conduct; but the inquiry is superfluous. We are aware it is one of the advantages of thorough theological learning to know just how far one may go in the direction of unfair dealing without violating any expressed law of justice or charity, and in the possession of this knowledge, which we unhesitatingly concede to our fellow periodical, we hold it blameless for its seeming inconsistency.

But we greatly fear we cannot so easily excuse our contemporary for its offence against good logic in a later part of its arraignment of us. *The Rosary* constructs a "dilemma" for our complete discomfiture as a publication worthy the name of intelligent, honest and Catholic. Because we printed a correspondent's opinion (over his own signature and without any comment) to the effect that in his humble opinion we were the best Catholic monthly of the English-speaking world, *The Rosary* fulminates this fearful conclusion against us: —

> The printing of such bombastic nonsense and untruth is either a piece of gross ignorance or wilful deception unbecoming any man posing as a leader and a guide. To be impaled on either horn of this dilemma is the necessary fate and just punishment "fitting the crime" of the editor guilty of such contemptible "advertising dodges."

This is truly terrible, and if we could perceive no other way of reasoning from the premises, we would resign our place as editor instantly, regarding ourselves as utterly unfit to put pen to paper in any cause.

Fortunately for our peace of mind, and present means of livelihood, we know that no good logician adopts the dilemma as a means of condemning an alleged transgressor, when there is a simple and very apparent way to escape from both of the alternatives proposed

for his condemnation. In this instance our escape is amply provided in the testimony and example of many publications equally competent with *The Rosary* to judge of the custom of printing correspondence, and also in the common sense of our readers who in all probability read the letter, just as we printed it, and the writer wrote it, with no magnifying sense of its intent.

We cannot tell why our correspondent did not select either of the periodicals mentioned in *The Rosary's* article, or *The Rosary* itself, for his congratulations. It may have been that he found it extremely difficult to make a choice between us all, and wrote haphazardly; or since there's no accounting for tastes or for degrees of religious fervor, he may have decided on DONAHOE'S, on similar grounds to those lately advanced in our favor by that mighty authority *The Globe Review*, the *ne plus ultra* of Catholic criticism, namely, that "DONAHOE'S was less pious and therefore more interesting" than some other monthlies. Of course we repudiate any such unorthodox flattery.

We will thus be enabled to hold our chair a little longer and without "posing" which we assure *The Rosary* is no part of our makeup, continue to do our little best for the same noble cause *The Rosary* so energetically and with such protestation espouses. Perhaps in some less Inquisitorial mood our contemporary may be induced to withdraw the appalling sentence it passed upon us. Our best friends would fail to recognize us in the guise of either "gross ignorance" or "wilful deception," and as for the charge of our resorting to "contemptible" methods, we believe our worst enemy would cry fie upon the one who would seriously advance the accusation. We would wish to save our contemporary any future embarrassment for having so misrepresented us.

We were charged with being undignified in our treatment of the opponent whose article *The Rosary* reprinted. We make no comment on the allegation, but we commend *The Rosary's* own use of terms to its dispassionate judgment. As examples of the editorial dignity we are supposed to have so gravely offended, we hardly think our contemporary's expletives particularly convincing. The adage of the mote and the beam would seem to find here an illustration quite apropos.

* * *

IN all seriousness we wish to say to those editors on whose souls sit so heavily the evolution and perfection of American Catholic literature: —

Gentlemen, do not exaggerate your responsibilities and functions as the upholders of a clean, wholesome, intelligent, and loyal Catholic press. The burden does not rest upon your individual shoulders alone. Circumstances may favor you and give you the faculties to do more and bring yourselves more in evidence for the great cause, but you are not laboring single-handed, without sympathy or coöperation. Others there are whose devotion, advocacy and labor may, from one cause and another, not seem to you as apparent and telling as you think they should be, or they would like to have them. But such earnest, disinterested devotion and struggle do really exist in many places outside your own sanctums, and whether recognized by you or not, are helping your ideals to realization, as manfully, unselfishly, and effectually as the practical means at their command permit. Do not add to the uphill and ofttimes disheartening toil of honest, well-intentioned workers in current Catholic literature the discouragements and exasperations of your hasty and often flippantly formed judgments. Criticise if you will, fairly and temperately, but do not, in your, perhaps, fortunate isolation from the cares and drawbacks attending the majority of our publications, nonchalantly attack your contemporaries' motives and intentions, or denounce their, perhaps, unavoidable shortcomings as wilful degradations of the sublime vocation of the Catholic editor. Mere crotchets and petty faultfinding never yet achieved the success of anything.

* * *

IN a paper recently prepared by Doctor John H. McCollom, superintendent of the department for contagious diseases at the Boston City Hospital, are set forth some interesting facts in regard to the use of anti-toxine in the treatment of diphtheria. This remedy has now been in use three years and its value is established by a wide consensus of medical opinion. By the use of it in this institution, one of the largest and best in the country, the death rate from diphtheria has been reduced from 46 per cent to 12.50 per cent of the cases admitted. Most of the deaths occurred in far advanced septic cases of the disease.

WOMEN'S DEPARTMENT.

Woman as a Professional Teacher.

Many women are school-keepers, some are school-instructors, but few are engaged in the professional work of teaching. The same can be said of men, but the men are not to be taken into consideration in this brief article.

Fitness for the work enjoined, ability to grasp related subjects, power to utilize knowledge so as to earn one's bread and butter are some of the questions that enter into the reasons for determining a choice of profession. That women can succeed in the profession of teaching is admitted; that she does always succeed, even when existing conditions are favorable, is doubtful. The great cause for the non-success in this profession of so many clever, conscientious men and women, is that it has not been taken up as a life work, a work requiring the best efforts and the exertion of the strongest powers, not for the present, but for all one's life and in view of eternity.

The great argument against a woman engaging in any work requiring a large expenditure of time, money, and energy for preparation, is that one day she will marry and then she must give up all her professional work. This objection is a serious one, if it is true that her education, culture, and training will all go for naught in the home life; for not only do fathers and mothers advance this line of argument against professional training of women, but the women themselves think it and are influenced by it in a great degree. There are some occupations but no profession against which this objection can hold good; but against that of teaching there is not a shadow of reason why the young woman who is to marry next year should not bend all her energies to the task — nay duty — of learning everything possible about the profession of teaching. If the mothers of the land were professional teachers, the school could be relegated to its proper place, as an annex to the home, a place where co-operative supplementary work might be done, and not, as now, the place where the child receives most of his education; where he is fitted, if fitted at all, for life here and hereafter.

Granted that all that a woman gains by engaging in the profession of teaching can and ought to be used during her whole life, whether married or single, the mother of children or the childless woman, the next question to consider is the difficulties in the way of acquiring the proper education to fit oneself for the work. In this, as in all other professions, the majority of those who engage in the work are not burdened with a large amount of this world's goods, at least at the outset. The greater number of the young women who attend our normal schools to take a course in professional training are the children of poor parents,— that is, of people whose children must become wage-earners at as early an age as possible. Indeed, many of these young women students are paying their own expenses by money earned by teaching in country schools. The democracy that prevails in our normal schools is an attraction for many to attend.

In some schools, after graduating, the woman stands on a par with the man; but in the majority of our normal schools the men, because they are *men*, can secure positions as principals and superintendents at larger salaries than are paid to their women class-mates as their assistants. Women do occupy positions, as teachers, where larger salaries are paid, but they are women who have proved their worth by actual work; their positions were not given them because they graduated with honors from some professional school. It is encouraging, from the material point of view, that large salaries are attainable.

The bread and-butter element in this question is by no means an unimportant one, a side issue that may or may not be examined. It is important. A large portion of the best work done in the world is the direct result of the need for exertion to sustain life. Necessity is the mother, not only of invention, but of great inventions and high achievments.

The phases of the question — the advisability and desirability of having women engaged in the profession of teaching — considered here are not the only ones nor, in all respects, the most important ones. As hinted already, there are three divisions: first, whether the in-

formation, skill and power obtained by study and practice would be of value during all the life of woman, even if she married; second, the opportunities or limitations for young women with small means, obtaining professional training; third, the teaching profession as a means of livelihood.

Another phase of the subject which applies to all professions, but to teaching more than any other, is the culture and power to be gained from a scientific study of all the departments of the work. The same general principles that underlie the method of teaching a child the fundamental operations in arithmetic, underlie the methods of teaching drawing, singing, composition, reading or bread-making. All methods are based upon laws of development that can be learned only by systematic and sympathetic study of the child. The power and pleasure it gives one to know something of the growth of a flower is small compared with the value it is to every individual to know something of the laws of development of the mind. Nothing can be compared to the importance of the unfolding, growing, ripening soul, from budding infancy to blooming youth and fruitful old age.

The professional teacher is a potent factor in the making and moulding of the nation, and too often the non-professional teacher, if such a term is proper, in the marring of the nation. "What you want in the life of a nation must be put into the schools for youth," is as true as old, hence the teacher should know the essential elements that compose national life.

The professional teacher is all important in the school room, the home, and the nation. She is needed everywhere. State and municipal governments recognize this when they establish free professional schools for teachers. Communities are recognizing it more and more as shown by the increased salaries paid to professionals.

The millennium is not yet knocking at our doors, when work and worth will outbalance gold; but heaven and eternity are near at hand, and every woman should make the most of her life here in order to fit herself for that life which is everlasting.

B. ELLEN BURKE.

LETTUCE. — Those with whom uncooked vegetables agree should, if inclined to insommia, eat fresh lettuces at night.

A Duty Often Neglected.

In these days of missions to "non-Catholics" it is well to know how the Church is regarded by kind-hearted and sincere Protestants; if only to show timid Catholics the short-sighted policy of cowardice.

Ritualists are of two kinds: those who long to join the Church and are held back by a fear of treachery towards their own communion; and those who are tenacious of the name of Catholic and jealous of the supremacy claimed, by "the Roman branch," as they term us. Both of these classes read our devotional books and know what our duties are towards the Church, and they despise us if we lower our standard of allegiance in order to flatter them.

Members of the Low Church, so-called, and of sects which attach little importance to ecclesiastical discipline and ceremonies are so ignorant of Catholic history, ritual and doctrine that they regard Catholics with dislike and fear, unless in the case of some personal friends whom they suppose to be simply benighted. Time is well spent in removing false impressions from the minds of such Protestants, often honest and earnest in their prejudices, by contradicting evil reports, and showing oneself to be a direct, frank and fearless Catholic.

Among the ever-increasing class of persons who have no fixed religious belief, there are many who have a yearning towards God which makes them look on Catholics with intense interest and curiosity. The Church is attractive to them as a bond with all that is most ancient, beautiful and poetic. They despise a Catholic who is diffident of the claims of her religion; — I am speaking to women — and they know well that these same worldly women, when they go to old Catholic countries, make use of their religion to gain admission into exclusive society.

Other sceptics are striving to recover their lost faith by piteous efforts after communication with the world of spirits, and they welcome a well-founded ghost story as an intimation of immortality. There are many forms of delusion in the present day which are in themselves grotesque, and yet show a vehement desire for knowledge of God. What are they seeking, these gropers after proofs that the soul lives after death? Simply the communion of saints, a dogma which Catholics hold as a birthright. If through human respect we fail to show the

faith that is in us, we deny Christ, and neglect our duty to our neighbor.

Catholics who by necessity are brought into relations with Protestants have a beautiful work of charity to fulfil. Catholics who seek the society of Protestants, through worldly motives, meet with many temptations which they may not have grace to resist.

Ideal Society.

Why does it so seldom occur to women who have a talent for society, and it is a talent often shown by women of the United States, to turn their gifts to the advantage of those whom they can help, rather than of those who can help them. I am not speaking of any form of patronage, for that duty is recognized by all. I am thinking of the delightful centres of innocent pleasure that could be made if Catholic mothers drew about themselves the young people who are suited to be companions by religion, inherited friendship, and a good education. Those would be *salons* worth creating in America.

Now that young men and women have opportunities to cultivate their talents, there are many clever musicians, good talkers, and expert players of the various games in vogue. I have seen in Canada a company of young people all Catholics, who seemed to me more charming in beauty, wit, and artistic ability than I had seen elsewhere. That the young Catholic youths and maidens, among "Americans" as the Canadians call us, are less attractive or gifted, I do not believe; and it is better that they should meet at each other's homes than go to houses where their parents are not known or invited. There are persons who possess the art of surrounding their entertainments with a dividing line, as delicate in appearance and as rigid in reality as a wire charged with electricity.

Young people who love society are sometimes ready to make a sacrifice of self-respect in order to come within that circle from which early friends, too numerous relatives and other annoyances are excluded. But the compromise is thrown away; there is more talent, brilliancy, and refinement outside the enclosure than within. Let like draw to like, and make society out of the best gifts of nature and grace.

Working With Nature.

"God Almighty first planted a garden," says Bacon, and to this day the fairest gardens are of God's making. We may reserve a portion of ground for the cultivation of flowers and fruits, but we must leave large spaces to nature where she can work her wondrous will.

Follow the line of coast in a watering place and see how zealously most cultivators balk the efforts of nature. A lawn of crude green grass meets the hues of sea and sky with an acrid contrast. Ribbon gardening in fantastic form suits the grass with its beheaded blades, but it does not blend with rocks and lichen. Between two places trained to similarity with each other there lies a hillside left to nature. The ripening grasses take every tint of brown, gold, green and purple; a cascade of roses pours down the slope in early summer, and in fading, leaves bright berries and ruddy twigs among golden rod and white and purple asters. Acacias bear their rosy plumes, vines throw out garlands first of white stars and then of crimson or jet black fruit. Up the cliffs climb lupin and yellow broom to meet the bayberry, filling the air with pungent sweetness. Look on such a scene when the first sunbeams strike the dewy grass and turn its bloom to the hue of porphyry. See those "three values," as the artists say, earth, sea, and sky, and acknowledge that nature is the best of landscape gardeners.

If you wish to improve on nature, follow her lead; plant ferns in shady, damp places, and the yellow rudbeekia in dry, sunny spots. Have hot houses and gardens of the rarest flowers if you can, but place them where they will not be eclipsed by nature's masterpieces.

Two Difficulties.

There are perplexing differences between the moral teaching of the Church and the latitude of morals tolerated outside her fold. It requires strength of mind to hold one's own against people who defend suicide, divorce and re-marriage, and other practices condemned by the Church; but it is worth an effort because many Protestants hold just views on all these questions and are thankful for the support of Catholics.

If however, a Catholic who is intent on making advantageous friends, hears suicide praised or excused as "the high Roman fashion," she may

shrink from saying that it is a very cowardly fashion and a consummate act of rebellion against God; yet that is her duty. If she dares to speak, she is more likely to make friends than lose them, for courage has a charm all its own.

I have known a young Catholic to lose the faith at the first contact with some of the scientific doubters of the day. But Catholics who have watched the course of scientific thought in this country, know that there have been two complete revolutions of theory as to the origin of man; — one from the belief of Cuvier and his school to that of the next generation of scientists; — the second from this last school of thinkers to the theory of evolution which exercises so wide an influence at the present time.

Since "science" is changeable and capable of reversing its own decisions, it is a foolish Catholic who pins her faith upon its successive hypotheses. The position of the Church, waiting for full development of scientific truth is superb. The position of the sects shifting their dogmas to suit the shifting opinions of scientists is absurd. Scientific men feel more respect for the Church than for the sects, and smile at the alertness with which Protestantism can effect a change of base.

It is not easy to remain unshaken in faith and in delicacy of moral insight when one is breathing an atmosphere of unbelief, and it is rash to place oneself voluntarily in the way of temptation.

Birthday of a Great Artist.

On the 22nd of July the pupils of Julius Stockhausen, the great interpreter of oratorio music and of German *Lieder*, celebrated his seventieth birthday at Frankfort-on-the-Main. When the master entered the concert hall, its walls threatened to fall with the shouts of "Hoch." There was a speech and a presentation of a noble gift of money which will give to Stockhausen, as he said with emotion, "artistic liberty and new life."

His pupils sang gloriously a choral of Bach, quartettes by Brahms with chorus, songs of Schumann, sung *a capella*, and a fine chorus composed for the occasion by Max Bruch to words written by Paul Heyse. An immense laurel wreath came from painters, sculptors, and architects to express their love for the great musician. In conclusion a chorus of Händel was sung, the audience standing.

In the evening Herr Stockhausen gave a reception and supper to his friends. There were dramatic performances without scenery, from operas of Mozart and Glück, rendered with artistic perfection, and a spirit that was absolutely intoxicating, and moved the audience to laughter or tears at the will of composers and actors. With infinite fun and glee was given too the children's symphony of Hayden.

The first telegram read at the supper table came from the Emperor of Germany who conferred on Stockhausen a gold medal. The host took his glass and asked the company to join him in "hoch" for the emperor. The "hoch" is always sung, first in unison and ending with a chord, the same thing given three times. There were about five hundred people present on this occasion, most of them singers, many of them soloists, and the effect was extremely impressive.

OUR GRADUATE SERIES.

IV.

Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

While the work of the Institute has a distinctly educational value apart from the more or less professional character of that in the later years, it is not as a rule so directly valuable in this respect for women as for the men, since the women's colleges offer a curriculum which is supposed to meet the needs of general education.

But for a woman with leanings towards scientific work, or for one who is to be a teacher of science in the higher schools, the courses offered at the Institute are unrivalled in their opportunities. Women have graduated from six of the departments, viz., Architecture, Chemistry, Physics, Biology, Geology, General Course. Only a young woman mentally and physically strong, only one who is reasonably certain of her tastes and aptitudes should attempt the four year course.

A good High School training with some of the extra work in mathematics is needed for entrance. The cost may be estimated at about $300 a year, exclusive of board; that is, tuition $200, books, drawing instruments, car fares, etc., $100 more; over and above what it would cost to stay at home. ELLEN H. RICHARDS.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

The Prize Watch Contest.

You all remember the unfortunate mortal in the fairy tale who "went on, and on, and on, tripping over many stumbling blocks."

Well, dear children, that is just what the reader of your essays has been doing, she has been going "on, and on" straight through your compositions, not to seek her fortune, but to seek the fortunate boy and girl who merit the watches, and — would you believe it? — some very careless young people left so many stumbling blocks in her way, that she really couldn't get through alone, and nobody came to help her.

You know in the fairy tales just when the unfortunate struggler can bear no more, a friendly fairy or gnome springs up, but alas, there was no such luck for your reader. The weather got warmer and warmer, the thumping of the press was unpleasantly suggestive of a demand for copy, and ever so many manuscripts were still unread, and — please do not be disappointed — the examiner was obliged to reserve decision until the October number. We are very sorry indeed to keep our young competitors in suspense, and the careful boys and girls who did their very best have our sympathy, but they must try to be very patient and in October two proud young people will receive their watches.

Those stumbling blocks? They were left in the way by the bad spellers, the careless folks who will not punctuate, the fancy writers given to flourishes, and the indifferent boy who gave instructions to have the watch forwarded to his address and based his claim on the merits of this composition "Some boys earn a dollar one way, and others earn it others."

Was it any wonder that he made the examiner just a trifle cross?

We must not forget to praise all the deserving little workers, whose essays are so carefully and thoroughly prepared that we should have had some difficulty in making a selection, and we have no doubt that many more equally meritorious essays will reward us for reading through the pile of unread manuscript remaining. Every competitor shall have full justice done to his or her work, and as the decision will not be announced for another month we shall be very much pleased to hear from more of our young friends. There is still time to try before the 12th of September, and all are welcome.

Please do not think that any unkindness is meant by criticizing some of the essays submitted. It is by having our errors noticed that we learn to correct them, and children must try to be very careful and not strive after effect.

Do your very best and remember that honest effort always commands respect. That is better worth winning than a whole factory of gold watches.

The best, most practical, and most helpful essay will be awarded the prize — a handsome gold watch for the boy or girl between 13 and 16 years of age, and a fine silver watch for the little competitors between 10 and 13.

CONDITIONS FOR COMPETITORS.

1. Express your thoughts as clearly and concisely as you can.

2. Write the essay yourself, and write only on one side of the paper.

3. Mail your copy before the 12th of September.

Address, "Prize Watch Contest," DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, Boston, Mass.

Old Pennies.

A perfect cent of 1798 can be sold for $100. It was the first penny issued by this government. A perfect cent of 1804 has brought $300. One may buy an 1806 penny for 10 cents but a perfect one is worth $100. The cents of 1817, 1818, 1819 and 1820 used to be rare, but bags full of them were found in an old bank and flooded the market.

The most precious specimens are the old-style copper cents. Of these big copper pennies one hundred and nineteen millions are unaccounted for, having never been returned to the treasury for redemption. It is very rarely that one of them is seen in circulation, and nearly all of them have been lost so completely as to have passed in effect out of existence. Some of them are exceedingly rare and command high prices. The rarest of all is the cent of 1799. Anybody who has one of that date in first-class condition can sell it for $250.

Night and Morning.

E. NESBIT.

SLEEP, baby, sleep!
The greeny glow worms creep,
The pigeons to their cote are gone,
And to their fold the sheep.

Rest, baby, rest,
The sun sinks in the west;
The daisies all have gone to sleep,
The birds are in the nest.

Sleep, baby, sleep!
The sky grows dark and deep,
The stars watch over all the world;
God's angels guard thy sleep.

Wake, baby, dear!
The good glad morning's here.
The dove is cooing soft and low,
The lark sings loud and clear.

Wake, baby wake!
Long since the day did break;
The daisy buds are all uncurled,
The sun laughs in the lake.

Wake, baby, dear!
Thy mother's waiting near,
And love and flowers and birds and sun
And all things bright and dear!

Commas.

The London *Journal of Education* says that a Prussian school inspector appeared at the office of the burgomaster of a little town to ask him to accompany him on a tour of inspection through the schools.

The burgomaster was out of sorts, and was heard to mutter to himself, "What is this donkey here again for?"

The inspector said nothing, but waited his time, and with the unwilling burgomaster set out on his tour. At the first school he announced his wish to see how well punctuation was taught.

"Oh, never mind that," said the burgomaster. "We don't care for commas and such trifles."

But the inspector sent a boy to the blackboard and ordered him to write, "The burgomaster of R—— says, the inspector is a donkey."

Then he ordered him to transpose the comma, placing it after R——, and to insert another one after inspector, and the boy wrote, "The burgomaster of R——, says the inspector, is a donkey."

It is probable that the refractory official gained a new idea of the value of "commas and such trifles."

A Capital Journey.

King Silo, one of those great sovereigns who kept alive the flame of Spanish patriotism during the Moorish domination in the Iberian Peninsula, built the beautiful Church of San Salvador in his capital, Oviedo, and composed for his tomb therein the following curious inscription. If you start from the central letter S, no matter in what direction you proceed, providing that you turn at a right angle, you will always march through these letters: SILO PRINCEPS FECIT. "King Silo erected (this church)." The journey may be made in two hundred and seventy different directions, and the result will be the same:

T I C E F S P E C N C E P S F E C I T
I C E F S P E C N I N C E P S F E C I
C E F S P E C N I R I N C E P S F E C
E F S P E C N I R P R I N C E P S F E
F S P E C N I R P O P R I N C E P S F
S P E C N I R P O L O P R I N C E P S
P E C N I R P O L I L O P R I N C E P
E C N I R P O L I S I L O P R I N C E
P E C N I R P O L I L O P R I N C E P
S P E C N I R P O L O P R I N C E P S
F S P E C N I R P O P R I N C E P S F
E F S P E C N I R P R I N C E P S F E
C E F S P E C N I R I N C E P S F E C
I C E F S P E C N I N C E P S F E C I
T I C E F S P E C N C E P S F E C I T—*Ex.*

CATHOLIC QUESTION BOX.

[There is much that even Catholics do not know regarding the Church of Christ, its history, its services, its ceremonials. To an intelligent man, believer or unbeliever, there can be no more interesting subjects. The story of the Church is a romance of fact, human and divine. The significance of the ceremonials, by which it commemorates Christ's acts and impresses His truths, are vital with reason and with beauty, when understood. To the work of spreading this information, this Department is devoted. Readers are invited to ask any questions regarding the Church upon which they are not fully informed. We desire every reader of DONAHOE'S to be prepared to answer any question about his faith that may arise in his experiences in the world. Inquiries must reach this office before the first of the month to be answered in the next issue. Questions asked later than that date cannot be answered until the second month following. Address all letters to "Editor, Catholic Question Box, DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, 611 Washington Street, Boston, Mass." As a guarantee of good faith, every letter must give the full name and address of the writer, which will not be published. In future no unsigned letters will be answered.]

Militant writes: —

I often read or hear of the Church militant, and the Church suffering, and the Church triumphant, do these terms indicate three different churches, or what is their signification?

These are all different names applied to the one Church of Christ. That Church is composed of its children on earth, in purgatory and in heaven. Those on earth are still in warfare, against the world, the flesh, and the devil, and as soldiers they compose the Church militant. Those in purgatory have ceased from their struggles, but are not yet entered into their eternal rest: they are in pain until they come to heaven; these form the Church suffering. Those in heaven are the conquerors, who have come victorious from out the struggle against the enemies of salvation, and they, in the enjoyment of their victory, form the Church triumphant in heaven.

Client of Mary asks: —

1. Where did the Blessed Virgin die?
2. What is the teaching of the Church regarding the Assumption?
3. What proofs are there that Mary's body is in heaven, as well as her soul?

1. The general tradition is that Mary died at Jerusalem, but there is another tradition assigning Ephesus as the place of her demise. There is no knowledge on the matter.

2. The Church, without making it a formal matter of faith, still indicates her belief in the fact that shortly after her death, the body of Mary was taken up to heaven and there united with her soul. While the Church does not absolutely say that Mary's body was thus assumed into heaven, she celebrates the Feast of the Assumption, on the 15th of August, in that spirit, and has read in lessons during the octave, a passage from Saint John Damascus giving in detail the history of this corporal assumption.

The Church, we have said, has not yet made the corporal assumption an article of faith, but no Catholic would have the temerity to question this fact. The general teaching of theologians in this matter is thus summed up by one of them: "The denial of the Blessed Virgin's corporal Assumption into heaven, though not contrary to the faith, is still so much opposed to the common agreement of the Church, that it would be a mark of insolent temerity."

3. The proofs of Mary's corporal assumption rest upon the fittingness of the fact, the testimony of writers, the absence of relics, and the general sentiment of the faithful. Certainly, it is only reasonable to believe that Christ would not permit the sinless body of His own Blessed Mother, that body from which he had formed his own sacred humanity to become a prey to corruption. The testimony of writers goes back into the earliest centuries regarding the belief. Saint Gregory of Tours in the sixth century, Saint Andrew of Crete in the seventh century, tell of this tradition already extant in the Church. And the Church quotes the words of Saint John Damascus and of Saint Bernard. Many martyrologies and missals of ancient days give the same testimony. The Feast of the Assumption is recorded as being celebrated before the sixth century in the East and the West, before the Pontificate of Pope Sergius, and before the reign of the Emperor Mauritius. And, to-day, we know that it is celebrated throughout the Universal Church, and that it is with us in these United States one of our few holy days of obligation, preceded, too, by a fast-day vigil.

A very striking fact is the absence of relics of Mary's body. This is all the more remarkable from the evidence we possess of the wonderful zeal and fidelity exhibited by the early Christians for collecting, preserving, and honoring the relics of the saints. Can we not rightly

conclude that this absence of relics is due to the fact that Mary's body is in heaven?

The unwavering and universal belief among Catholics of Mary's corporal assumption into heaven can be taken as a proper application of the motto: "The voice of the people is the voice of God." For, indeed, the Divine Son speaks through the mouths of the faithful who thus honor His sinless Mother.

Vincentian asks: —

1. What are vigils?
2. What is the origin of the Saint Vincent de Paul Society?

1. Vigils were, originally, the watch kept on the night before a feast, and since the eleventh or twelveth century the day and the night preceding a feast. These vigils are really days of preparation through fasting, or prayer, or both, for the great feasts in the Church's calendar.

2. The rise of the Saint Vincent de Paul Society is one of those beautiful and ennobling instances in human history that serve to expel from us the spirit of pessimism, and make us hope the best things from our fellow-man. A few Catholic young men in Paris seeking the means of doing good for themselves and for others entered on this way of helping the poor. After the necessary studying and planning, eight young men met in Paris, in May 1833, to hold their first Conference. In 1835, when new members had joined the Conference, it was decided to extend the work, and divisions were made. Each new division was a Conference, and the union of the Conferences formed the Society of Saint Vincent de Paul, as Saint Vincent was chosen for patron of the first Conference. To-day, this Society extends itself throughout the Catholic world and is the means of untold good to the poor, and, surely, of greater good to its own members. For these latter must realize in their own lives the truth of this word of our Divine Teacher: "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

We would recommend to "Vincentian" and to others the "Life of Frederic Ozanam," one of the original founders of the first Conference, as a book to inspire those who are willing to learn from others the way to higher and more useful lives.

Church-goer asks: —

What is the meaning of "The Asperges?"

The Asperges is the sprinkling of the people with holy water before the High Mass. While the priest sprinkles the people, the choir sings these words of David: (Ps. 50:) "Thou shalt sprinkle me with hyssop, and I shall be cleansed: thou shalt wash me, and I shall be made whiter than snow." The first word, as sung in the Latin, is "Asperges;" hence the name. At Easter time the Church sings words appropriate for the season, — entitled: "Vidi aquam."

X-ray wants to know the attitude of the Catholic Church in our present great political crisis, and whether a Catholic bishop could advocate, as a certain Protestant bishop has done, the furthering of any political cause from the pulpit?

The Catholic Church has no attitude whatsoever in this matter. The reply of Cardinal Gibbons recently printed in the newspapers, that where so many experts and students of the question were at variance, he had nothing to say on the decision as to the merits of the gold or silver standard, has been much commended. The Cardinal as an individual has no doubt his own private views, but inasmuch as any word of his would be quoted as the word of a churchman, he would not speak as one claiming authority to decide. And he well indicates the attitude of the Church. This is a question for the people to decide. The Church has only to offer silence, praying and hoping that God's wisdom will incline the judgments of men into the ways of prosperity.

We do not believe that any Catholic bishop would use his position to influence the votes of his people. If he did, his people would simply vote in the end according to their personal views. Regarding the general principles that should govern the citizen, the knowledge of the Constitution and the laws, the right and freedom of suffrage, the guidance of conscience in casting the ballot, the placing of the general good above all personal or party considerations, we certainly feel that such subjects can rightly be treated from the pulpit. But there the Church stops, even if some individual teacher may at times feel inclined to go further. The application of these principles is left to the citizen.

From Montana comes the query: —

Who was Cain's wife?

A daughter of Adam and Eve, and consequently, a sister to Cain.

BRYAN — FREE SILVER.

To the Editor of Donahoe's Magazine.

In view of the marvellous nomination of Mr. Bryan for President, free silverites no doubt recall that it is written: "God moves in wondrous ways," etc. While Republicans indulge the thought, on the other hand, that "If Christ came to Chicago etc.," — to finish would involve irreverence.

The reply to Hill, Russell and Vilas recalls and will always be spoken of in connection with Garfield winning the great prize in 1880, Ingersoll immortalizing the "plumed knight," Daniel Dougherty's peerless presentation of Hancock, "the superb," and Conkling holding the celebrated phalanx for the great soldier. This latest campaign piece of national convention oratory cannot, however, take rank with any of these as it goes down in cold type. It is neither a gem in rhetoric nor a model in thought or correct principles.

Whatever genius of construction there is in the speech is that it skillfully measured and aptly voiced all the enthusiasm already burning in the minds and throbbing in the hearts of the audience. The audience itself was the magazine of eloquence waiting only the deft throwing of a match to create a wondrous explosion. The speech delivered under ordinary circumstances would probably attract little attention or at most provoke unfriendly criticism. Bourke Cockran chaining the hostile, angry and worn out Democratic convention of 1892, when he stormed against the nomination of Cleveland, had a task and performed it in a speech incomparably superior. But success rules the hour. Few will wish to take away any of the laurels garnishing the brow of the new born political hero.

Those who have heard Mr. Bryan speak, as the writer frequently has; who know him personally and have thoughtfully measured his oratory do not hesitate to say he is altogether at his best in debate. He does not particularly shine in a studied oration. He would never be an Edward Everett, nor has he anything of the wealth of imagery of an Ingersoll. He is merely a political orator; a wrestler in the intellectual struggle of the hustings.

A presence striking as it is graceful; featured in the cast of a Randall; skilled in the dissecting logic of a Lambert; frankness equalled only by its own modesty; reserve power back of every expression of passion; a subtle sophistry liveried in the logic of truth; repartee bright as that of a Choate; sarcasm maddening in the aptness of its application; attack unannounced, swift as the leap of the panther; in ambush cunning as an Iroquois; when pathos rules the moment, every chord of the heart quivering in responsive touch to a master hand; over all a perennial magnetism unequalled even by a Blaine. These are the characteristics that make Bryan peerless as a gladiator in the arena of political debate.

That he is a statesman — well, it will be many years before he compares with a Jefferson or a Jackson. He has, however, won a great name and if he gets well before the masses of the people, if they see and hear him, it is not impossible that he may capture them. So far, nothing so much injures Bryan as his friends, Tillman and his rant, Altgeld and his anarchy.

Judgment, however will certainly prevail when the masses come to understand just the first principles of the great issue. Knowing him personally as a manly man, a clean, pure-minded, big hearted, ideal gentleman I could gladly support the man. But the cause of free silver and ill-disguised socialism, No. It is against the best business interests of all alike, poor as well as rich. I dislike to say it, but who can read the Chicago speech and not, even though reluctantly, strongly suspect Bryan of being just a little of a demagogue? Well he knew the truth of Vilas' suggestion of a Robespierre. Honest difference of opinion upon economic questions is one thing; but denouncing law in the name of labor, twining even the semblance of the red flag about the stars and stripes — this, Mr. Bryan, was never Lincoln's idea when he wrought and spoke for the "plain people."

When Bryan quotes again from the greatest of commoners, "God must have loved the plain people; he made so many of them," he should not forget to imitate the sincerity of his new-found ideal, and dream less of the mere number of their votes. Lincoln would rather have been right, we believe, than President.

I wonder if Mr. Bryan, while contemplating Labor on the "cross of gold" ever got just a passing glimpse of the unnoticed great middling

classes of America? True, the material of their cross is not quite so rich? Who will say, however, theirs is not the heavier cross of late years? They are not unlike the Irishman's friend on the battle field with his head blown off: "Aren't makin' half the fuss of some of thim that is much less hurt."

Mr. Bryan intrenches his monetary fallacy behind the argument that all the products of farm and field have depreciated. For the sake of argument suppose we grant that. Whether the cause for this is found in our not having free coinage of silver or (what is more rational) that it is the result of labor saving machinery, reduced cost of production and transportation, etc.; whether these are the true cause, it remains unassailable that the wage earner's pay has increased since the silver dollar was omitted in the codification of the mint laws of 1873.

"If a gold standard," says Mr Bryan, "is a good thing why try to get rid of it? If a gold standard is a bad thing why should we wait until some other nations are willing to help us let go?" This was the nearest approach to argument in the wonderful speech. It is characteristic, too, of Bryan, it would not indeed be unworthy the sophistry of an Ingersoll. On the instant, the logic is irresistible. The speaker's populistic convention friends will probably all die in innocent conviction that this is God's gospel of financial logic. It will be quoted from every platform west of the Mississippi River possibly from some east of it. In fact, it is said that when David Bennett Hill (who is still a Democrat) heard it, he was so overwhelmed as to make for the first train east.

Is it true we cannot find a "spot of ground upon which to challenge battle" with this overwhelming logic? "If the gold standard is a good thing," etc. Who said it was a good thing (unqualified)? We all say that as a single nation it is physically, morally and absolutely impossible for America to maintain free coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1 with the world's mints closed against silver. We all say, further, that if we must have a standard of either silver or gold, we prefer the latter. It is a good thing because practically we cannot have better. Our own, and the monetary history of the world, prove that no nation has yet maintained alone what is called a double standard. Bimetallists all believe now that international bimetallism is practical — yes, imperative! When it is possible by international agreement, to get a better thing there is no reason why we should not be willing to get rid of even a good thing.

"If the gold standard is a bad thing, why should we wait until some other nations are willing to help us let go?" Who said a gold standard (unqualified) was a bad thing? But suppose it were. If we were certain to get a worse thing by letting go before others let go with us what practical man would say we should not hold on until others help us let go?" "Why should we wait until some other nations are willing to help us let go." For the simplest reason in the world. *Because we have to.* Bryan may be a young giant, but the Presidency could not make him an Atlas supporting the world.

Mr. Bryan, writing in the May number of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE says: "The dollar which increases in value is just as dishonest as the dollar which decreases in value." His remedy, however, for the dishonest increasing dollar he speaks of, is the dishonest dollar which decreases in value. He would replace the dishonest dollar increasing in value with the dishonest dollar decreasing in value. Would this better the situation as far as the honesty of either dollar is concerned. If it is dishonest to loan 50 cents and exact in payment one hundred, is it not equally dishonest to borrow 100 cents and repay with only 50?

Taking Mr. Bryan at his own words his moral philosophy is certainly at fault. Two wrongs never make a right. It might do for populistic conveniences, but it would make us all blush for the ethics of the White House. The eastern mortgage helped to buy the western farm. The farmer should pay what he owes. The rights of a farmer are no more sacred than those of a capitalist. Give us the even-handed justice that protects both alike and we will say you have found the honest dollar. Foreign capital made possible the developments of this continent. Eastern capital helped to make the prairies "blossom as the rose." But Mr. Bryan's search for a really honest dollar is yet a failure. All our dollars, gold, silver and paper, in this country to-day, pay an equal amount of debt, one as much as the other, and each has the same purchasing power; no more, no less. Why not keep things as they are until we can, by international consent, link gold and silver into a single standard to remedy the world wide appreciation claimed for gold. If the true bimetallist

is right that gold has appreciated, then here is the only sensible, practical remedy.

Archbishop Walsh reasons powerfully, as do many other deeply interested and original thinkers, for what, as he says, is erroneously called the double standard. When analyzed, every sensible argument of the free silverites proves to be the logic of international bimetallism. I have argued from the premises that it is a fact that this nation never maintained in circulation gold and silver with its mints open to free coinage of gold and silver. Am I right in the premises? Yes; I have no less authority than Bryan himself. In the article already alluded to, published in DONAHOE'S, he says:

> While the advocates of bimetallism (he means free silverites) believe that there will be concurrent circulation of gold and silver under free coinage at the present ratio, yet concurrent circulation is not necessary to a bimetallic principle. For instance, we had the bimetallic principle in operation in this country from 1792 to 1834, and yet gold was at premium, and silver was the money in common use. From 1834 to 1860 we had the bimetallic principle in operation, and yet silver was at a premium and gold was the money in common use. From 1860 to 1873 we had the bimetallic principle so far as metallic money was concerned, but we were in fact on a paper basis.

This is only admitting (when off the stump) the fact that the attempt tried here as well as throughout the world, time and time again, to maintain alone national bimetallism always results in the use of only one metal; now silver, then gold, but never both. We need not explain how, with free coinage, the world's silver would be dumped here. The hard facts of history show that gold will certainly leave us, and we will have everything measured by the silver standard. But Bryan would avoid as above quoted, the petard of his own admissions. He would have us believe "concurrent circulation is not necessary to the bimetallic principle." This is coming very near the heart of the great question. If he is wrong, all the lesser arguments jumbled with plausible theories count for nothing.

Professor Francis A. Walker, one of the most distinguished bimetallists in the country, makes the same statement as Mr. Bryan; so does Mr. Harvey in "Coin's School." Let us see if there is not here again a spot of earth upon which to successfully "challenge battle." By the "bimetallic principle" they all mean we can have in circulation only one of the metals, and yet retain the bimetallic principle. That is, retain the standard of value made by linking both metals. With only one of the metals in use as a medium of exchange they contend they can nevertheless have practically the bimetallic principle. Why did Mr. Bryan quit with mere assertion on so vital a point? Because he could not go further and prove it. What standard had we from 1860 until 1879? When paper money was the only kind we had in circulation, who can possibly prove that it was not also the only measure of value with which we exchanged all products during that time? The same must be said when silver only was in use or gold only in use. If we have had any of the periods of bimetallic principle claimed by Mr. Bryan, we had it only in theory.

He says again in the article we have referred to, "Bimetallism is theoretically better than monometallism." That is his language. Now, the writer will go him one better and say that bimetallism (by international agreement) is practically better than monometallism. I know there are very strong arguments against it, for example, that for the same reason we exchanged the tallow candle for the electric light, the tom-tom for the Steinway; the ox-cart for the lightning express, the dug-out for the ocean greyhound, so the modern system of drafts, checks, etc., have wrought in finances as great a change. However this may be, I am willing to stand up for international bimetallism. Mr. Bryan is only a theoretical bimetallist on his own admission. The farmer will find out one of these days possibly that Mr. Bryan may get the $50,000 salary, and the farmer will get his bimetallic theory.

We don't hear so much lately about the "crime of '73." There was so much of the same kind of crime in all the nations of the world, even to benighted India, that the people have got to thinking too much to longer slander the greatest financier of this or any other country. But I have intruded much further than I intended. My excuse is that as I lived in Omaha for a period of ten years I was for a time somewhat of a free silver populist myself — pure and simple and just as simple as pure. That was before Mr. Bryan gave picturesqueness to the new party. When he was making hay in the tariff field I was reading the "Seven Financial Conspiracies" and other more or less harrowing expositions of how the whole world had turned thief to rob itself.

T. B. MINAHAN.

Columbus, Ohio, August 1, 1896.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Literary, Scientific. Etc

English-speaking Catholics have reason to be grateful that Father Sylvester Hunter, S. J., was spared to complete his great work, "OUTLINES OF DOGMATIC THEOLOGY" the third and concluding volume of which now lies before us. It is no easy task to take the dogmatic expositions of Catholic truth out of the native and technical Latin in which they have been clothed for centuries, and to set them before the English reading public in popular and readable English; yet Father Hunter has been singularly successful in this difficult field and has given us in his volumes a solid contribution to English Catholic literature. This last volume opens with a treatise on the exterior principle of meritorious action, grace, and the different positions of the theological schools with regard to this subject, which is involved with so much difficulty, are clearly and impartially stated. The definition of grace, its necessity, its distribution, its relation to man's free will, these are the main points of the treatise and they present for consideration truths of prime importance, as around some of them has been waged a warfare which in theological annals is historical. Justification, the first great effect of supernatural influence, the infused virtues and gifts which the soul of man receives with the infusion of divine grace, and merit, which demands entrance to heaven, and is another effect of divine grace, form the subject matter of another treatise. The sources of grace, the seven sacraments instituted by the Saviour are studied in the eight following treatises. Those who are interested in the great question regarding the validity of Anglican orders which is soon to be decided at Rome will find a brief but clear exposition of the Catholic theologians' position with respect to this question in the treatise on holy orders. The volume concludes with treatises on the four last things, death, judgment, heaven, hell.

These three volumes are the complement of the philosophical handbooks issued by the Jesuit Fathers of Stonyhurst and both series bring before the English reading public the great truths of Catholic philosophy and theology. The impartial reader of Father Hunter's volumes will learn at least one truth which cannot be dwelt on too much and which corrects the erroneous impression held by many outside the Catholic fold, namely, that Catholic dogmatic teaching, far from enslaving the mind of man, gives it full opportunity to test its powers. Within the limits marked by the dogmas of faith there is a field broad and ample in which the human mind can exercise its powers to the utmost, while the scientific explanation of these mysteries of faith and the attempt to bring them into one coherent whole has given to the world the best products of the human intellect. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Bros.

A timely book and one which deserves careful reading and serious consideration, is "OUR SEMINARIES" by Rev. John Talbot Smith. How shall we educate our young candidates for the priesthood, how shall we best fit them physically, intellectually, morally and socially for their great life work, the greatest that can be given to man, this is the great problem which the author seeks to solve. The book is essentially American and is a departure from the old beaten track followed by others who have written upon this subject, for it seeks to meet the present conditions which confront the American priest, and while showing all due reverence for the past it insists that different times and new conditions call for other methods in the seminarian's training. We have no doubt that Father Smith will find many to sympathize with his views and while they cannot agree with all that is written by him, with the main purpose and spirit of his work they will be in perfect accord. Many of his suggestions are timely and valuable and his book will no doubt centralize interest upon a question which means so much for the future of Catholicity in America. Especially worthy of commendation is the author's arrangement of the seminarian's studies and the relative place which each should occupy in the philosophical and theological curriculum. Written in strong, idiomatic English we commend this book to all who are interested in higher Catholic training. New York: Wm. H. Young & Co.

SOZODONT

Pure and Harmless

Fragrant as the Flowers

Pure and Harmless. Preserves the Teeth. Sweetens the Breath.

Sozodont, Pure and Fragrant. Economy to use it. Try it.

Indispensable in the care of the Teeth. A Peerless Dentifrice.

Hall & Ruckel N.Y.City, Proprietors of Sozodont, Sozoderma, etc.

For the Teeth and Breath

Preserves the Teeth

Sweetens the Breath

BEARDSLEY'S

SHREDDED CODFISH

Remember, to protect the public and ourselves, we have adopted a new distinguishing feature in the shape of a *Broad Red Band*, encircling the entire package, which is a registered trade mark. Insist upon the *Broad Red Band* package, and you will always get Beardsley's Shredded Codfish, — best in the world.

J. W. BEARDSLEY'S SONS,

All Grocers. 182 West St., New York City.

His Eminence Cardinal Taschereau.

Donahoe's Magazine.

VOL. XXXVI. BOSTON, OCTOBER, 1896. NO. 4.

ELZEAR CARDINAL TASCHEREAU.

WM. ELLISON.

HEN the future historian of Canada records the deeds and services of eminent prelates, the name of Cardinal Taschereau will claim by signal deserts a high place among the distinguished churchmen whose lives have shed lustre upon the Catholic faith in Canada. His failing health for some years past renders all too imminent the coming of the end, and no death will cause more widespread sorrow in Canada and in the United States, not only in Catholic circles, but among calm-minded Christians of various creeds who cannot withhold a tribute to a prince of the Church, who constantly preached the gospel of truth, justice and charity, and conspicuously exemplified these apostolic virtues in his own dignified personality.

The loss will be most keenly experienced in Quebec and throughout the archdiocese, wherein the venerable Cardinal has been for so many years a generous and wise ruler as well as a kind and just father over his devoted flocks. He will be mourned in a particular manner by the Irish Catholic race in the Dominion, whose love and gratitude he earned in the plague-stricken years of '47-'48, when landlord tyranny, and English oppression had driven the Irish Celts from hearth and home, landing a broken remnant of them despairing and fever-stricken, on the banks of the St. Lawrence.

The appalling scourge that had made havoc among the outcast Celts was contagious and dangerous to the last degree, but that did not deter the then Father Taschereau and a band of heroic confreres from coming to the assistance of the late famous Father McMahon, who had spiritual charge of the Irish flock of St. Patrick's church. In the face of plague and death, these devoted men were willing to sacrifice their own lives to save the afflicted Irish peasants, and as many as tender nursing could not save were spiritually prepared for heaven. This sacred service done by Father Taschereau and his reverend co-workers to the afflicted Irish emigrants can never be forgotten by the grateful Irish Catholics in Canada. It is not surprising that they have loved and venerated the Cardinal in life and shall mourn him sincerely in death.

THE CARDINAL IN HIS ROBES OF OFFICE.
View of Laval University from the balcony of his Palace.

Cardinal Taschereau has been an ecclesiastical leader of strong fibre and pronounced ability. In some vital qualities he is unlike any of his predecessors in the ancient see of Quebec and different from other great men, either in or out of the Church. By his firm, prudent and successful administration of his great archdiocese he has proved himself one of the strongest and most keen-sighted of prelates, and the results of his career will tend to elevate and solidify the Catholic Church in British North America. He did not attain his eminent position by the exercise of brilliant or external qualities which the world is prone to call great. He rose by the constant and conscientious use of solid endowments of mind and soul, which left their mark on the hearts of all who came into contact with him. Everything he did was stamped with a seriousness of purpose and inflexible determination to uphold the power and dignity of the Catholic religion, and he seemed to realize vividly that the lives of priests who had given themselves to the service of the altar should be made a light and a guidance for the conduct of all men.

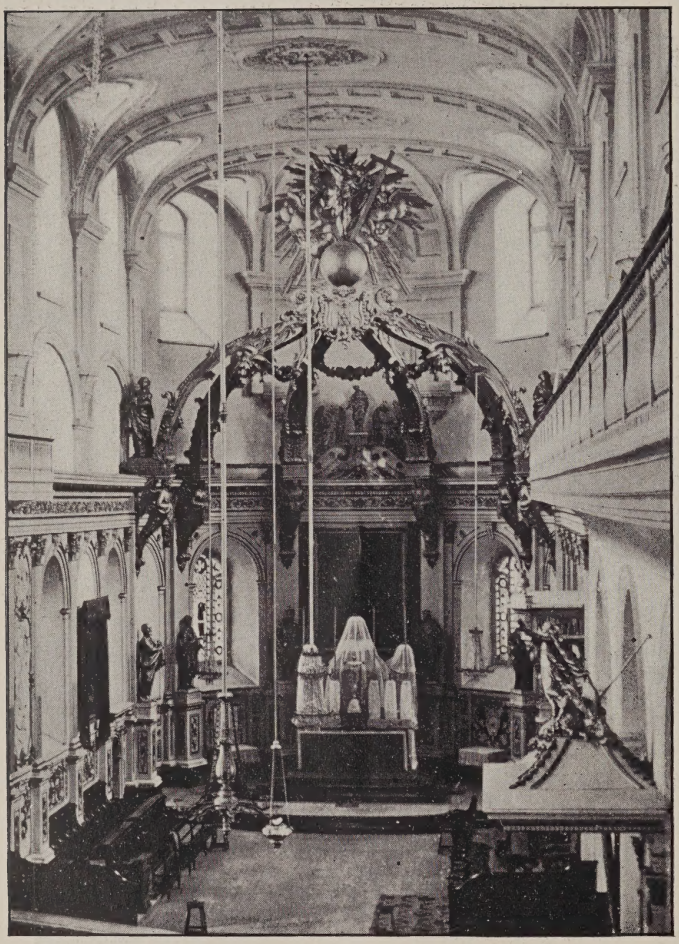
With him the lines that separate the calm, religious world from the world of boisterous politics and grossness have been very clearly defined. No man ever strove harder to keep the corruption of the one from contaminating the sacred precincts of the other. He has an instinctive horror of the folly and delusions of the outside world, and where he could not abate or repress them he shrank from contact with them. In this respect, as well as in some other essential features, he

much resembles the late illustrious Archbishop Kenrick, of St. Louis. Both of these great prelates, in some sense, seemed not to be of the world although they lived in it.

Monsignor Taschereau often journeyed to Rome; he went to Baltimore, to assist at the celebration in the centenary year of that venerable see; he visited Montreal, Kingston, Toronto and other episcopal cities at the call of duty and courtesy; but to all of these outlying places he must have gone with a feeling of reluctance or constraint, for he preferred to stay with his own beloved

THE BASILICA, QUEBEC.

flock, and to rejoice in the progress and perfection of his great University, his seminaries, his various institutions of learning and charity. He penetrated into the extreme ends of his wide archdiocese with great frequency and regularity. No bishop could have had a clearer or juster conception of the sacredness of the ties that bound him to his clergy and faithful laity, but his especial care was given to the students of the Seminary, and the Laval University, where many years of his professional life were spent. To him these halls of theological instruction seemed as God's nursery, wherein youthful minds were bent in the direction of purity and virtue and nurtured into holy priests to minister at the altar. These he loved as the very apple of his eye, and he bestowed upon them unceasing fatherly care, and never seemed happier than when in association with them, or when he walked in their halls of learning or in the grounds attached thereto.



High Altar, Sanctuary and Cardinal's Throne in the Basilica.

In the discharge of his professional and episcopal duties the Cardinal had the benefit of the good example set by illustrious predecessors who had immediately preceded him as well as by the holy bishops who labored in the same spiritual field more than two centuries ago. All of these zealous prelates had worked perseveringly to maintain the high religious and moral standard set for them from the first. Cardinal Taschereau not only kept it at its normal height, but raised it higher—by the weight and force of his strong personality and by the power and example of his model life.

The advancing spirit of the age no doubt demanded the best talent in the educational institutions of the archdiocese, as well as changed methods of instruction. None of these requisites were overlooked by the vigilant head of the see. He procured the best equipment that money and advanced science could bestow.

In speaking of Cardinal Taschereau it is difficult to convey a clear idea of his individuality. Endowed with keen perception, intellectual faculties of a high order, and a resolute will that has never suffered itself to be drawn aside from the strict path of duty either by the applause or by the frowns of the world, he has an even temper, a calm, philosophical mind and judgment, which decides all questions of importance by the pure light of reason and justice. This was his eternally guiding principle in settling disputes among his clergy, and in all matters in which judicial decisions were necessary. He had the clear consciousness of truth in himself and when he discussed affairs with others less favored, they had to bend to his superior will and strength. But while firm, he dealt leniently with his inferiors never departing from the supreme rule of fairness and equal justice.

He was a perfect model of exactness and punctuality. His time and movements were regulated by a rule as undeviating as any clock-work. Those who had business with him and who knew his habits, could tell where to find him at any particular hour of the day. It was by this economy of method that he was enabled to do so much practical work and to govern his archdiocese so well and with so much apparent ease.

He was very reserved in manner and uniformly dignified. He had the true instincts of the Christian prelate and the gentleman, combined

THE CARDINAL AS ARCHBISHOP.

with the characteristic politeness and courtesy of the French race. This made his personality admirable, and raised him far above the level of ordinary men.

To those who only knew him at a distance he appeared stern and austere. To those who had more intimate relations with him this feeling was overcome by the graciousness of his manners and his politeness. As might naturally be expected in one who led so calm and well-ordered a life, he was singularly free from bodily ailments down to the year 1891, when the feebleness of old age began to show itself. Feeling his

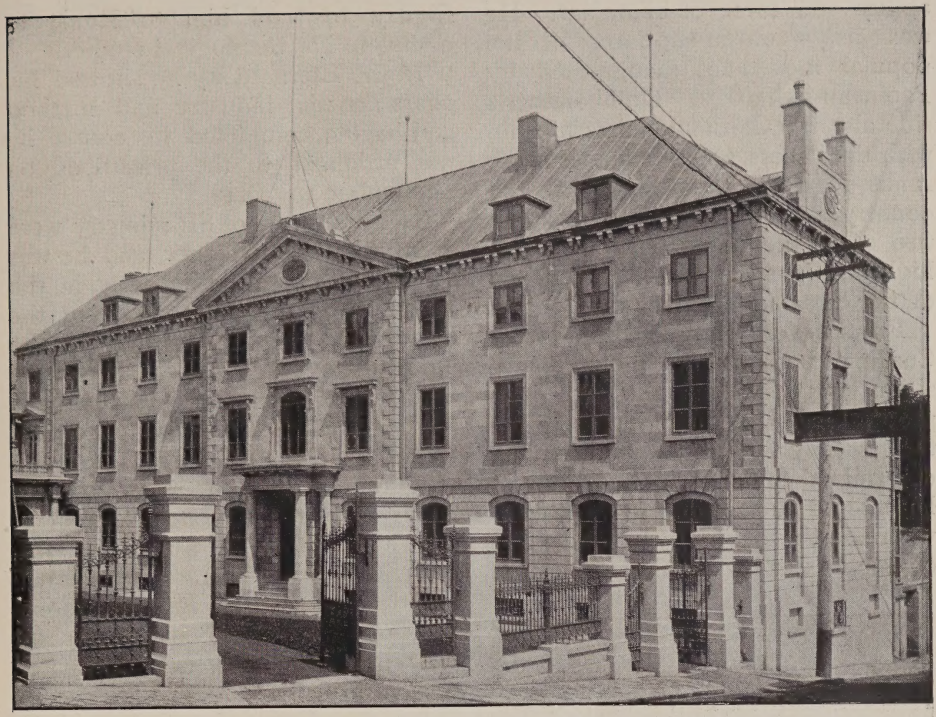
waning powers unequal to the active discharge of the duties of administering the archdiocese, the princely ruler appealed to Rome for a coadjutor, and Bishop Begin was transferred from the diocese of Chicoutimi and served in his auxiliary capacity until 1894, when the enfeebled cardinal resigned the administration into his hands. Most Rev. Archbishop Begin, who will succeed the cardinal is a prelate of extraordinary gifts of intellect, and a man beloved by priests and people for his humane and fatherly care for their temporal and spiritual welfare.

Although Archbishop Taschereau was practically the first Canadian prelate raised to membership in the Sacred College, there was a similar honor conferred upon the Right Rev. Thomas Weld, D.D., in 1830. At the time of his elevation Mgr. Weld was Coadjutor to the Hon. and Right Rev. Dr. Macdonnell, first Bishop of Upper Canada, and while Mgr. Weld never exercised his ecclesiastical functions in either capacity in Canada, he was by appointment a member of the Canadian hierarchy when he received the red hat. To Cardinal Taschereau, however, belongs the distinction of being the first Canadian titular to attain the eminent rank. Cardinal Weld's see was in partibus. The favor accorded to him was understood to be an expression of gratitude on the part of Pius VIII, for the passage of the Irish Catholic Emancipation Bill, by the English Government the year before.

The half century and more which intervened between the event above named and the elevation, in 1886, of the Cardinal whose life we are reviewing, Catholicity in Canada had made wonderful progress, so that the Supreme Pontiff considered Canada entitled to have a representative in the Sacred College. Speculation is rife and opinions are varied as to who, if any, will succeed to the cardinalitial dignity. Whether the honor goes to Montreal, Toronto, Kingston, or Halifax, or is retained in the ancient see, the Canadian Catholic hierarchy will be worthily represented in the Sacred College at Rome.

In the year 1874 it fell to the lot of Cardinal Taschereau to celebrate the second centenary of the establishment of the see of Quebec, the spiritual jurisdiction of whose first incumbents extended not only throughout New France but from the Gulf of St. Lawrence westward to the Rocky Mountains, and embracing localities now within the limits of the United States. The old-time allegiance and veneration for the ancient see was amply recognized by the presence of many distinguished American prelates, who attended as representatives of those portions of the United States which were formerly subject to the authority of the Archbishop of Quebec. On this occasion the historic city, which nature had already beautified, was by the power of art and science turned into a veritable fairy-land which enraptured those who witnessed the impressive religious function and the beautiful decorations. All of this and more was repeated twelve years later when Archbishop Taschereau received the red hat from the hands of Mgr. O'Bryan, the eminent Irish ecclesiastic whom the Pope despatched to confer the Cardinalitial insignia upon the Quebec prelate. On this latter occasion the manifestations of joy were grand.

Not only all creeds and classes in the city and province, but in the Dominion as well, felt the influence of



THE PALACE. CARDINAL TASCHEREAU'S RESIDENCE, QUEBEC.

the well-deserved tribute to the venerable mother see and to its deserving incumbent. America also shared in the joyful religious ceremonial, by sending hosts of its citizens and several of its great churchmen, among whom were the venerable Archbishop Kenrick, of St. Louis, and Janssens, of New Orleans.

The significance of the event that drew so many distinguished people, both clerical and lay, from distant parts of the continent, was profoundly felt by the inhabitants of the ancient capital, and they outdid themselves in the warmth of their welcome to the visitors and in their enthusiastic expressions of love for the eminent citizen and ecclesiastic who was the cause and central figure in the great ceremonial.

The Cardinal, whose full name is Elzear Alexandre Taschereau, was born on the 16th of February, 1820, in the parish of Sainte Marie de la Beauce, province of Quebec, and came from a parentage which counts among its kinsfolk the oldest and most notable French-Canadian families. Among his ancestors is inscribed the name of Louis Joliet, the confrere and companion of Pere Marquette on that historic and far-famed exploration which resulted in the discovery of the Mississippi. His father, the Hon. Thomas Taschereau, was an enthusiastic patriot possessing the strong princ ples of honor which marked the true gentleman of the old school, and as a member of the Legislative Assembly of Lower Canada, he won distinction by his

ability and force of character. He was also a warm supporter of the popular movement inaugurated by Papineau in his day. On his father's side also the Cardinal claims kinship with the Panets, a family whose name ranks high in the annals of the country, and one of his brothers, and two of his nephews, have occupied high positions on the judicial bench of the city and province of Quebec.

From a very early age the future Cardinal had, by his pious disposition and studious habits, given proof of a strong inclination towards the priestly vocation, and having determined to study for the Church, he entered the Seminary of Quebec, where, in the making of his collegiate course he displayed such application

THE CARDINAL, FROM ONE OF HIS LATEST PICTURES.

and ability as attracted the notice of his superiors and caused Archbishop Signay to send him to Rome to complete his theological studies.

In the Eternal City he showed his characteristic industry and method and having completed his course he was ordained to the priesthood on September 10, 1842.

The first years of his ministry were spent in parochial duty, and he was acting in this sacred capacity in the years '47-'48 when he rendered the never-to-be-forgotten service to the unfortunate Irish exiles who were cast upon Canadian shores in a plague-stricken and dying condition. In the year 1849 Father Taschereau was appointed a member of the faculty of the Quebec Seminary. He had not long served in this capacity when his rare intellectual abilities and aptitude for professional duties began to tell, and in a short time afterwards he was appointed rector of the institution.

In 1852 Quebec's educational facilities were supplemented by the establishment of Laval University, and the qualifications of the future Cardinal pointed him out as its fitting Superior. He was, therefore, elevated to that responsible office by Archbishop Turgeon, who at the same time named him as one of the two Vicars-General of the archdiocese.

In 1854 he carried to Rome the decrees of the Second Provincial Council of Quebec. This mission performed, he returned to his official duty as head of the University, where he steadfastly labored for the next sixteen years, and then being in the very prime of his early manhood and intellectual strength, it is not too much to say that he imparted fresh energy and prestige to the renowned seat of learning over which he so wisely presided, and that it owes to

his vigilant and able management much of its enduring fame and high standing among the great universities of this new world. Notwithstanding the manifold duties that pressed upon the Very Rev. Superior of Laval, he still found time to write a learned and valuable history

Coadjutor, with the right of succession, to Archbishop Baillargeon, then in fast failing health.

Before the day had come for the consecration of the auxiliary prelate the venerable metropolitan was called away to his eternal reward, consequently Dr. Taschereau was conse-

LAVAL UNIVERSITY, QUEBEC.

of the Quebec Seminary, a work that at once reflects the erudition and unwearied industry of its author, and which contains a large store of information regarding the earliest annals of Canadian Catholicity.

The time had now arrived when the worth of the learned and zealous Superior of Laval should receive fitting recognition from Rome, and on the eve of the Vatican Council Monsignor Taschereau was appointed

crated the sixteenth Archbishop of Quebec, on St. Joseph's Day, 1871, the lamented Archbishop Lynch of Toronto, being the officiating prelate. The record of his administration of his diocese for nearly a quarter of a century is before the world and by it the measure of success attending his wise and zealous rule may be determined. An old see like Quebec was not susceptible of improvements and innovations

MOST REV. LOUIS NAZAIRE BÉGIN, D. D., COADJUTOR BISHOP AND ADMINISTRATOR.

like young and growing dioceses in the United States, but it is just to say that the honored traditions of the see were strengthened and every religious and educational institution within his espiscopal jurisdiction prospered and extended their beneficent influence under his unswerving rule. He was essentially a man of large governing powers, inclining perhaps to the safe principle of conservatism with a fidelity which American bishops would pronounce unsuited to the rapid progress of this age. Be that as it may the rule he rigorously followed was well adapted to the traditional spirit of the archdiocese which he governed, and it enabled him to uphold and preserve intact the beneficent power of religion and morality in spite of the threatened encroachments of the outer world. It may be safely stated that neither in the new or old worlds is there a diocese in which the Catholic Church exerts a holier sway or holds a higher status than she does in Quebec's archdiocese.

Viewed in the light of his exemplary life, his professional and episcopal career, his high scholarly attainments and his splendid personality, the Catholic Church in Canada may well mourn in Cardinal Taschereau's death the removal of one of her strongest supports.

HOPE.

Gabriel Max.

A Visit to the Baby.

From Defregger's popular painting.

THE BASIS OF OUR LITERATURE.

Rev. P. Dillon, D.D., LL.D.

THERE is no branch of knowledge whose influence upon mental development is so pronounced as that of literature. And yet, there is scarcely any whose study is so much neglected. This neglect arises mainly from the fact, which that eminent authority John Ruskin deplores so much, that education, in our busy modern life has come to signify not a thing good in itself, not the essential development of the high and noble in our nature, but the fitting of the human machine for what is generally known as advancement in life; that is, the becoming conspicuous, obtaining a position of wealth or power, which shall be recognized by others. For it is not, for example, so much the mere making of money as the being known to have made it, which is sought after. In other words, this advancement in life, as understood by the general body of modern people, represents the gratification of our thirst for applause; which simply means that vanity is in the nineteenth century the stimulus of toil and the balm of repose.

The study of literature is opposed to this merely utilitarian view of education. The old medieval teachers understood by the term *Litterae humaniores* or as we have it to-day *the Humanities*, the study of those masterpieces of literature whose lessons tend to elevate human nature above the merely material. It is, as Ruskin again says, like choosing friends. If we wish our life to be influenced for good, we shall choose for our friends those who are wise, sensible and noble — whose example and advice will tend to fashion our lives in their own mould.

Now, no matter what our position in life may be, our sphere of choice of such friends is limited. Nearly all our associations are restricted within a narrow range. All the higher circles of intelligence are to most of us only momentarily and partially open. We may, by good fortune, catch a glimpse of a great poet, a great man of science, or a great orator or statesman. We covet eagerly such opportunities, few and isolated though they be, but meanwhile, there is a society continually open to us, of people who will converse with us as long as we like, and

converse with us in the purest language, communicating the noblest ideas. This society is that upon the bookshelves of our library; it is the aggregate of the great minds, in which God has manifested some shadow of His own Divine wisdom. This is a society which speaks to you not with the careless utterances of a passing conversation, but with the studied, determined, chosen, written addresses of the world's greatest minds; and this is what is understood by literature.

Another authority, Taine, speaking of the mental structure of man, tells us that man has certain representations of things within him, which we know as ideas, and according as the development of these representations varies, the whole human development varies. If the general conception which really forms this development, is a mere dry notation (in Chinese fashion) the language which expresses them becomes a sort of algebra. If on the other hand, the general conception is a poetical and figurative creation, a living symbol, as among the Aryan races, language becomes a sort of delicately shaded and colored epic poem.

In this development history, race, surroundings and epochs play a considerable part, and hence literature is incomparably the best interpreter of the sentiments and sympathies of preceding generations. It is chiefly by the study of literature that one may construct a moral history, and advance towards the knowledge of psychological laws from which events spring. In this consists the importance of literary works; they are instructive because they are beautiful, and hence the more a book brings sentiments into light, the more it contradicts utilitarianism, the more it is a work of art, for the proper office of it is to make sentiments visible, and hence the more a book represents important sentiments, the more it is a work of literature.

From this it follows that it is necessary in this matter, as in so many others, to distinguish between the etymological force of the word and its accepted meaning. Etymologically considered, literature means the universal aggregation of works expressed by letters, that is, written works — books; as opposed to works expressed by sounds, such as orations, etc. In this sense a man versed in literature is called by the consent of nations, a man of letters. But this is not the accepted meaning of literature.

"A man," says Ruskin, "might read all the books in the British Museum, (that is if he could live long enough, for there are about two million volumes in it) and still remain an utterly illiterate person, but if you read ten pages of a good book, letter by letter, that is, with real accuracy, you are forevermore in some measure an educated person. The entire difference between education and non-education considered intellectually, depends on this accuracy.

"A well educated gentleman may not know many languages; may not be able to speak any but his own; may have read very few books, but whatever language he knows, he knows precisely, whatever word he pronounces, he pronounces rightly; but an uneducated person may know, by memory, any number of languages and talk them all, and yet know not truly a word of any — not a word even of his own. And this is so strongly felt, so conclusively admitted by educated persons, that a false accent or a mistaken syllable, is

enough in the parliament of any civilized nation, to assign to a man, a certain degree of inferior standing forever."

Hence the etymological or primary meaning of the word literature, viz., the aggregate of written works, is different from the accepted and recognized meaning which we are now prepared to ascertain. "Literature comprises," says a recognized authority, "those productions of the human mind which partake rather of the imagination than reason, such as poetry. Literature as the offspring of the imagination bears a near relation to art, and like art it is a representation of nature." "Literature," says Carlyle, "is the thought of thinking souls," and in another place: "Literature is an apocalypse of nature, a revealing of the open secret," "or," he continues, "it may be named with Fichte, a continuous revelation of the god-like in the terrestrial and common."

These definitions, though eloquent, are, like so many of Carlyle's utterances, somewhat hazy, and I prefer the matter-of-fact definition of a philosopher who if not quite so profound as Carlyle is certainly much more clear and intelligible. John Morley tells us that "Literature consists of all the books, *and they are not many*, in which moral truth and human passion are touched with a certain largeness, sanity, and attraction of form." I emphasize this limitation of Mr. Morley. He says that the books which constitute literature "are not many." In a similar tone Mr. Ruskin says that "No book is worth anything which is not worth much." Hence, I may say incidentally, the limitations imposed by these great authorities would exclude and very properly exclude, from the domain of literature, nine-tenths of the rubbish which is annually shot out by our much lauded printing presses.

And now, having ascertained what is to be understood by literature in general, we must select for our further analysis the literature of some special people. "And here" says Taine, "we are met by the historical fact, that of all nations, only three, ancient Greece, modern France, and England, offer a complete series of great significant monuments, showing that they have during their whole existence really thought and written."

Of these, English Literature presents many preponderating claims to our consideration. In its study, we shall find aptly and fully illustrated the characteristics of literature in general, besides those additional grounds for interest, which are necessarily associated with the language we write and speak.

For if it is literature which brings sentiments into light, it is language which as Johnson expresses it, "is the dress of thought." "A language" he again considers "the pedigree of a nation." And this is not more true of any language than of the English. In its development the genesis of the English nation is registered, and incidentally, the genesis of those other peoples who have even in part descended from them, or whom political or social bonds have linked with them.

The history of this language now spoken by two hundred millions of people throughout the world, commences with A. D. 449. Previous to that date the language or languages spoken by the inhabitants of Britain, were dialects of the Celtic branch of the Aryan family, modern forms of which still survive in Ireland, Wales, the Scottish Highlands,

Isle of Man, and Brittany. The protracted occupation of Britain by the Romans (A. D. 43 — A. D. 409) familiarized the inhabitants with Latin, and has left its traces upon such local names as Chester, Doncaster, etc. The result of this occupation would probably have been, as in France and Spain, the supersession of the native tongue by a bastard Latin dialect, were it not that the trend of events was entirely and radically changed by the Teutonic conquests of the fifth and sixth centuries.

In these conquests the true parentage of the English nation is to be found. So, in order to have the origin of this nation and its language refuted, we must look to the one country which in the fifth century, bore the name of Angeln or England. This country lay within the district which is now called Sleswick, a district in the heart of the peninsula which divides the Baltic from the northern seas.

This land, which is now covered with pleasant pastures and thriving towns, was then but a wild waste of heather and sand, broken here and there by meadows that crept down to the marshes and the sea. Here dwelt the Engelen or Angles. On one side of them the Saxons of Westphalia dwelt in the country between the Weser and the Rhine, on the other, the Saxons of Eastphalia stretched away to the Elbe. North again of the Sleswick Engels dwelt another kindred tribe, the Jutes, whose name is still preserved in their district of Jutland. Engle, Saxon, and Jute, all belonged to the same Low-German branch of the Teutonic race, and although their records do not tell us they looked upon themselves as one people, still, at the moment when history discovers them they were being drawn together by common political and social institutions.

When, at the opening of the fifth century, the Roman legions were recalled from Britain to defend Italy against the incursions of the Goths, the semi-barbarous inhabitants of the centre south and east of the island were harrassed by the more hardy of their countrymen who had been driven back by the Romans to the sylvan fastnesses of Scotland and Wales. To protect themselves from these incursions of the Picts, the Britains invited, by promises of pay and land, a band of the Saxon pirates whose flat-bottomed boats had, since two centuries before, inspired terror by their daring assaults upon the villages of the eastern and southern coasts.

This invitation, like those others which had sounded the doom of the Roman Empire elsewhere, proved disastrous to the very existence of the British, and if by English history we mean the history of Englishmen in the land which thenceforth they made their own, it is with the landing of the first colony of the Jutes under Hengist and Horsa on the shores of the Isle of Thanet in 449 that this history begins. Successive bands of Saxons arrived from 477 to 495, and of Engles or Angles from 500 to 547, until the colony was complete.

For two hundred years a stubborn struggle went on between the Britons and the invaders. Slowly but surely the wild Celtic population was driven back to the Scottish and Welsh highlands, and meanwhile the kingdoms of the Angles, East-Anglia, Northumbria and Mercia being predominant both in extent and power, their

name gradually extended to the entire invading people; and so, as soon as the Teutonic settlers became so far united as to have a common name, the general body began to be known amongst themselves as Engliss or English. As, however, the Saxons had been the first of the invaders, with whom the Celtic or Roman inhabitants had to deal, the latter gave the name of Saxon to the general body of the invaders. This distinction will help to account for the compound and not very logical term which has since been used to describe the race, the language, and part of the literature of England — I mean the term "Anglo-Saxon."

The history of the English language is usually divided into three general periods — the period of the Old, the Middle, and the Modern English, which three stages may be summarized in the words of a recognized authority, Mr. Henry Sweet: "Old English is the period of full inflections; Middle English of levelled inflections, and Modern English, of lost inflections."

Early English is synthetic or inflectional. Modern English is analytical, in which the tenses are expressed not by inflection but by auxiliary verbs; for example, Old English *drinkan*, modern English *to drink*. The English language may thus be said to exist, in one form or other, from A. D. 450 to the present day. Of course the variations during these centuries have been so great that, looked upon by themselves, either as vehicles of thought, or as objects of study and analysis, Old English or Anglo-Saxon, and Modern English are, for all practical ends, distinct languages, as much so, for example, as Latin and French. No amount of familiarity with Modern English would enable the student to read Anglo-Saxon. It has been said that it would be easier for a speaker of Modern English to learn French, than to attain the same proficiency in Old English. Judged by this test, Old English is a different language from Modern English.

But when we view the subject historically, recognizing the fact, that living speech is subject to continuous change in certain definite directions, as an evolution or development of which we can trace the steps, and when we remember that this evolution has been so gradual in English, that we can nowhere draw distinct lines separating its successive stages, we realize that the language presents itself as an individual whole, and we speak of the English language as used alike by Caedmon or Bede in the seventh century, and by Tennyson in the nineteenth; just as we speak of King Alfred and Mr. Gladstone as both members of the English race.

This is because, as Max Müller, one of the greatest modern authorities on philology, says, "Languages, though mixed in their vocabulary, can never be mixed in their grammar; though people use new words they will use them in their old way. Hence, although out of one hundred thousand words which we may take as the number ordinarily found in an English dictionary, less than one-third are pure English words, the remainder being mostly of classical origin, it does not follow that the language is, like French, a Romance language, and this because in ordinary conversation our vocabulary is limited — we do not employ more than three thousand or four thousand words, while our best writers do not use more than twice that number.

Now it is possible to carry on conversation, and write numerous sentences without using any words of classical origin, but if we endeavor to speak or write without using the English native element, we shall find that such a thing is impossible, 1st, because all words in most frequent use, especially monosyllables, as demonstrative adjectives, prepositions and conjunctions, are English; 2nd, because all signs of inflection, such as the plurals of nouns, degrees of comparison, and tense inflections of verbs, are English.

Hence we may come to the conclusion that, as enumerated by Rev. Richard Morris, one of the most distinguished authorities on Anglo-Saxon literature: —

1. English is a member of the Indo-European family.

2. It belongs to the Teutonic group.

3. It is essentially a Low-German dialect.

4. It was brought to Britain by wandering German tribes.

5. We cannot use the terms English or England with reference to the people or the country before the middle of the fifth century.

I will here offer some explanation of Mr. Morris's phrase "family of languages," which is in any case necessary to understand the relative position of the English tongue to others.

The science of comparative philology, in tracing the origin of various forms of human speech, shows us that languages may be classified in two ways:

1. According to the peculiarities of their grammatical structure. In this mode we distinguish languages into, first, monosyllabic or isolating, such as the Chinese, in which every word is a monosyllable, and there are no prefixes, suffixes or inflections; second, the agglutenative languages, in which two smaller roots are joined together to form a new word; *e.g.*, "mankind"); the Basque, Turkish and American Indian languages are agglutenative); third, inflectional, in which words are modified by prefixes, suffixes and inflections.

2. Languages may be classified according to historical relationship.

Whilst this classification is not equivalent to a classification of races, yet it is beyond question that the contributions of languages to ethnology, the history of the human race, are greater than those from any other source. The classification of languages, then, according to historical relationship, tends to cast light upon the movements of communities, which in turn cast light upon the movements of nations. Languages are historically divided into certain great families or groups. Of these the most important are:

1. The Semitic, which includes generally the languages of the descendants of Sem, son of Noe, as the Hebrew, Phenician, Assyrian and Arabian.

2. The Hamitic, including the Egyptian and other African tongues.

3. The Scythian, comprehending Hungarian, Turkish, Finnish, Lappish and Mongolian.

4. A group of agglutenative families, including Scandian, S. E. India, the N. E. Asiatic dialects, Japanese, Malay and Caucasian.

5. Some isolating or monosyllabic tongues, as the Chinese, Siamese and Thibetan.

6. The Basque language of N. W. Spain which is not related to any other on earth, and

7. The American Indian languages, which though generally classed as agglutenative, have hitherto defied all attempts at connected classification.

I have purposely left for separate and fuller consideration the greatest family of all, and that which has most immediate interest for us. This is the family which has sometimes been described as Japhetic (spoken by the sons of Japhet) and Indo-Germanic, but which scholars usually speak of as the Indo-European or Aryan family of languages. This family comprises, with a rare exception, all the languages, now or at any preceding period spoken in Europe, and all those Asiatic tongues which have sprung from the Ancient Sanscrit. The researches which have led to the development of our knowledge of this important family are mainly due to the genius and perseverance of two eminent German scholars, Franz Bopp of Mainz and Jacob Grimm of Berlin.

This Indo-European or Aryan family of languages consists of ten sub-families, all being variations of an original primitive tongue which now no longer exists. This extinct language was spoken by the primitive Aryan race, from which all the European nations, with the exceptions noted, are descended. This people must have lived together more than three thousand years ago. The place of their abode is pointed out by tradition as well as by the evidence of language with very strong probability, if not certainty, as the north-eastern portion of the Iranian table-land, near the Indu-Kush mountains, having Bactria (N. E. Afghanistan) for its centre, and stretching northward and westward towards the Oxus (modern Amu-Daria) and the Caspian Sea. Successive colonies streamed forth from this region, and as is usual with new settlers, they first occupied the districts nearest to them (as was done in America).

Philological research has ascertained with perfect certainty, that the region thus occupied by our Aryan forefathers, was a varied one, not bordering on the ocean. The season whose name has been most persistent in every linguistic variation is the winter. Barley and perhaps wheat were raised for food and converted into meal. The use of certain metals was known; whether iron was one of these admits of question. The weapons of offence and defence were those usual among primitive people, the sword, spear, bow and shield. Structure and relations of the family were significant of affectionate regard and mutual trust, and woman was regarded as in dignity and capacity quite on a level with man. (This is quite unusual among primitive peoples.) The art of numeration was learnt at least up to a hundred. (There is no general Indo-European word for one thousand.) Some of the stars were named; the moon was the chief measure of time. The religion was polytheistic, a worship of the personified powers of nature.

Thus much does the study of Comparative Philology teach us concerning the primitive ancestors of ourselves and almost all of the European peoples.

The sub-families which are derived from this primitive Aryan tongue are ten, and of these the oldest are naturally found in the districts nearest the original abode of the race, and which were the earliest settled. The succeeding ones passed

the previous ones. Hence are found the:

1. Hindu or Indian languages.
2. Iranian or Persian.
3. Armenian.
4. Greek, comprising the various dialects of Ancient and Modern Greek and Romaic.
5. Albanian.
6. Italic, comprising Latin and all the Romance languages derived from it — French, Spanish, Italian etc.
7. Celtic, comprising the Cymric — as the Welsh and Breton, and the Gaelic — as the Irish, Highland Scotch and Manx.
8. The Germanic or Teutonic.
9. The Lettic or Baltic-Prussian, Lithuanian and Livonian.
10. Sclavonian, the Eastern branch comprising Russian, Ruthenian, Servian and Croatian; the Western comprising Polish, Bohemian and some minor dialects. Of these the one with which we are now concerned is the Teutonic so called from a German tribe — the Teutones — the term Teutonicus was sometimes written Theoticus from which by softening we get the term Deutch or Dutch. The dialects of the Teutonic tongue may be arranged in three groups — Low German, Scandinavian, High German.

1. Group, Low German:
   1. Gothic, the oldest Teutonic dialect. The bible was translated in this dialect by Bishop Ulphelas, A.D. 360.
   2. Frisian, still spoken in Friesland, Holstein and Sleswick. (This language is the most clearly allied to the English, which is natural, as Engles came from Sleswick).
   3. Dutch or Hollandish.
   4. Flemish.
   5. Old Saxon, which is very closely related to English.
   6. English.
2. Group, Scandinavian:
   1. Icelandic.
   2. Norwegian.
   3. Swedish.
   4. Danish.

3. Group, the High German, embracing Modern German, the literary dialect of Germany, properly the speech of S. E. Germany, Bavaria, Austria and some adjacent districts.

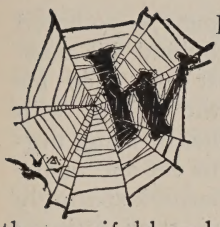
From this summary can be seen the justification of the classification I have presented, and in connection with which I have quoted Rev. Mr. Morris's assertion that English is a Low German dialect.

Our literature therefore, though enriched by subsequent accretions from many sources, is, in its origin and essence the offspring of the Teutonic invasion, and the perfection of our English language and literature of the past three centuries is an evolution from the simple Anglo-Saxon of Caedmon and Alfred.

THE GREEN LOG AND THE DRY LOG.

AN IBERIAN TRADITION.

G. L. DE CIDONCHA.



HEN the snow-caps of the Guadarramas rendered their rocky fastnesses impassable; when the winds at dusk swirled through the manifold arches of Trajan's aqueduct, driving us to gather around the brazier in the cheerless room assigned as our childhood's habitation; when the *portera* settled herself among us to beguile the hours with the magic of her tales; then life assumed for us an aspect of enjoyment so genuine, as in nowise to pale in aftertime by comparison with the world's keener pleasures.

In retrospect I see again the youthful faces at Marieta's knee, their attention now chained by the wonders of her narrations, again tremulously diverted by the shadows that took half-human shapes upon the white-washed walls.

Her stories were of so weird and often of so thrilling a character, that at times we might well have been startled into nervous demonstration. Any tendency in this way was, however, always checked by Vicente, the eldest of our flock, who was ever on the alert to preserve order, admonishing with the fire-shovel the hapless urchin among us who should show any inclination to display emotion, were it only a tattoo of approval on the tiled floor.

Marieta's memory held a fund of Iberian traditions. From legendary obscurity heroes without number leaped into reality enlisting our juvenile sympathies. Asturian sturdiness, Castilian gallantry and Andalusian romance, yielded in turn their wealth of semi-mythical folklore to become enshrined in our hearts from that time forth.

One of our prime favorites among Marieta's stories was the traditionary tale here selected for narration.

PART I. THE GREEN LOG.

About the sixth century after Christ, perhaps during the reign of Amalarico, that most unfortunate scion of the Visigothic empire in Spain, the Goth Gosvinto lorded it over his vassals in Catalonia.

On a stormy night, so runs the tradition, Gosvinto sat in his banquet hall about to partake of the smoking viands spread before him. A page appeared and with due obsequiousness announced that two wayfarers at the portals of the castle besought admittance and shelter for the night.

"Now, by the bones of the dead!" swore the Goth, "none shall knock in vain at Gosvinto's gates on such a night as this. Bid welcome to the strangers, boy. See thou that they

have dry apparel and that they present themselves betimes to share these goodly things. What sayest thou? They that seek my hospitality are of those deluded creatures who call themselves Christians, and come with tonsure and cowl? I tell thee I have spoken, so were they even my veriest enemies, they should sit within these halls at my board this night.

The page sped on his commission, and Gosvinto, turning to his fair young wife, said, as he toyed caressingly with her hair:

"Get thee gone, sweet one, to thine apartments with these our offspring. It is not meet that thou or they be subject to the curious gaze of mine unknown guests."

Thus dismissed, the gentle Clodogunda bore her children from the presence of her lord, the little ones sending backward glances at the tempting feast as yet untasted.

The page returned.

"My master, thy guests haste to dry their garments at the fire below, nor will they have others. When their own be fit, then, they declare, they will enter here of themselves to manifest to thee their most humble thanks. These they bid me now bespeak."

"'Tis well!" Gosvinto impatiently waved the youth aside. "'Tis well, I tell thee, boy, so they be pleased; but here as well the fagots blaze right merrily; and here they may dry their raiment and draw warmth into their chilled limbs while they sup; so conjure them to tarry not."

The fleet-footed page had no time to execute this order, for at this juncture the two friars entered the banquet hall. They advanced with folded arms, their hands enveloped in the ample sleeves of their habits, and their eyes challenging the Goth with gaze as piercing as his own. One of the friars took the lead, the other being a lay-brother, and began to express sentiments of gratitude to the lord of the castle. Gosvinto interrupted him hospitably: —

"My worthy guests, ye owe me not thanks; rather is it my pleasure that ye eat your fill and quaff a cup with me. Now let us to the task without delay."

It was an odd company,— so noted the page stationed behind his master's chair. The host enlivened his vigorous attack on the edibles with jovial talk and snatches of song, urging his companions to eat and make merry. The friars partook sparingly of the repast, preserving an attitude of reserve that bespoke naught of discourtesy but much attention to the Goth's volubility.

"Now, had every one of Alaric's men eaten but as ye two eat this night," observed Gosvinto, "I wot they ne'er had gained the gates of Rome nor heard the wolf-cub puling there within. But if it be as ye say, and your hunger well-appeased, we'll to the fire, and in its genial warmth forget the tempest that wreaks its wrath upon the hardy earth without. Us it may not reach with its mad rage."

They drew their seats around the fire that sputtered and crackled in the centre of the stone floor, its flames shooting upward to expire in sparks amid the lofty rafters.

The friars talked as little as during the meal, while Gosvinto made loud boast of his wealth and possessions, his lovely wife and charming children. In the exuberance of his spirits he bemoaned the brief span of life accorded to man for the gratification of his wishes.

"Nay, brother!" interposed the monk severely, "earth's rarest joys if yielded up at the throne of grace shall bring a hereafter replete with infinite bliss."

"Who talks to Gosvinto of such barter?" shouted the Goth violently. "Think ye I am a babe that ye would befool me with witches' tales of dead bones rising anon into life to revel amid undreamt-of splendors? Such mad fancies may lodge in the imaginations of fools but can not take hold upon men, forsooth. I have lent my ear ere now to the ravings of those unlucky Christian dogs, and I but marvel at their prattling idiocy. Why, man, did their phantom God exist so good and great as they deem Him, thinkest thou He would cut off this precious life of ours ere ever its sweetness be well tasted?"

"Hold, blasphemer!"

White and stern the monk towered over the Goth, his slender frame seemingly magnified to gigantic strength. "Thou shalt indeed live to drain the cup of terrestrial sweetness even to its bitter dregs; thou shalt live to know and own the God of the Christians through this very curse of life that thou dost so ardently seek."

Impressed by the monk's demeanor, Gosvinto yet heeded only the promise of life held out to him.

"Dost thou say that I shall live forever?" he cried eagerly.

"Unhappy man!" replied the monk. "So be it! Seest thou yon logs that but now thy menial cast upon the fire? They are two, the one dry and bursting into flames, the other green and unscathed by the heat? Pluck this last from out the lapping tongues that curl harmlessly around it. If, verily, thou wouldst realize thy dream of life, then know that it shall dry, and wither away ere thou shalt perish."

Gosvinto sprang forward with avidity to seize the log, but his intention was forestalled by the lay-brother, who, at a sign from his superior, drew the log from the burning pile, and placed it in the arms of the Goth, who chuckled with glee as he hugged it close to his breast.

"Now, by the might that slumbereth for aye in dark Busentius' bosom! this log shall last through all time. I will hide it that it serve not for fuel, and of itself its stoutness will not decay, but will endure even as the oaks of the forest."

Thus saying, the Goth triumphantly bore his trophy to a lonely upper hall of his castle and there deposited it beneath a heavy flag-stone which he raised out of the floor, and afterward carefully replaced above his new found treasure.

When he returned to the hall below, the friars had retired, charging the dutiful page to make their farewells to the Goth, as it behooved them to seek rest before pursuing their way at cock-crow the next morning.

PART II. THE DRY LOG.

Two centuries had passed since the events above narrated. The Visigothic empire in the peninsula had been succeeded by a monarchy under the same dynasty, and then in turn had ensued the Moorish invasion and the glorious stand of the redoubtable chieftain whose voice thundered from Cantabrian heights to echo in the hearts of his countrymen through all ages. In the epoch to which our tale reverts, Sancho II, King of Navarre, and by virtue of conquest, King of Aragon and Cas-

tile, Count of Barcelona, etc., etc., held his warrior sway south of the Pyrenees.

The Teutonic tongue had long since fallen into disuse, and a Castilian dialect was current in the Catalonian hills. An ancient castle that once had reared its rugged strength in defiance of the elements, now crumbled in decrepitude under the ravages of storm and time. It was reputed to have been a mighty stronghold in days gone by, but for many years it had remained untenanted, and had been confiscated by the government, which had appointed a keeper to guard the decaying domain. This man with his wife occupied the only habitable wing of the weather-beaten structure.

A stranger stood one day at the gates of the castle, and sought to make known in accents unintelligible to the kindly keeper and his wife his need of their helping charity. The simple people perceiving the sore plight of the wretched outcast, whose age and infirmities were pitiably apparent, took him into their abode, and with whole-hearted compassion, endeavored to learn from him the causes of his destitution and the object of his presence at their doors. But their efforts were futile. His speech, or rather jargon, was unfamiliar to their ears and seemed but the senseless babble of extreme senility. The anxious, searching glances the old man cast about him, they mistook for the inane fondness which dotards at times manifest for scenes or people. In kindness they guided his tottering steps through the apartments, thinking thus to satisfy the mysterious longing he never ceased to display. In vain he strove to make them understand his desire to reach a certain spot in the old castle. They could not comprehend his meaning, and his step was too weak and uncertain to permit of his ascending to the ruined chambers above.

It was on a stormy night, so runs the tradition, that the old man sat in the keeper's unpretentious room, cowering before the chimney, and brooding upon his hapless lot. At the entrance two friars besought admittance and shelter for the night. The keeper extended a ready welcome to the strangers, who, from their appearance, might well have been the same who two hundred years before had kept the Goth Gosvinto company over his sumptuous fare.

While the keeper's good wife set forth the best that her scanty larder afforded, the friars approached the hearth to dry their drenched attire, and there they perceived the aged man, who, continued his abstracted mutterings unmindful of their proximity. One of the friars bent to scan the old man's countenance. He was a learned man, this friar, versed in many a language strange to the ears of common men, and scarcely had he caught a few of the mumbled words that fell from the quivering lips when he turned to the astonished keeper exclaiming: —

"This man is a Goth! What mystery have we here!"

To fathom the riddle he addressed the old man in the latter's own tongue. At the first few words the Goth slid from his seat with a mighty cry, and throwing himself at the friar's feet, he poured out in broken voice a story of such misery, sin and punishment, as the ears of the monk had never yet listened to. The broken, helpless old man was none other than Gosvinto himself! He

told the story of his life and wish, and of the effects of the latter. The proud Goth had lived to see his wife and children snatched one by one from his side by grim death, whose machinations he could circumvent only as regarded himself. He had essayed to assuage his grief by varied sojournings in foreign lands, and to this effect had departed from his castle to rejoice nevermore within its precincts. Year by year the infirmities of age grew surely and stealthily upon him; year by year the ties that bound him to earth and its pleasures were rent asunder by time's changes and vicissitudes, until at length, wasted, decrepit and solitary, and yearning for the rest that death and death alone could give to him, he had wandered back to the scenes of his former home and affections. But no one was there to bid him welcome. He found none whom he had known and loved of old. He only met with new faces, and even his language differed from that spoken around him. All things were changed, and the last hope life held for him had been ruthlessly broken by his return.

"Unhappy man!" spake the friar, when Gosvinto had finished. "Thou hast indeed drained the cup of earth's sweetness even to its bitter dregs. What hast thou further to plead for?"

"The log, the log! In mercy take me where it lies," implored Gosvinto, trembling with eagerness.

They bore him to the room above, and when the doubting keeper had removed the flag-stone in the floor, there indeed was the log, no longer green and heavy with sap, but dry and crisp with age.

Silently they carried the old man and his recovered treasure back to the glowing fire-side.

"Quick!" entreated Gosvinto. "Into the fire with it, that my woes be ended!"

"Hold!" cried the monk. "Hast thou naught to say to Him whose curse thou didst invoke in the day of thy pride? Dost thou now know and own the might of the God whom thou hast offended?"

"God of the Christians, in Thee I believe!" moaned Gosvinto. "Mercy upon my sin! Have mercy! Show now Thy clemency unto me, O God, even as Thou hast shown the justice of Thy wrath."

"Peace and rest be thine in the name of the One True God," breathed the friar, with hands outspread over the prostrate form of the Goth. Then asking for a cup of water, he knelt beside the gasping form and poured the saving stream of baptism upon the wrinkled forehead.

At a sign from his superior, the lay-brother threw the log upon the burning pile. In awed silence those present looked on as the flames leaped upon the dried timber, and swiftly consumed it. As the embers sifted into ashes, and the last spark faded away, Gosvinto's lips moved to shape a prayer, and as his soul escaped from its bondage, the awe stricken bystanders heard him say again: —

"O God, have mercy on me!"

THE DREAD TO-MORROW.

How often doth the march of coming ill
No echo of its footfall fling before,
But steals adown the corridor, until
It pauses — at the door!

The eagle's shadow warns the huddled flock;
The tempest sends chill breezes through the sky,
Its harbingers: on man disaster's shock
Swoops all too suddenly.

The bark, through rapids piloted with care,
Sails a smooth course, forgetting dangers gone,
But strikes the hidden reef-edge unaware —
Sinks! — and the stream flows on.

Our world all praise, our rapture at the height,
Songs on our lip and laughter in our eye,
The thunderbolt of trouble, fiercely bright,
Falls from serenest sky.

No sign foretells the near approach of sorrow,
No note, no breath of warning in the air;
Still on each sweetest dream the dread to-morrow
Hath broken unaware.

Haply 'twas so ordained by wiser powers,
Who in the draught of suffering man must drain
Infused the memory of careless hours
As anodyne to pain.

Willing that each, unmindful of the knell,
Should pluck the flower, should hail the sun, and rest
Locked a forgetful while in honeyed spell,
Nor perish all unblest.

Accept the proffered boon with thankful heart,
Nor listen for the tramp of troublous years;
Remembered joy shall soothe when sorrow's smart
Turns thy sweet past to tears.—*Ex.*

IRELAND IN THE FORTIES.

JAMES MCNAMEE.

IN the wide range of Irish history, there is no period whose events have been more debated, and are less understood, than those of the momentous years comprising the forties. Despite the noble work, in which the last of the race vindicates the acts of his comrades, the young Ireland chiefs still receive but scant justice, at the hands of their countrymen.

After half a century the old idea concerning them is still widely prevalent. After all that orators have spoken, and authors have written, many students of the period cannot or will not believe even now, that they were anything but a number of enthusiastic mad-cap boys, whose indiscretion ruined the repeal movement, broke the heart of O'Connell, and all but plunged the country into the horrors of a sanguinary insurrection.

There is however a widely different standpoint, from which to contemplate the acts and policy of this remarkable society; and a far different interpretation may be given of the genius and virtues of the orators, poets and soldiers, who gathered around the banner of Young Ireland.

In the year 1843, the popularity and influence of Daniel O'Connell, which had for twenty years been steadily on the increase, advanced to a pitch unknown to history, ancient or modern. Never before did a single individual by sheer power of intellect and will, succeed in gaining such absolute dominion over the feelings and the actions of his countrymen. His position is absolutely unique in history.

Neither the bema in ancient Athens nor the forum in ancient Rome, swayed the impetuous children of the south, as that magical voice on the hill of Tara, or the field of Mullaghmast thrilled the hearts of the impulsive Irish Celts. His countrymen absolutely worshipped him. They thronged to his monster meetings in their hundreds of thousands, ready to do or die at his nod. Before the mind of the student of Irish history, his giant figure rises head and shoulders above all the Irishmen of his day, as the great dome of Saint Peter's looms out in solitary magnificence, above all the steeples and spires that crown the Eternal City.

Alas for the frailty of human greatness! The year that witnessed the climax of his power was destined also to witness his fall. The height of popularity to which he attained made him dizzy. In the zenith of his greatness, he made one great mistake, he took one false step. He publicly promised the people, that ere six months should pass away, Repeal would be an accomplished fact.

Government saw its opportunity. Now was the time to frustrate this promise, and so to break forever the magnetic spell that the Liberator exercised over his countrymen. Six months found the great tribune in Richmond jail and Repeal farther away than ever. This *coup d' état* sealed the fate of the movement; for,

though the people loved their great leader not a whit less than in his palmiest days, their ready obedience to his commands, and their boundless trust in his powers were gone. Quick as night follows the setting of the sun, did dismay and despair succeed to burning enthusiasm, and brilliant hopes.

It was then that a party, hitherto comparatively obscure flashed forth as the guiding light of the Irish people. The sudden setting of O'Connell's sun, in the political firmament, brought clearly before the view a constellation, hitherto darkened with the excess of his light. A new act opened in the drama of Irish History.

The men who afterwards became known as the young Irelanders, had hitherto been simply Repealers, followers of O'Connell and ardent admirers of the grand old tribune. They were not, nor did they desire to be, a separate and distinct party in Irish politics. Drawn together by affinity of youthful tastes and sentiments, their special, self-imposed task was to purify the Irish political atmosphere, from the meanness and corruption with which it had long been tainted.

"Educate, that you may be free" was their motto. They would have their people educated in the national history, tastes and feelings. They taught that the people should be less reliant on leaders, and more reliant on themselves; that those who aspired to be their political chiefs, should seek to direct them by appealing to their reason, not hurry them on by arousing their prejudices. Week after week, these doctrines were taught in brilliant prose and sparkling verse, in the columns of a journal started in 1842 for the especial purpose of voicing the sentiments of the Young Ireland Party. This journal, which exercised a greater influence over Irish thought and feeling, than any newspaper before or since, was the world-famed *Nation* founded by Charles Gavan Duffy, Thomas Osborne Davis, and John Blake Dillon.

Many of the *Nation's* tenets were utterly abhorrent to the "Old Ireland" or O'Connellite Party. Their dread of what they styled the "revolutionary" teaching of the *Nation*, combined with ill-concealed jealousy of its influence with the people, was fast urging on that fatal schism, which was to rend into two hostile factions, the national forces. There were especially two articles in the Young Ireland creed, which more than all the others brought about the quarrel with O'Connell. Their triumphant assertion is among the best services rendered by these men to their country. These important doctrines were, the union of Catholics and Protestants in the struggle for Irish rights and liberties, and the absolute repudiation, in any shape or form, of the disgraceful system of "place-hunting."

In maintaining the doctrine of unity of action between all classes and creeds, no one now denies that the Young Ireland leaders fought for an article of faith, absolutely essential and fundamental in Irish politics. At the present day, we reap the fruit of their stout fight for this great principle; but neither in this, nor in any other point of their programme, did they themselves taste the sweets of victory. They planted the seeds in the public mind, but they could never hope to feast on the magnificent fruitage.

The second of these dogmas was even more important than the first.

That species of corruption known as "place-hunting," had been for long before and continued for many years after, the bane and ruin of every movement for the assertion of Irish rights. The system was introduced at the time of Catholic Emancipation, and was connived at if not secretly favored by the Liberator himself. It must, however, be remembered to his honor, that though doubtless from the best of motives he promised government appointments for his relatives and partisans, he never deigned himself to touch a shilling of public money.

When the Irish Catholics were first released from the bondage of ages, they resembled the poor old Chinese prisoner, of whom Goldsmith tells us. After being fettered so long in the dark dungeon, when brought into the glare of the sun of freedom, they found themselves unable to use their legs and eyes. It seemed to them, that the best possible plan of forwarding the interests of Ireland, would be, to fill as many important offices as possible, with Catholics. These gentlemen, they argued, holding these influential positions, could more easily extend protection to their down-trodden co-religionists.

The mistake was natural enough, but the people were soon undeceived. A few years made it plain that the "Cawtholic" M. P's who handled the seals of office, and the "Cawtholic" lawyers who donned the judicial ermine, found the claims of party more urgent than those of country. Patriotism and ambition were strangely at variance; and patriotism usually came off second best. The *Nation* writers were among the first to lay down that fundamental doctrine in Irish politics, that place-hunting utterly destroys the effectiveness of an Irish party. That this important principle is to-day recognized, by everyone calling himself an Irish Nationalist, save a few superannuated Whigs and Tories, we owe to the zeal and foresight of the young Ireland leaders.

These principles, set forth and defended in prose and verse, week after week in the *Nation*, went straight to the hearts of the people. Into every nook and corner of the land, from the glens of Antrim to the hills of Kerry, the *Nation* found its way. Its teaching was everywhere embraced by all that was best and noblest especially among the youth of Ireland. Its spirit penetrated the Universities, all the great schools, Maynooth itself, and made its influence felt strongly, among the sturdy young peasants who listened to it read in the chapel-yard on Sunday, or in the village forge during the long winter evenings. "A new soul had come into Ireland."

Among the leading spirits of the movement was numbered incomparably the most brilliant array of orators, poets, journalists and general *littérateurs* that ever appeared in Ireland. There was Thomas Davis, the gentle enthusiast, the bard of the party, and the very soul and personification of its principles, whose blameless life and opening talents, were cut short by malignant death, at the very moment when his country needed him most. There was Duffy, true as steel, ever hopeful and courageous, the originator of the movement, and destined to be its historian. There was the blithe and gifted Dillon, Meagher the silver-tongued orator, D'Arcy McGee, second to none of his colleagues as a poet and writer.

Besides the actual participators in

the movement, there were many other celebrated writers who heartily sympathized with it, and were frequent contributors to the *Nation*. It is sufficient to mention Father C. P. Meehan, Denis Florence McCarthy, James Clarence Mangan, John O'Hagan and Samuel Ferguson, who were but the more brilliant stars amid a host of minor lights. Besides all these, there were in the party two others, distant as the poles in race, religion, politics, and personal disposition, but both destined to play the chief parts in the *denouement* of the tragedy, the one in hurrying it on the party, the other in conducting it to its final disastrous issue. These two were John Mitchel, and William Smith O'Brien.

Until then a high Tory, and an ardent enemy to the Repeal movement, William Smith O'Brien by his recent accession to the popular ranks became all at once one of the most popular Irishmen of his day. He sprang from an ancient and illustrious race. It was a prince of his house, who, as high king of Erin in the eleventh century, shattered for ever the Danish power in Ireland, by completely routing the Vikings in the great battle of Clontarf. For centuries after, the proud invader, whether Dane, Saxon or Norman, met no more indomitable foes than the proud clansmen of O'Brien, the brave gallow-glasses who manned the walls of Kincora, or swept the hills of Thomond.

At length English gold and English honors induced the degenerate descendants of the victor of Clontarf to desert the old banner that so often waved in triumph over their ancestors. Early in the seventeenth century, The O'Brien accepted an English coronet, being created Earl of Thomond; the family soon conformed to the Protestant religion, and until the middle of the present century, were as extreme in their support of British authority in Ireland, as they had once been in their hostility towards it. Born of such a family, brought up in such surroundings, it is little wonder that for many years, Smith O'Brien stood fast to the landlord and conservative interest. At length, from pure conviction he abandoned his previous views, and in 1843 became a staunch repealer.

His accession to the national ranks, was hailed with unbounded joy by his countrymen. He was a man of invincible determination, of dauntless courage, and the very soul of honor and of truth. He was withal, far from being an enthusiast. Cool, reserved, haughty, he pursued what he considered the path of duty, regardless of the fact that he thereby severed all connection with his relatives, though to his loving disposition the separation must have been a severe blow. His enemies accused him of family pride and of aristocratic tendencies; but these were faults which Irishmen could easily forgive to a descendant of Brian Boru. Of all the good and brave men, that ever raised hand or voice for Ireland, not one was purer, truer and more unselfish, than William Smith O'Brien.

Such was the party, and such its political chief in 1845. From this time it became daily more and more apparent that a split in the national ranks was inevitable. The jealousy of the immediate followers of O'Connell, at what they considered an unfair encroachment on the influence of their chief, vented itself in the greatest misrepresentations of the Young Ireland policy. Their plea for a union of all classes and creeds be-

neath the national banner, was construed into religious indifference. Their paper was denounced as the "godless" Nation. When to educate the people in the national history, and to keep alive the national spirit, they sang the praises of Tone, Emmet or Lord Edward, they were accused of being a "physical force" party and of inciting to rebellion. Old bishops and priests and worthy country squires, who remembered the days of Robespierre and Marat, besought O'Connell to save his party from men so deeply imbued with "French principles."

One of the chief agents in fomenting these unhappy dissensions was the liberator's favorite son, John O'Connell. His idea seemed to be that the O'Connell family were henceforth to be the hereditary leaders of the Irish race, that he was to be his father's rightful successor, and that O'Brien and his party were rebels against lawful authority. He lost no opportunity of instilling these views into the mind of his father; and O'Connell, now debilitated by age and disease, was too readily imposed on by such counsels. Throughout his whole political career, he had constantly repudiated anything like an appeal to physical force. In his youth he had witnessed all the horrors of the dreadful years from 1798 to 1803, and he lived in constant trepidation, lest a "war party" should arise and bring about another such reign of terror. It is little wonder then, that the bare suspicion, though then absolutely groundless, of the Young Irelanders being a physical force party, was sufficient to alienate him from them.

To ascertain, according to his friends, the real views of the Young Ireland section on physical force, or, according to his enemies, to drive them from the movement, O'Connell drew up a form of pledge, to be submitted to his chief followers in Conciliation Hall. This pledge implied an absolute repudiation of an appeal to the sword against authority; in any age or nation or in any circumstances whatsoever. The resolution in this form the Young Irelanders refused to swallow, and their refusal does them honor. They expressed their readiness to subscribe the resolution, as regards the present or the immediate future of Ireland; but they would not subscribe a resolution, which implicitly stigmatized the best men of every age and nation, from Timoleon and Brutus to Washington, Emmet and Bolivar. This would not satisfy O'Connell, but the Young Irelanders stood to their principles and withdrew from his party. The seceders formed themselves into the Irish Confederation and thus the Repeal ranks were rent in twain.

This secession, it has often been said, was O'Connell's death blow. But there were many causes conspiring to bring about the fatal result. His health was fast breaking. The failure of his policy and his imprisonment had long since broken down his spirit. The dreadful famine which now swept over the land with all its horrors, was slowly breaking his noble and sympathetic heart. In dismay and despair, he could only look on aghast at the havoc that was being wrought among his wretched countrymen.

He no longer thundered forth the note of defiance. He wept. He prayed. He entreated the government to do something to destroy this harvest of death. But to the eternal shame of England be it told, when the famine was sweeping off

the starving people in thousands all over the land, the British government first turned a deaf ear to their cries, and then vacillated and hesitated to bring aid, till it was too late.

Feeling his end approach, O'Connell set out for Rome. There would he die, in the city of the Popes, the centre of that faith to which through life he had been so earnestly and devoutly attached. But it was not to be. He halted to rest in the city of Columbus, and there in Genoa the Superb, far from his unhappy country, the greatest Irishman of his day, the hero of a hundred fights, the terror of Protestant Ascendancy and bigotry, the arch-agitator ended the life so nobly devoted to faith and fatherland.

In the meantime a strange state of affairs was developing in Ireland. As a body, the "Irish Confederation," had until now never entertained the slightest idea of an appeal to the sword for the redress of Irish rights. On this point they were as firm as the most conservative of the "Old Ireland" party; but, unlike the O'Connellites, their objection to physical force was based, not upon motives of right or wrong, but upon grounds of expediency or inexpediency. Now however a real "war" party began to make itself heard among them. The maddening scenes of famine, the cruel indifference of the British government, the utter hopelessness of redress by constitutional methods were sufficient to goad to rebellion the most loyal and law-abiding people. Better, they muttered, better to die like men in defence of their rights, than see their families endure all the slow tortures of hunger, and then be hunted like rabbits from their homesteads to the exile ship, or the pauper's grave. These extreme views were fast gaining adherents among the Confederate chiefs. The principal advocate and propounder of the new doctrine was one who now began that wild career of open seditious writings and speeches, which has rendered him the most formidable foe to British rule in Ireland, that has appeared within the present century, the insuppressible, indomitable, John Mitchel.

This stern Ulsterman, the son of a Unitarian minister, had been a student of Trinity College, then a writer and finally an assistant editor of the *Nation*. He now openly proclaimed that constitutional agitation was useless and demoralizing, and that the time was come for Ireland to have recourse to the *ultima ratio* of the oppressed. The question of physical force was openly debated in the Confederation, and strange to say was violently opposed by O'Brien, Dillon, Duffy and Meagher. Mitchel and his policy were outvoted, and with a few followers he retired from the Confederation Hall. Forthwith he cut all connection with the *Nation*, and, the better to vent his revolutionary doctrines, founded a weekly newspaper, the *United Irishman*. And here revolution *was* preached with a vengeance. He openly called upon the people to revolt, explained the method of procedure and urged them to instant action.

Never was such a spectacle seen in Ireland. He had the unheard of audacity to fill his columns with bitterest sarcasm and invective addressed to the Lord-Lieutenant, "her Majesty's Executioner-General and General Butcher in Ireland. He warned his Excellency of the brewing tempest. He defied him to seize

his paper, to arrest or convict him. "If ever you get me within your power," he wrote, "I entreat you to show me no mercy, as I, so help me God, would show none to you." This extraordinary proceeding was received with shouts of anger and derision, both by the O'Connellite party, and his late colleagues of the Confederation. For once, Orangemen and Repealers, Whigs and Tories were in unison. One and all they denounced the bold Ulsterman. He was a madman, an idiot, a reckless villain.

But great events were pending which were destined to put the desperate game entirely in Mitchel's hands, and to sweep away with him in the revolutionary current, his hitherto sturdiest opponents.

The political atmosphere of Europe had for some time been heavy and thunder-charged. From Berlin to Madrid, from the English Channel to the Adriatic, there were signs of a brewing tempest. At length the storm burst. The thunder rumbled. The lightning flashed. Of a sudden, Europe was astounded with the news, that the Citizen King had been hurled from the French throne, and that a Poet-President was at the head of a Republic. In quick succession, as if in answer to this first beacon light, in many of the European capitals, the blaze of revolution leapt to the skies. From the vineyards of France to the frozen Russian wastes, from the sunny valleys of the Po to the pretty Belgian gardens, cannon thundered, mobs yelled, thrones tottered, tyrants trembled! On all sides the people rose and after a brief struggle overcame their oppressors.

The effect of all this upon the Irish movement may be better imagined than described. Mitchel at once became the popular idol. He was hailed as a prophet, as an astute and far-seeing statesman. Emboldened by this unexpected success he became more arrogant and fiery than ever. Day by day his followers increased. The contagion of revolution spread all over the land. Even the sternest opponents of physical force, grew impatient for action, as every bulletin from the continent told of another popular rising, and of another popular victory.

Why, it was asked, why should Ireland hug her chains, in this day of salvation? Which of these victorious peoples had such wrongs to redress as the Irish? Which of them had endured seven centuries of unmitigated oppression? Which of them had recently passed through the horrors of a famine while their rulers, their natural protectors, unnaturally mocked at and exulted in their sufferings? Such was the note struck by Mitchel in the *United Irishman* and echoed and re-echoed by his fast increasing followers all over the land till it thrilled the people to the core. One by one the young Ireland leaders were carried along in the popular current. The *Nation* soon echoed the *United Irishman*. Duffy, Dillon, Meagher, nay O'Brien himself, the high churchman, the aristocrat, embraced the principle of physical force which, but a month before, they had so violently assailed. One and all they became pledged to an insurrection.

Even now, however, there was a wide difference between the sections of the young Ireland party led respectively by Smith O'Brien and John Mitchel. O'Brien's party was for prudence and caution; they pleaded for delay, until the peasan-

try should be properly armed and properly drilled. But Mitchel would not hear of an hour's delay. Such precautions as arms and discipline were idle and dilatory. He would have immediate revolt without organization, without plan, without leader. Addressing himself to the Lord-Lieutenant, he proclaimed that there was no secrecy whatever, that he would inform his Excellency from week to week what was being done and how the revolution was proceeding. Of course this state of things could not be allowed to continue. Mitchel was well aware of this, and he worked might and main to render a revolt inevitable before his paper should be suppressed. At last, he was arrested, tried, and sentenced to twenty years transportation beyond the seas. In spite of all the entreaties and threats of his immediate followers, no attempt was made to rescue him and he left the country in fetters.

With the greatest difficulty O'Brien succeeded in postponing the rising till the harvest should be taken in, but solemnly pledged himself that the insurrection should take place in the second week of August. Long before the appointed time, however, warrants were issued for the arrest of the Confederate chiefs and forthwith they unfurled the standard of rebellion.

What need to detail this miserable attempt at insurrection? What need to relate the incidents of this "cabbage-garden" rebellion, which has afforded the enemies of our country so much field for scoff and ridicule? We hasten to the end of this sad and humiliating story. Suffice it to say that after a miserable skirmish at Ballingary, between the police and a few half armed and wholly undisciplined peasants the rebellion was over. From the outset the Catholic priests set their faces against it. They pointed out to the people the utter hopelessness of the attempt, and implored them to desist and return to their homes. O'Brien's followers soon dwindled away and he and his associates became outlaws hunted from hill to dale.

Then there were the usual state trials, special commissions and death sentences. O'Brien, Meagher, McManus and O'Donoghue were sentenced to be hanged, drawn and quartered, the savage sentence being afterwards commuted to penal servitude for life. Dillon, O'Gorman and a few others, after a series of romantic adventures, succeeded in escaping to America, and, despite the most strenuous and desperate efforts of the Crown, Duffy could not be convicted.

The brilliant band who once gathered around the *Nation* were now scattered to the four corners of the globe, and everywhere won for themselves foremost places in their respective professions. Meagher having escaped to America, was first called to the bar and then, joining the army, became a general. McGee rose to be an influential statesman and soldier in Canada, when the assassin's bullet cut short his brilliant and chequered career. Dillon died a member of Parliament for Tipperary. Smith O'Brien, released after a short time, lived for a few years a quiet retired life. To-day his statue erected in one of the principal thoroughfares of the capital, bears witness to the love and reverence with which the Irish people cherish his memory, and to their gratitude for his unselfish efforts and noble

self-sacrifice in their defence. Mitchel, after his escape to America, continued to assail the English Government, and, implacable to the last, died after being elected member of Parliament for an Irish constituency.

And last but not least Gavan Duffy, after doing all in his power to raise Ireland from the slough of despondency into which the '48 fiasco had plunged her, at length despairing of the cause, sailed for Australia. There he rose to the highest positions in the land, being at one time Prime Minister, and at another Speaker of the Victorian Parliament. At the present day in his old age, he still lives and thinks for Ireland. Incomparably the best and most impartial account of the troubled days of '48, is that in which he vindicates himself and his comrades, and recounts the history of the movement of which more than any other individual, he was the founder and sustainer.

We do not envy the man who can study the life and writings of Charles Gavan Duffy, without aspiring to emulate, not perhaps the noble works with which he has enriched our literature, but the zeal with which he labored for the good of Ireland, the fortitude with which he bore the failure of his plans, the patience with which he endured opposition from those who should have been his warmest supporters, the honor which he brought upon the Irish name, and the undying devotion, with which he still labors in obscurity, to promote the National Cause.

"AS I HAVE LOVED YOU."

Rev. P. A. Wright, S. M.

How sweet in bonds of holy love to dwell;
With god-like kindness in each thought and deed;
With ready hand to help our brother's need,
And soothing words his sorrows to dispel.

No jarring accents e'er shall discord swell·
Nor judgments harsh abhorred contention breed;
Forbearance shall for human errors plead,
If others fail do not we fail as well?

Behold our Master kind — Exemplar best
Of love unbounded, plighted unto death;
Which spake its fullness in his dying breath —
"Forgive them, Lord!" and sweetly sank to rest.
Sweet Savior, grant our love may be as thine —
Enduring, all-embracing and divine!

THE SHAMAN'S GRAVE: AN ALASKAN LEGEND.

ARTHUR VILLIERS.

THE ordinary tourists who "do" Alaska, tarrying not in any place for longer than a day, will carry away with them, indeed, abiding memories of island-dotted waters, majestic mountains, serene and land-locked bays, crystal glaciers emerald-hued, so vast and towering that they seem to be the opaque walls of the Eternal City. They will recall in their far-distant homes, amid the sunshine and splendor of wealth and civilization, these quaint people, who from time immemorial have lived and died along the Alaskan coast, bequeathing to their posterity the curious customs inherited from an ancestry whose origin is lost in the mists of the Northern Ocean.

But these travellers over waterways furrowed by the keels of many big ships never know how much they lose of that nameless mystery which broods perpetually among the secluded and little-visited places hidden away in the estuaries of the sea, unnoted from the "inland passage" — whose waters are unbroken except by the gliding of a canoe and the sweep of a native paddle. In silent and lonely places, save when sea-wandering birds fly in for shelter from wild western storms, or some great white-hooded eagle sweeps down from the near mountains on fish intent, one gets the true aroma of Alaskan days and comes to know in some intangible way true stories of the native people. This holds good even of Sitka, that much-visited, much-talked-of relic of old Russian times:

> With its ancient Castle, stained and brown,
> Like a yellow sea bird, looking down
> On the dingy roofs of the quaint old town.

After three years of residence there, sent on official duty, I came to think of it as a familiar friend. I did not believe there was a legend connected with it or its people which had not been confided to me, and some of them I have carefully treasured as one guards a secret or the key to the cupboard where the family skeleton is locked up. I fondly imagined that within a radius of many miles no nook was left unexplored by me which gave promise of a story — and I was quite sure that no legend of the elder time had escaped me. One summer day, when the ambient air and the silver sea were too seductive for denial, I employed an aged native with a battered canoe to paddle me wheresoever fancy dictated. Now, my knowledge of Thlinket is very limited; and for good comradeship, and because of his proficiency in the native tongue, I asked my interpreter, Metinoff, to accompany us. He gladly assented.

Just below the present native village, and near its north-west boundary, a bold but not very commanding promontory runs out into the sea. It is thickly wooded from base to summit, and all overgrown with clambering vines, clinging mosses, graceful ferns and devil's clubs, and all those myriad growths that give the coast-line almost a tropical appearance. Something I know not what — some intuition, maybe, in which I have abiding faith — made me greatly desire to go ashore at the foot of the promontory and explore its summit.

I noticed that the native hesitated, and it was not until Metinoff had sharply reproved him that he beached his canoe. The native characteristics in some ways are similar to those of the Americans: when they hesitate about anything, be sure it is something worthy of your curiosity; when they are radiant and quick and willing, evidently there is little to learn and less to see; and so I knew that somewhere on that rocky outlet was a hidden mystery, or else some legend hallowed it in the heart of this native, whose name was Klanaut; and we pushed our way through the tangled undergrowth.

It was tiresome labor; many trees had fallen, and year after year the fading foliage from the living had covered with a gentle tenderness the prone forms of the dead. At last we reached the top; and there, embowered in shade, and so overgrown with woodland greenery as to make it difficult to distinguish from nature's own handiwork, we found a native "Kaht Tah ah Kah ye tea," or, small house for the dead. It was built quite carefully of sturdy timbers, but here and there the vandal breath of the winds had blown away the roof and left the interior exposed to the elements. Beside the structure on the ground and almost level with its surface, lay a large canoe, and inside of it a smaller one. Both were lichen- and moss-covered, and broken, and half filled with leaves and decayed vegetation, from which innumerable ferns and wild flowers drew rich nourishment.

To me there is much of pathos in a stranded boat, even near tide water; but a canoe on a hill top, shattered and verdure-clad, and resting beside a grave, is very like a poem in the saddest of minor keys. A native "dead house" is usually a chief or a "Shaman's" place of sepulture, and when Metinoff said "Some big *tyhee* lies here, but I do not understand the little canoe," I was not surprised. Together we approached the enclosure, and lifting a plank from its low roof we looked in. There we saw two bundles securely wrapped in *katch*, the native name for matting, and tied with the split fibres of some sinewy root.

They lay side by side, one much smaller than the other. We knew what they both contained, — at the feet of each was a native box, and many household and hunting implements were laid beside them. We made an aperture through the roof large enough to admit of our entrance; and, although it seemed a desecration, I did not object when Metinoff's nimble fingers untied the smaller bundle and began to remove the matting and layers of bark which we knew enclosed all that was mortal of some human form. When the little skeleton was uncovered we saw at once it was that of a white girl. The long yellow hair was untouched by decay, and had been nicely braided. It still retained its lustre, and a glint of rare Alaskan sunshine

coming in through the broken roof touched it gently, and it seemed to respond with a golden smile, while outside the winds held their breath and slow wavelets caressed the stony beach with a sound as of kisses and whispers.

Metinoff and I were too surprised for comment; and when we found inside the wrappings a small and well-worn English Bible bearing on its title-page the words "Bainbridge & Co., Printers, London, 1788," we were very still and quiet for a long time. Surmises and fancies were many, and we determined to know, if possible, how and whence came this little golden-haired wanderer who fell asleep beside the sea before the white man's advent.

Very reverently and tenderly we replaced the book and all the wrappings about the fragile bones, and, repairing the roof as best we could, went back to our canoe.

Klanaut was very still and reticent when we first came, with a set, determined look upon his stolid face; but when he saw that we were empty-handed, and had not despoiled the grave, as is the custom of curio collectors here as elsewhere, he was visibly pleased; but in response to our eager inquiries he would make no reply until after we had left the promontory out of sight and had gone ashore on one of the numerous islets that make the Bay of Sitka on a summer day like a silver shield close set with emeralds. Here he built a little fire and deliberately sat down and looked seaward for a long time. Presently he said to me, "I will tell the story as it was told to me by my people long ago;" and what follows is the tale he told, and which, after making all sorts of inquiries for corroboration, I believe to be true. I shall tell it here not, perhaps, as picturesquely and pathetically as it came to me from my interpreter — for long since I found out how entirely impossible it is to tell a native story as the natives tell them — but I shall follow as closely as I can.

Long ago, in the far, far time, before any big ships or white men had come to our coast, when the missionary men were all asleep, and there was not one Christian *Siwash* in Alaska, there lived at Sitka — not this Sitka, but old Sitka, down there seven miles — a *Shaman*, a big medicine man, who was very great and powerful, and who was feared by every chief and tribe. He had done many strange and wonderful things, and because of those things, and also because he was very cruel and afraid of no man, his fame had gone out all along the sea-coast, and even up the river among the tribes of the interior, so that his words were law and no one dared disobey them. He was a very large, strong man, and could tell a witch by just looking at one. He killed all the witches he could find; and he found many, because there were numbers of men, women and children whom he did not like, and there was more room for him in this world if he sent them to the other, and so he used to have a great time torturing witches until they died.

He was a very ugly-looking *Shaman*. When he was a youth he had fought and killed a large bear single-handed in the mountains; but the bear had knocked one of his eyes out and torn out part of his nose and one side of his face, so that when it healed up he looked like a worse devil than any he could tell about. Sometimes he would go to a *pot-latch*

— which, as you know, is a feast where the chief or head of a family who entertains gives away many presents — and if he were not satisfied with his gifts he would at once denounce some of the chief's family, or the chie himself, as a witch, and would compel the assembled guests to lead them out to death or torture.

These tortures were fearful things — so bad, sometimes, that the natives would go away and leave him alone with his victims, coming back after a long time to find him mutilating their dead bodies.

This evil spirit grew upon him year by year, and all the tribes dreaded his presence — for his coming surely meant death to some of their people. But they believed in him at the same time, or they would have killed him. One woman, whose husband and three children had been tortured to death at different times, followed him to his house for that purpose. She waited until he slept, and then crept close to him, raising a "sealing club" to knock out his brains; but a big black raven flew in at the door and pulled him by the long hair, so that he awoke quickly and seized the woman and tied her, and fed her piecemeal to his dogs. That was the story he told, and it was believed, for the *Klootchman* never came back to deny it.

One time a great feast was held at Sitka, and Thlinkets came to it from long distances, and there were great numbers of them. The Chilkats came in great state. They were very fierce and warlike, and since unremembered time had made the Thlinkets, who lived in the interior, pay tribute before they would permit them to come down to the sea. They came with many big war canoes, and their family chiefs came also.

With the family of the great Tyhee was a golden-haired white girl, ten years old perhaps. She was as pretty to look at as a salmon-berry blossom, and the Chilkats were very kind and attentive to her. They said she had come to them from the sea three winters before, and she had been with them ever since. She had learnt to talk Thlinket, and her little fingers were very deft at making baskets and in weaving the long hair of the mountain goat into blankets. She had a book, which she looked at closely, and told them stories which she said the book told to her. These stories were different from any they had ever heard before, and they believed them to be all lies and nonsense. Well, the girl was given an honored place at the feast, and the big *Shaman* of the Sitkans sat opposite to her, and looked at her fiercely out of his one eye. But she was not afraid of him, nor of anyone, and she sang some sad songs in a language that none of the Thlinkets understood.

After two or three days of feasting and *pot-latching*, the Chilkats made ready to go away, and it was the last night of the feast, when suddenly the *Shaman* denounced the little white girl as a witch, and demanded that she be tied up and given to him. To this the Chilkats objected, but the *Shaman* had on his death-mask, and was so awful in his anger that they were frightened — brave men as they were; and they went away, leaving the little white girl crying bitterly and beseeching them to take her home. Immediately after they had gone she took her little book, which all my people then called an *ictus*, and began to look at it very carefully; and she did that until they bound her hand and foot

and delivered her over to the *Shaman*; and he carried her to the shore, and placed her, tied as she was, in his canoe, and paddled away.

All this time the little girl had been very quiet, but her big blue eyes had a far-away, longing look in them, as if she saw a fairer land somewhere, or was watching for the coming of someone she loved. Very many of the Sitkans felt badly for her sake; but their intense fear of the *Shaman*, and their superstitious belief in his power over the unseen mysteries, prevented them making any objection or trying to interfere between the child and the awful fate that awaited her. After the canoe and its occupants had faded out of sight, one strong-minded but tender-hearted middle-aged woman lifted her arms with an imploring gesture toward the sky and then ran away and hid in her hut.

Four nights and days passed, and just at evening time the *Shaman* came back alone. He was very stern and ugly, and if any one ventured to mention the child he scowled so fiercely that they were all glad to keep silence about her. But he acted very queerly. He took from his own dwelling all his beautiful dancing robes and his fine blankets, and he bought from an ancestor of mine a blanket made of snow-white ermine, and he collected all the dainty things he could find and carried them away to his boat and placed them carefully in it; and it was noticed then that he was not so rude and cruel as was his usual way, for when little children were in his pathway he did not run against and knock them about, but put them gently to one side.

Then he stood in the water near his loaded canoe and said, "Good-bye, my people," a thing he had never done before; and all our people were amazed, and watched him wonderingly so long as they could see. And at that time he had a long talk alone with the woman who had expressed her sorrow at the going away of the child, and the woman went away with him. He had greatly changed in every way; his clothing was clean, and his manners were very tender for a Sitkan *Shaman*; and our people were greatly puzzled, and would have followed him, but this he would not permit, and for many moons the *Shaman* and the woman were absent.

Then one warm sunshiny day, when the men, the women and the children were sitting lazily watching the sea, they saw coming from out of the shadows of a distant island a wonderful canoe. It carried a tall mast, with cordage running from its top to the stem and stern of the canoe, and all the cordage was hung with flags of strange devices; and from the very top, over all the rest, there floated a snow-white flag, with a broad red cross worked on its centre; and as they came nearer they saw the *Shaman* and the native woman. He was at the stern and the woman forward, and as they paddled there could be heard the wail for the Sitkan dead.

As they came near the shore, my people saw, resting on a soft bed of deerskins, with her little hands folded across her breast and her lithe body wrapped in the spotless folds of the ermine robe, the white child whom the *Shaman* had taken away to slay as a witch. She looked very beautiful, and her long hair had the lustre of a sea-trout freshly caught, and it shone in the sunlight like threads of gold. Willing hands drew the canoe

high on the beach above the water-line, but the *Shaman* sat as one in a dream gazing into the face of the dead child, as silent as she.

And my people spake never one word, but waited with a kind of awe.

Presently he stepped carefully out upon the land, turned his scarred face towards the heavens, then swept the sea-line as one who waits, and thus he spake: "My people, my kindred, I know this day that you are all my brothers and my sisters. I was born among you; my babyhood, my youth, my manhood have been lived here with you by the great waters. I have lived thus far the life of a Sitkan *Shaman* of the olden time. I have been very harsh and very cruel; I have lived the life of a murderer, a liar and a thief. Although you have deemed me brave, I know that I have been a wicked coward, and I have brought back to you to-day the child who has made me know these bitter things.

"She is dead, but before she went away I promised her to tell the story to you; so it is not only I who talk, but it is her lips, her heart which speaks through mine. When she first came to us from the Chilkats I coveted her possession, and when I carried her away to my hut in the mountains my intentions were very cruel and wicked. I know this now; I did not know it then. It is a day's journey to my mountain home, and soon after leaving here I untied her, and she came trustingly and sat at my feet in the bottom of the canoe, and laid her head on my knee, and looked up into my face out of eyes like a young fawn's. I turned the disfigured side of my face away from her, so that she might not see; but she noticed it, and put up her little hands, and turned it back again, and caressed it. She did not scorn it, nor put it away from her; and I felt like a hunting dog caressed by his master. No living man or woman had ever been gentle to me before in all my recollection.

"Then she made me tell her about it, and when I had finished she called me 'brave' and stroked the scarred places, saying, 'Poor face, poor face!'

"I don't know what it was, but I had a pain in my heart, and something came up in my throat and made me gasp. Then she said she would tell me a story, and she told me of One who was the Son of God, the Great Tyhee, who made the world and the sky, the sun, the moon and the stars; and how, because of wicked men like me, this Son of God gave His own life and died a cruel death, so that I might not suffer for my own sins if I would believe in Him. She told me He was gentle and harmless as a child, although He possessed mighty power and could accomplish all things. After this she went to sleep, and I sat very still for fear of waking her, and watched her face, and thought about this wonderful thing she had told me.

"I was not in a hurry to take her to my home, and I ceased paddling and let the canoe swing lazily to the motion of the sea. Far out beyond the islands, where the sky bends to the waters, it seemed to me as if the day was breaking, for instead of growing darker it grew brighter and brighter, and I could see the glimmer of the white gulls as if the sun shone on them; but here, where we now stand, and all along the mountain side, it was so black that I could not distinguish anything. Now I thought

this was a sign and a mystery, and I wondered if the child's God was coming over the western waters to visit her, for she had told me 'He was a bright and shining One,' and so I waited and watched while the child slept.

"Suddenly the light faded out, and a cold wind came off from the sea, and I heard the familiar witch voices talking, and my heart was hardened, and I awoke the child rudely and pushed her from me, and commenced paddling furiously; but I had drifted whither I knew not, and before the light had faded out I had forgotten to notice where we were. I was frightened, for I had never lost my way before, and I had never seen so black a night; and because I was cruel and ugly, I told the child that we were going to die, that a sea witch was pulling us to her home, where we would be killed and eaten. Then the child came and knelt down at my feet, and, putting up her little hands, said many words in a strange tongue.

"At last she said in Thlinket, '"Be not afraid, for I am with you always": this is the promise of God, yours and mine, and He will save us.' And very soon after that the wings of the darkness lifted, and it flew away, and I knew where we were — not far from my landing-place; and I beached the canoe and carried the child up the steep trail to my mountain hut, and I could not be cruel or harsh to her. She told me such wonderful stories of her God: that I was one of His children; and about a beautiful country where He waited for our coming; and that by living kindly and wronging no man, and believing in Him, and doing good, we would, after our death here, be welcomed there, and never have any more sorrow or pain And I never had been so happy in all my life. I carried her all the things that I prized most, and she made the hut in the mountains a beautiful place, and I loved her as a mother loves her baby, and I would have suffered all things for her sake.

"One day she told me that God was calling her, and she must obey, and leave me for a time. Then I wished to see Him face to face, and fight to keep her with me; but she told me that God was with me every day and hour, and that He could only be conquered by love and resignation; and much more she told me, until my stormy heart rested in peace. And then I saw her fading away like a flower each day, and near the end she could not walk nor even feed herself, and I came here after Ne-that-la, whom you all know for a kindly woman. She went with me, and tended and nourished the white blossom as best she could until the time came when God touched her heart and it was still.

"Just before she left us for His beautiful country she made us both promise to try and come to her, and to lead as many of our people as we could to follow us. She said she 'would wait for us;' and because of that promise, and because I who loved her wished to live with her forever, I have brought her dead body here to rest among my own people, and when I die I wish to be laid by her side on the hill which I have chosen as my last resting-place. And oh, my people, if you will listen and obey the counsels of a Sitkan *Shaman* who has learned to love and be tender, you will believe in one God only — the God of this little child."

Then he ceased, and the women of

the tribe prepared the poor little body for its long rest in the house of the dead; and they placed her book *ictus* in her bosom, and the ermine robe they folded around her, and all the presents from the *Shaman* in a box and laid it at her feet; and day after day the *Shaman* waited alone on the hill beside her body, and night after night, through storms and starlight, he watched to see that no harm came to it; and one morning, after a great gale, he did not come to the village, and when a long time had passed some of the people went in search of him, and found him dead, sitting beside the house, holding to it strongly as if he would not be torn away. And my people laid him beside the girl, and placed his war canoe near by, with a smaller one for the child.

That is all I know.

Here Klanaut ceased talking. I believe there was a tremulous flutter in Metinoff's eyelids and my own, and a suspicious moisture, which perhaps was blown from off the sea. But I have visited the place many times since, and I think of the fair child, and picture her as graceful as the ferns which sway about her last resting-place; and I wonder if the *Shaman* found her — waiting.

Pall Mall Magazine.

TO JOHN B. TABB.

F. H. Runnells Poole.

What wondrous alchemy is thine,
Bard of the wayside? Bird and flower,
Song and silence, shadow and shine
Mete thee time by the golden hour.
From the alembic of thy mind,
Wisdom and love uplift mankind.

Thine, not strife of a wingless soul
Foiled by some evil of the earth,
Jewel-worker, shaping the whole
Crown of death as the new life's birth!
Brother, glad optimist in song,
Souls-to-be shall thy praise prolong!

THE PRISONER.

J. GRAHAM.

"QUEEN of the waves, thy gliding shallop steer,
Where lingering echoes to thy strains awake;
The winds and waters hush themselves to hear,
The very skies are brighter for thy sake."

A captive's song thus floated on the air,
From grated window of a sea-girt keep,
As daily he beheld the fairest fair
Sail by his prison, on the shining deep.

"In this old, silent fort, I pass my years
Of golden youth and strength, no longer free:
My only joy is when thy sail appears,
I long for thee as for my liberty.

"The limpid flood, with loyal pride displays
Thy queenly form in mirrored counterpart:
What is the power thy canvas most obeys?
Is it the zephyr, or the tender heart?

"With ardent hopes my glowing pulses bound,
For even thou may'st burst my prison door:
Rescued by thee, I would, the world around,
Thee follow joyfully forevermore.

"Thou stayest now thy course, perhaps to shed
A tear of pity for my helpless pain;
But, like my hope, alas! too quickly fled,
Thou passest and I pine alone again.

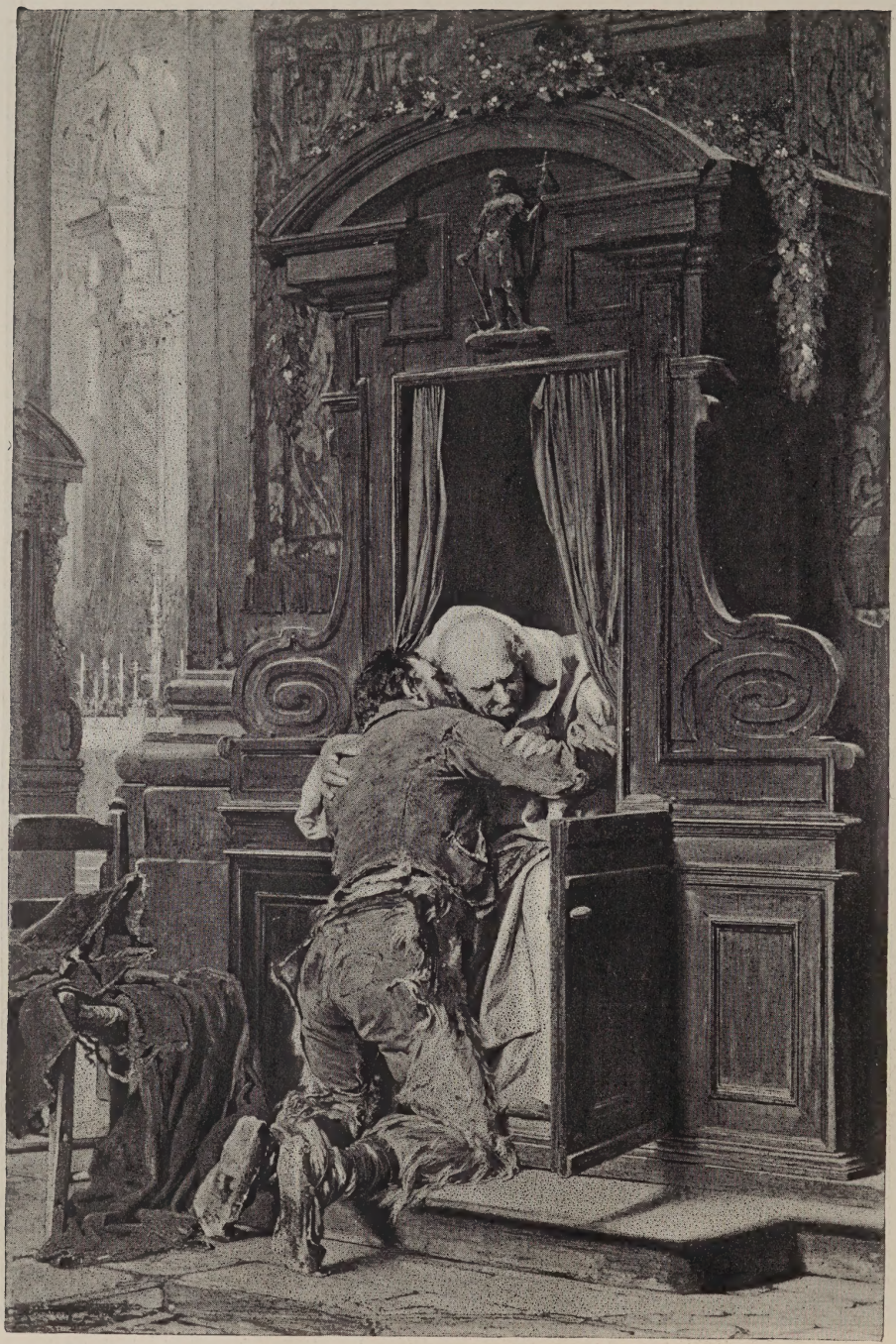
"Is this delusive fancy, false delight?
But no! thy hand points hither, I can see:
A star of life, thou risest on my night,
To-morrow thou wilt shine again for me.

"Queen of the waves, thy gliding shallop steer,
Where lingering echoes to thy strains awake;
The winds and waters hush themselves to hear,
The very skies are brighter for thy sake."

Translated from Beranger.

ORIENTALS.

N. Sichel,



A Friend in Need.

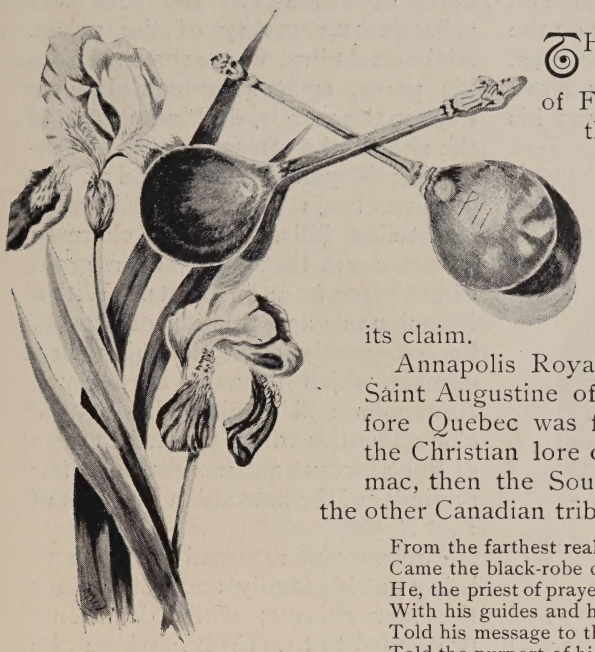
From Kuntz' picture.

THE EARLY FRENCH MISSIONS IN NOVA SCOTIA.

ISABELLA A. OWEN.

Louisburg is not forgotten, nor Beau Séjour, nor Port Royal. — *Longfellow.*

A noble task was theirs who strove to win
The blood-stained heathen to the Christian fold.—*Holmes.*

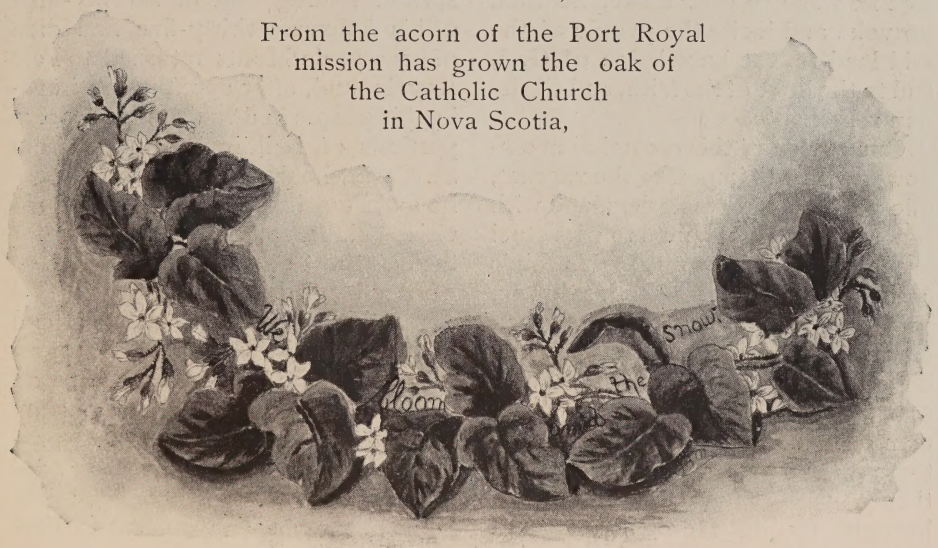


THESE gold spoons, flanked by the "azure fleurs-de-lys" of France, dug up on the site of the old French chapel, are the only relics in existence of the pioneer church of Canada, for to this title the Catholic Church at Annapolis Royal, the ancient Port Royal, can make good its claim.

Annapolis Royal has been justly termed the Saint Augustine of Canada, for four years before Quebec was founded "was unfolded here the Christian lore of salvation" and to the Micmac, then the Souriquois Indians, before any of the other Canadian tribes

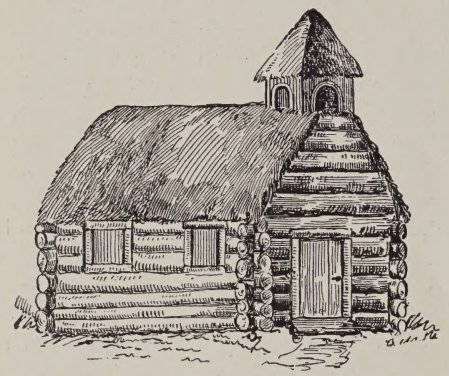
From the farthest realms of morning
Came the black-robe chief, the prophet,
He, the priest of prayer, the pale-face
With his guides and his companions,
Told his message to the people,
Told the purport of his mission
Told them of the Virgin Mary,
And her blessed Son, the Saviour.

From the acorn of the Port Royal mission has grown the oak of the Catholic Church in Nova Scotia,



spreading its branches over the entire Province.

Early in 1603, the Sieur de Monts, armed with a commission from Henry IV of France, granting him the territory extending from Pennsylvania on the south to the St. Lawrence on the north, set sail from Havre de Grace, for La Cadie or Acadie, as Nova Scotia was then called. It was his



THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AT PORT ROYAL IN 1700.
From description by Sister Chauson.

intention to colonize the country and establish a traffic in furs, but he was only permitted to do this on condition that he was "to call, make, instruct, provoke and incite the people of the said land to the knowledge of God, and to the light of the faith, and Christian religion."

One clause of this commission empowered him to impress "the vagrant, idle persons and masterless, and with them that be condemned to perpetual banishment." As a result, his ship's company was an incongruous throng. Thieves and vagabonds elbowed such men as Poutrincourt, Champlain, d'Orville, Champdore, "brave with scars," Sourin, La Motte and "other men of reckoning," who had volunteered for the expedition. With them were Huguenot ministers, brought by de Monts, himself a Calvinist, and Catholic priests, sent by the King to instruct the aborigines in the doctrines of their church.

After coasting Nova Scotia and meeting with various adventures, the chief of which was the loss and subsequent recovery of the priest, Nicholas Aubry, who, separated from his party, spent seventeen hungry days in the woods, de Monts came to the site of the present town of Annapolis Royal. They found an expansive basin encompassed with forest-clad hills, which so charmed Poutrincourt that he asked a grant of the place from de Monts. With a Frenchman's appreciation of beauty, he eloquently described his new domain, which he named Port Royal. Annapolis still retains the natural characteristics which pleased the eye of Poutrincourt and serves as a fair reminder of the untrodden beauties of Port Royal.

Poutrincourt returned to France to bring out his family and settlers for the new colony; while de Monts proceeded to St. Croix, where he spent a wretched winter. In the spring, finding that of seventy-nine of his followers thirty-five had died of scurvy, de Monts returned to Port Royal; and, after comfortably housing his people in dwellings made from portions of buildings brought from St. Croix, he went to France. There he and Poutrincourt got together provisions, laborers and mechanics for their outpost of civilization.

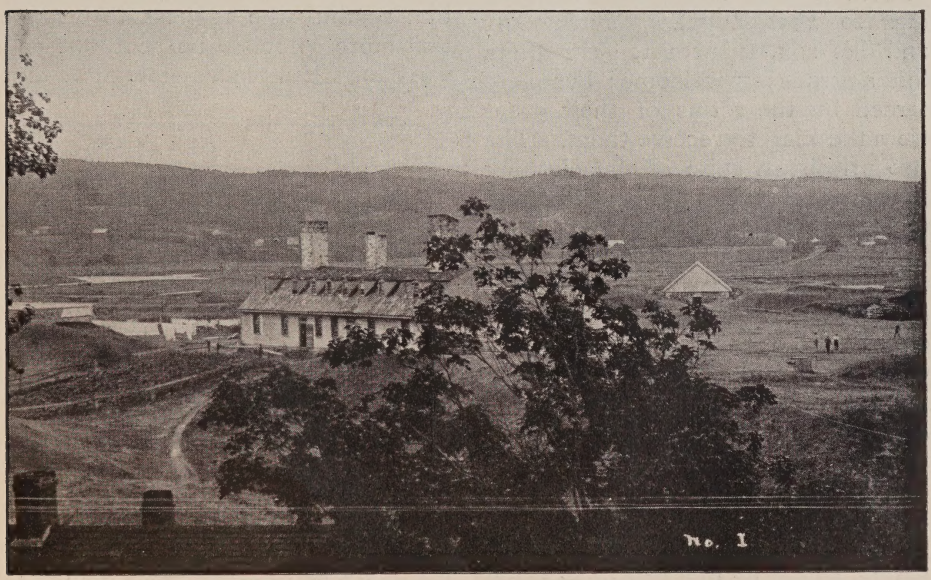
They bestirred themselves to find a priest to take with them to attend to the spiritual welfare of the savages, who worshipped the sun as their god and believed firmly in a demon called "Mendon," whom they strove to propitiate. In the hurry of their departure none was forthcoming; but Marc Lescarbot, an "Avocat en Par-

lement," and a friend of Poutrincourt volunteered to accompany them. In the absence of a priest, this remarkable man acted as religious instructor to the Indians and did all a layman could to keep alive the traditions of his Church. It is to him we are indebted for the first and best account of the settlement of Acadia, and to his buoyant spirits, his quick wit and his knowledge of the useful arts was due much of the success of the settlement at Port Royal.

The first regular priest at Port Royal was the Rev. Jossé Flesche or La Flèche, who accompanied Poutrincourt from France in 1610. The importation of this priest caused some little friction between the King of France and Poutrincourt. The king wishing to send a Jesuit to convert the Indians of Acadia applied to the General of the order for a missionary. Père Pierre Biard was chosen for the office; but Poutrincourt, who, though a good Catholic, belonged to the national party, did not wish to take out a Jesuit; so he evaded the king's order by making his own selection of Father La Flèche and leaving Father Biard behind him at Bordeaux.

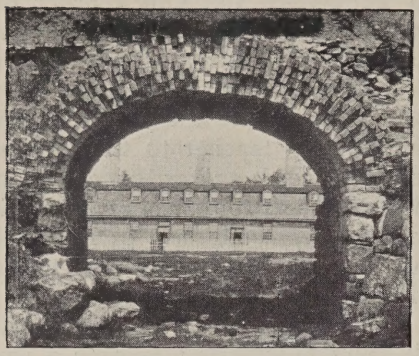
La Flèche proved a true friend and diligent teacher to the Indians and the word *pattias*, or patriarch, in the Micmac tongue stands to this day as a remembrance of him who built up the ancient faith, for to La Flèche it was first applied.

It was through his labors that the old chief Membertou became a sincere convert to the Christian faith. Membertou whom Lescarbot calls "this chef-d'œuvre of Christian piety," then over one hundred years old, was the first of the Souriquois Indians to be baptized. To show his great devotion to his French allies, he permitted himself to be called Henri, after Henry of Navarre. Many of his tawny followers, indeed his whole tribe, became devout Catholics and



General View of the Old Fort at Annapolis Royal.

the good work begun by Father La Flèche among the Indians has

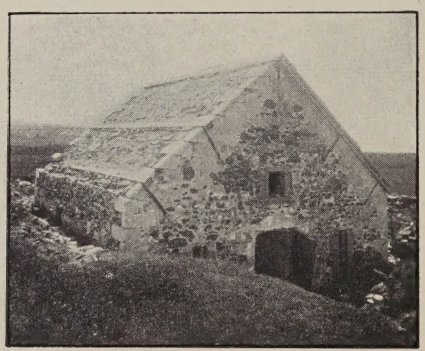


OLD ARCH IN THE FORT AT ANNAPOLIS SHOWING OFFICERS' QUARTERS.

been continued by his successors to the present.

The next year through the indefatigable efforts of the Marquise de Guercheville, a zealous friend of the Jesuits, who had proclaimed herself the protectress of the American missions, Father Biard, who had been left at Bordeaux, accompanied by Father Enemond Massé, was sent out to Port Royal. Poutrincourt and his son, Biencourt, gave them but a grudging welcome; but were forced by the terms of their grant from the king to receive them. The two priests, in spite of the clashing that arose between the spiritual and temporal powers proceeded to show themselves worthy representatives of the Church by devoting their lives to the needs of their Indian disciples. "To the greater glory of God," they endured danger, fatigue, hunger, disappointment and deferred hope. Their greatest discouragement was that when in the hope of better expounding the truths of religion, Father Biard endeavored to master the Indian language, the native, whom he had bribed to teach him, filled his vocabulary with scurrilous terms, which greatly retarded his pious designs. Biencourt not agreeing with Fathers Biard and Massé,—indeed Biencourt threatened them with corporal punishment,—the priests were glad to seize an opportunity of escaping to Penobscot and their antagonist was pleased to give them authority for this move.

In 1613 an expedition commanded by Captain Argall attempted to dislodge the French from Acadia. Coming to Port Royal and finding the fort almost abandoned, he destroyed it and erased as far as possible all signs of the French occupation. This piratical attack was without justification and was the opening skirmish in the strife between France and England on this continent. After Argall's raid the little colony at Port Royal led a struggling existence. By a stupendous effort Biencourt partially rebuilt the town and kept his few followers together. He does not appear to have been disheartened, for we find him sending the request to France that more colonists be sent out and we have Champlain's statement that



OLD MAGAZINE AT ANNAPOLIS.
Built in 1642.

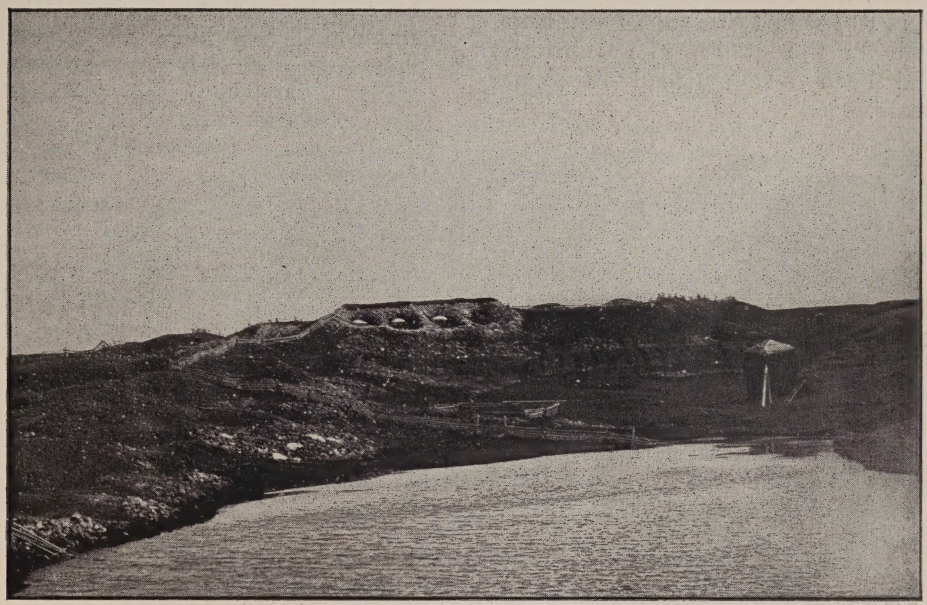
Biencourt remained in Acadia until his death in 1624.

With the exception of a Recollet

father there is no mention of a regular priest at Port Royal, which was constantly changing from French to English hands, until the appointment of the Rev. Louis Petit in 1678. This good priest must have toiled faithfully in the cause of religion and education, for he himself gives us the following peaceful picture of the church at Port Royal under his teaching: —

"This settlement is composed of about eighty families, amounting to at least six hundred souls, a people naturally gentle and inclined to piety; neither swearing nor debauchery nor drunkenness is known amongst them. Although they are scattered along the river for a distance of four or five leagues they come in crowds to the church on Sundays and holydays and frequently receive the sacraments. . . . On these days (Sundays) we always sing a high Mass at which I give a simple instruction according to my poor ability and adapted to the capacity of my audience. At two o'clock we sing Vespers, which is followed by benediction of the most Holy Sacrament and a lesson in catechism to the girls."

He also had the approbation of Bishop St. Vallier of Quebec, who visited his parish in 1686, and who expressed great pleasure on seeing the fervor with which the greater part of the congregation received the sacraments and the attention with which they listened to the word of God. He appears to have taken an interest in everything concerning the welfare of the settlement for it was Father Petit whom Governor de Menneval sent to negotiate with Sir William Phips, in 1690, and who secured from him the verbal promise that, among other conditions, if the garrison surrendered, the inhabitants should have free exercise of their religion and that the church should be uninjured.

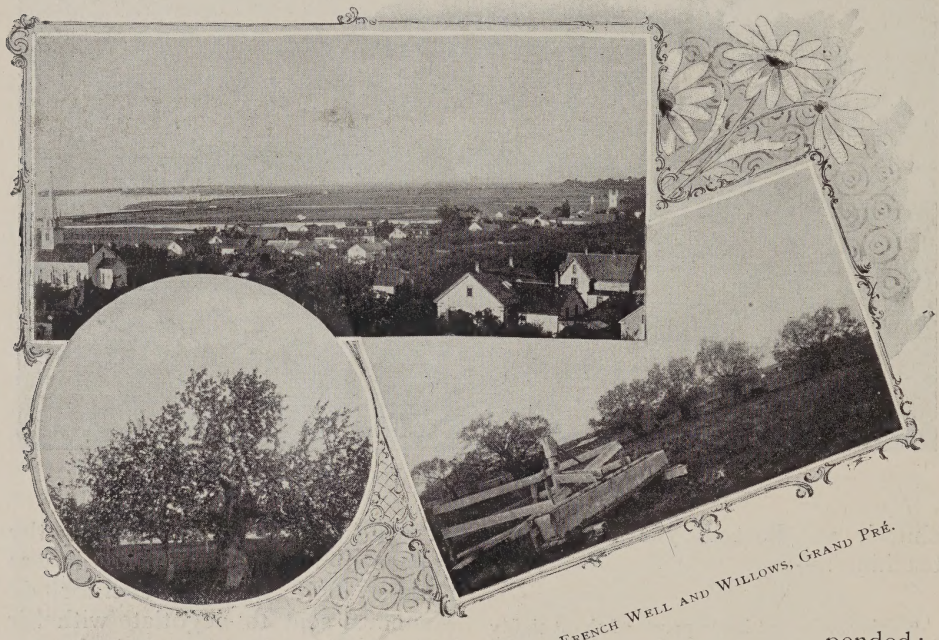


BOMB PROOF AND MOAT OF THE OLD FORT AT LOUISBURG.

Sir William, forgetting his duty as a gentleman and an officer, broke his word and allowed his soldiers to rifle the church and pull down the high

altar. He took Father Petit prisoner to Boston: but the priest returned two years later.

Difficulties and discouragements lay in the way of rebuilding the church destroyed by Sir William Phips' followers and the description given by Sister Chauson of the Congregation of the Daughters of the Cross, who was sent as a teacher to Port Royal in 1701, shows how little, with all the efforts of the priests, had been accomplished in eleven years.



Old French Well and Willows, Grand Pré.

Wolfville and Grand Pré Dykes.
The Last of the Old French Apple Trees.

"Our church is in frightful poverty; its only covering is straw, the walls are of logs, and instead of glass for the windows we have paper. There is no bell and the people are called to prayer by the beating of a drum. . . . There is no crucifix, no picture, no censer, no vases for the wine and water, no finger-towels. There is no drawer in which to keep the two or three old sets of vestments and a couple of much used albs. But what is still more deplorable, the most holy sacrament is kept in a small wooden box composed of four boards nailed together. This is the tabernacle in which the God of heaven and earth resides. The English carried off a suitable tabernacle that was here, also the sacred vessels and the rest. In a word everything is wanting. Assuredly, our loving Saviour was not more poorly housed in the stable at Bethelhem than here."

Through the caution of Subercase, the governor, who thought it best to wait for piping times of peace, the money which had been subscribed to build a new church was not expended; but a temporary chapel was fitted up in the port.

In 1710 the final capture of Port Royal by the English took place, under Nicholson. The French troops in the port were sent to Rochelle, while a few took the oath of allegiance to the British sovereign or fled to the interior of the country. The

town lost its French name and took the one it now bears, in honor of Queen Anne.

In the Annapolis Royal of to-day there remain but few traces of the Port Royal of two centuries ago. The port itself is the most lasting monument to the French occupation. In the arch of the sally port are to be seen the broad, narrow French bricks, and in the walls of the old magazine is the Caen stone brought from France, with the idea that Acadia afforded nothing for building purposes.

The year 1713 that witnessed the final cession of Nova Scotia to England marked the founding of the French port of Louisburg. By the Treaty of Utrecht, Acadia became the property of Great Britain, while Cape Breton was to own the rule of the King of France. When the English changed the names of Acadia and Port Royal, the French animated by a no less patriotic feeling, gave to Cape Breton the name of Isle Royale, and to Havre à l'Anglois that of Louisburg, out of compliment to their king. The French at once set about constructing a fortress in Isle Royale not only to guard the approach to Canada, but to protect their fisheries and afford a refuge to their vessels. After mature deliberation the harbor of Louisburg was chosen as most suitable for fortification and for more than twenty years the French devoted all their energies to erecting an impregnable defence against their English enemies; with the result that it became known as the "Dunkirk of America."

Steps had to be taken to provide a population. About thirty fishermen with their families were persuaded to come from Placentia in Newfoundland; but, as there had been no provision made for their necessities their sufferings were extreme. The French then tried to induce the Acadians in Nova Scotia through their priests, Fathers Pain and Dominique, to settle in Isle Royale with the promise of freedom of worship. The land about Louisburg was unsuitable for agriculture, and the Acadians, after hearing the report of a deputation sent to examine the island, decided not to leave the fertile meadows, the well diked marshes and the fruit-laden orchards of the Annapolis Valley. Failing in this attempt, two French officers, La Ronde Denys and Pensens, were sent to persuade them to migrate with the assurance of free transportation, provisions for a year and immunity from taxation for ten years. A few reluctantly sailed for Isle Royale in a vessel called the "Marie-Joseph." These poor people were reduced to the greatest extremities. Discouraged by their privations, they became apathetic and being unwilling to clear land, they adopted the life of the Indians.

Ample provision had been made in Louisburg for the government of church and state. To care for the spiritual and charitable needs of the community were six Récollet priests, six brothers of the Charitable Confraternity and several nuns, Filles de la Congregation, from Quebec, of whom Pychon, who lived some years in the island, speaks in the highest terms. These sisters taught the young girls and were in charge of the nunnery and hospital of Saint Jean de Dieu, the finest civic building in Louisburg.

The priests were paid by the French King and received five hundred lires a year, while one thousand lires were

allowed for their maintenance, and they had three houses in the island. The Indians were the charge of the Abbé Maillard, who often accompanied them on their hunting expeditions. He and his brother priests did good and faithful work among them and inspired in them reverence for religion and affection for their teachers; for upon going to a new place, before attending to other work, they built a chapel and a wigwam for their priests.

Don Antonio D'Ulloa, a captain of the Spanish navy, who resided two months in Louisburg, in speaking of the priests who were sent among the Indians pays this tribute to their character and attainments:

> The persons chosen for these religious expeditions were men of parts, elocution, graceful carriage and irreproachable lives; and accordingly they behaved with that prudence, condescension and gentleness towards the Indians under their care, that besides the universal veneration paid to their persons, their converts looked upon them as their fathers and with all the tenderness of filial affection shared with them what they caught in hunting and the produce of the fields.

That war was declared by Great Britain against France in 1744; that, in the following year, Louisburg was taken for England by a New England army, under the command of Pepperel, which event was duly celebrated in 1895 by the unveiling of a monument; that Cape Breton was again ceded to France by the Treaty of Aix-la-Chappelle and finally conquered for England by Wolfe and Amherst in 1758; that "the lilies withered where the lion trod" are matters more for general history than for a story of missions.

After the second capture of Louisburg, the Acadians were scattered and the friend of the Indians, the Abbé Maillard, went to Halifax, where he died in 1762. The fortifications were mined and blown up and of the costly works which France had erected there was scarcely left one stone upon another. All the artillery, stores, guns and ammunition were taken to Halifax. Little remains to mark the old fort except the bomb-proof and some grassy mounds. Even the bell of the church which

> Had been anointed
> And baptized with holy water

has been taken from the town and nothing but the well defined site of the chapel and hospital is left as a memorial of the once flourishing mission of Louisburg.

The abiding interest of a great tragedy centres around the church of Saint Charles of Grand Pré, in which the unfortunate French were gathered previous to their deportation. The touch of romance in the story of the expulsion of the Acadians from Nova Scotia has made it an attractive subject for many pens. Much controversy has sprung up respecting the justice of this step and latterly it has rather grown to be a question of race and creed. Of one thing there can be no doubt; the act of rudely snatching a peaceable, orderly industrious people from their homes and scattering them abroad among a nation whose language and customs were unknown to them, was a wrong which can scarcely be justified by a plea of self defence.

After the Treaty of Utrecht, in 1713, the French who remained in Nova Scotia were required to take an oath of fealty to the English King. This they at first declined to do; but in 1730 the majority of the Acadians signed, chiefly by crosses, the oath which was accompanied by a clear understanding that they were not to

be required to take arms against Frenchmen or Indians. Henceforth they were known as neutral French. A large proportion of these settled "on the shore of the Basin of Minas," in Grand Pré, Canard, Gaspereau and Habitant.

They were a happy, simple, virtuous peasantry, laboring diligently to build and repair those dikes, "which shut out turbulent tides," and protected those lush meadows, which are yet a certain source of revenue to the farmers about Grand Pré. They also bred cattle, sheep, hogs and horses in abundance, built their houses, cut and stored their wood. "Matrons and maidens in snow-white caps, and in kirtles of scarlet, blue and green, wore the ear-rings brought from France and spun the golden flax." Marriages were early, as soon as the young man could make a pair of wheels and the young girl weave a piece of cloth, and "many children played round their door." They were a gay, hospitable folk and few houses were without a cask of French wine. Their pleasures were simple songs and rustic dances. They loved trees and planted many, their favorites being the Lombardy poplar, the willow, rows of which still dot the country, and apple trees, whose fruit supplied them with the cider in which they delighted. They were very illiterate; this, with their isolation and their lively faith led them to depend for advice in worldly and spiritual affairs on their priests, who guided them in all wisdom and faithfulness.

> Thus dwelt together in love these simple
> Acadian farmers —
> Dwelt in the love of God and man.

The peace of this Arcadian valley was fated soon to be ruthlessly disturbed. First, at the suggestion of Shirley, Governor of Massachusetts, their priests were taken from them and this flock without a shepherd was perplexed between the French and English folds. The Acadians were now accused of promoting the interests of France and were required by the government to take a complete oath of allegiance, without any saving clause. This, thinking that the oath they had taken was sufficient and looking on their neutrality as a vested right, they refused to sign.

It was then resolved in order to insure the possession of Nova Scotia to Great Britain, to deport the Acadians to various parts of the New England colonies. The task of breaking up the happy homes at Minas was intrusted to Colonel John Winslow, who carried out his instructions with great cruelty, though not without at least a touch of compunction, as he records in his journal: "Things are now very heavy on my heart and hands." "I impatiently wait, that at once we may get over this troublesome affair, which is more grievous to me than any service I was ever employed in." In August, 1755, Winslow, with a detachment of New England soldiers, arrived at Grand Pré, where he found the harvest not quite over.

He used the church as an arsenal and the men pitched their tents in the graveyard, while Winslow made his headquarters in the priest's house. On the third of September Winslow issued a proclamation to "inhabitants of the District of Grand Pré, Minas, river Canard and places adjacent" commanding "both old and young men, as well as lads of ten years of age to attend at the Church of Grand Pré, on Friday, the fifth instant at three of the clock in the afternoon that we may impart to them what we are ordered to communicate to them."

At the time appointed a crowd of four hundred and eighteen silent anxious men filled the desecrated church. Winslow in his laced uniform took his position at a table in the middle of the church. The multitude, impelled by the influence of the place, knelt in prayer.

Then uprose their commander, and spoke from the steps of the altar
Holding aloft in his hands, with its seals, the royal commission:
"You are convened this day," he said "by His Majesty's orders.
Clement and kind has he been; but how you have answered his kindness
Let your own hearts reply! To my natural make and my temper
Painful the task is I do, which to you I know must be grievous,
Yet must I bow and obey and deliver the will of our monarch;
Namely, that all your lands, and dwellings, and cattle of all kinds,
Forfeited be to the crown; and that you yourselves from this province
Be transported to other lands. God grant you may dwell there
Ever as faithful subjects, a happy and peaceable people!
Prisoners now I declare you; for such is His Majesty's pleasure!"

Although declared prisoners the Acadians refused to believe it was anything but a plan to frighten them. Their illusion was dispelled when on the tenth of September all the men of the district were put on board five transports, which were anchored at the mouth of the Gaspereaux. When they were first ordered to embark they refused to go; at which Winslow commanded his soldiers to fix bayonets and advance on the Acadians, at the same time bidding them march. The men, accompanied for the mile of their route by their sobbing, praying wives and children, then went quietly and slowly; some of them, transported by a sentiment of religion, "sang with tremulous lips a chant of the Catholic missions."

Vive Jésus!
Vive Jésus!
Avec la Croix son cher partage
Vive Jésus!
Dans les cœurs de tous les élus!
Portons la Croix.

On the eighth of October the general embarkation began and it was not until the 20th of December that this cruel work was completed and three thousand Acadians were torn from their homes. Families were wrenched asunder; husbands separated from wives, children from parents, brothers from sisters. There were partings such as break the heart; the farewells of those who felt that they should never meet again. Added to the anguish of severed ties and the prospect of exile was the agony of seeing their homes and the church, around which the dearest interests of a reverent people turned, burned before their eyes.

Longfellow, with the magic touch of his poet's pen, has sealed this region to himself and given to it the name of his heroine. Nova Scotians point out to visitors to the little village of Grand Pré, Basil's, and an old French well in that locality is known far and wide as Evangeline's well, while the locomotives which thunder through the happy valley bear the familiar names of Basil, Evangeline and Gabriel.

The bare recital of the facts concerning these early Catholic missions gives but a suggestion of the heroism, devotion and sacrifice of their promoters, men who gave up all that a refined, civilized country could offer; choosing instead exile, danger and privations in order to carry to their own countrymen and the Indians the knowledge of Him whose life was love. They have long since reaped the fruit of their sowing; but their names and their labors, their piety, wisdom and faithfulness live still in the prosperity of the Province of Nova Scotia.

THE GRANDE CHARTREUSE.

ELIZABETH LECKY.

HEN Saint Bruno the founder of the Carthusian Order, went in search of a retreat, he could not have found a spot more suitable for a life of solitude and contemplation than the desert of the Chartreuse, in the mountains of Dauphiné. Tradition says that the place was marked out for him by a revelation. German by birth, Saint Bruno belongs to France by his education and subsequent career. He was born of a noble family, at Cologne, in 1035, and was partly educated there; but he continued his studies at the school of Rheims, which was then celebrated, and distinguished himself so much that he was made director of all the public schools in that town and chancellor of the diocese.

Learned, pious, large-hearted ("homo profundi cordis," says a contemporary), with a mature judgment, a complete mastery over himself, a serene and equable spirit, he was well fitted to become a leader of men; but he only learnt by degrees what he was destined for. He began by going to the Benedictine monastery of Molesme, and lived in it for some time as a monk. Not finding there, however, the solitude he wished for, he went to Grenoble to consult with the young bishop, Hugues de Chateauneuf, who had once been his pupil at Rheims. At the moment Bruno and his six followers entered the town, in June, 1084, Hugo dreamt that he saw seven stars fall at his feet, rise again to pursue their course through the mountains, till they stopped at a place called Chartrousse, or Chartreuse. Here angels built a house, and on the roof appeared the seven stars. The bishop was puzzled by the dream; but when he saw the seven travellers appear, and ask for his advice, he understood its meaning, and joyfully guided them himself through the mountains to the spot which God had shown him.

A chapel was erected; and in a short time arose the first monastery built of wood, consisting of a large cloister, with cells opening out into it, a refectory, chapter-room, and a hostelry for strangers. Each cell was divided into a study and kitchen, a bedroom with oratory, and a workroom. This served as a model for all future monasteries of the order. The bishop insured his friends the undisturbed possession of the Valley of the Chartreuse by giving up all

his rights to it, and inducing others to do the same.

Saint Bruno himself did not enjoy his retreat long. In 1090 he was called to Italy by Pope Urban the Second, his former pupil at Rheims. He reluctantly obeyed the summons. At the loss of the shepherd the sheep dispersed, but they came back to their retreat within the year. Bruno himself never saw his beloved Chartreuse again — he died in a monastery which he had founded in Calabria.

Not fifty years after its foundation the first Chartreuse was destroyed by a terrible avalanche. The two chapels erected by Saint Bruno were spared, and on their old foundations stand Notre Dame de Casalibus and the chapel of Saint Bruno. When this calamity happened the question arose whether it would not be wiser to rebuild the monastery on a spot which was not exposed to such destruction, and Guigues, the head of the order at that time, resolved to build it in the place where it now stands, and to leave the two chapels on the old site, as places of pilgrimage. But other calamities were reserved for the new monastery. No less than eight fires at different times reduced it to ashes; and, except one part of the cloister and the clock-tower (which date from the fourteenth century), the church (which has been frequently restored), the mortuary-chapel, and the Chapelle St. Louis, little remains of the building that is older than the end of the seventeenth century, when the last fire took place, and when it was finally rebuilt.

Two beautiful carriage-roads lead from Grenoble to the Grande Chartreuse. The one by St. Laurent du Pont is usually taken to go there; the other, by the Sappey, for the return. The road from St. Laurent du Pont to the Chartreuse was made in 1854–56. Before that time there existed only a path for pedestrians and mules, which the monks themselves had made in the fifteenth century. From the village of St. Laurent du Pont, called in the old days St. Laurent du Désert, the road ascends through a magnificent gorge, and the Chartreuse is reached in about two hours. A little beyond St. Laurent is Fourvoirie, where the monks, since the fourteenth century, have had stables and warehouses, and where they now distil their liqueur. Here a fort, La Jarjatte, made in 1715, defended the entrance to the desert, but it was demolished in 1856. The road first follows for some time the left bank of the Guiers-Mort, then crosses the Pont St. Bruno, and passes along the right bank. Gigantic rocks, partly covered with a luxurious vegetation, tower above it, while the torrent rushes and foams in the chasm below which grows deeper as the road ascends, till at last the eye plunges with a shudder into the wooded precipice. A huge, pointed rock — le pic de l'Aiguille — surmounted with a cross, rises between the road and the stream. Here also once existed a fort, l'Œillette, constructed by the monks in the fifteenth century to defend the road they had just made; but it was also demolished in 1856.

An occasional traveller, a cart loaded with timber from the mountains, alone disturb this grand solitude. Leaving the stream, the road continues through the forest, and finally reaches an open space, where the buildings of the Chartreuse appear in sight, at the foot of a range

of mountains, the highest of which is the Grand Som.

Those who look for the picturesque in architecture, or for treasures of art, need not go to the Grande Chartreuse — let them turn to the Cretosa of Pavia. But the historical associations of eight centuries cast their own halo round the spot. From this parent institution the Carthusian convents over the whole world have been governed, for the prior of the Grande Chartreuse is the *père général* — the head of the whole order.

On arrival, the gentlemen walk to the monastery, where they are received by one of the brothers and shown to their cells. These are in a building across the court-yard, and were formerly destined for the priors who came from the provinces to attend the general chapter; and the strangers have their meals in the refectories which were used by the same priors. The ladies go to a house a few steps to the left, which was once the infirmary, and are welcomed by a nun from the Convent of the Sœurs de la Providence, near Grenoble, who, with three lay sisters, spends the summer there to receive the female visitors. The small guests' rooms are much the same in both establishments, and are furnished in the simplest fashion, with a bed, chair, wash-hand stand, *prie-dieu*, crucifix, and one or two religious prints. The ladies have, however, the advantage of being able to replenish the scanty water-supply at the fountain before the infirmary, which, in the freshness of the early morning, in the midst of such surroundings, is peculiarly exhilarating.

It was a beautiful October evening when we arrived at the Grande Chartreuse. The tourist season was drawing to a close, and only five ladies sat down to supper at the long hospitable table, while the male visitors at the monastery numbered seven. Supper is prepared for all at the monastery; and it was excellent for those who do not mind the absence of meat, which the Carthusians never eat, and never serve to their guests. It consisted of soup, omelette, fish, beans, sweets, and a glass of Chartreuse at dessert. "The ladies do not like our soup," said the kindly sister, diffidently handing a thick bread soup, and seemed pleased that for once it found favor.

The fathers do not allow their rest to be disturbed by the visitors, and as there was no opportunity of seeing the monastery in the evening, the gentlemen could find no better employment after supper than to visit their wives in the infirmary — for which permission is given, in one of the public rooms. One Frenchman, who had not the excuse of a wife, invented a cousinship for the occasion, and naturally claimed it, on arrival, with the youngest and prettiest, Thus a sociable, if not a monastic. evening was spent round the blazing fire, till the hour of closing, nine o'clock, parted the company. The men are admitted to the night service in a gallery. Mass is said by the father-coadjutor for the nuns and lady visitors, soon after six o'clock A. M., in the small chapel of Notre Dame de la Salette, which adjoins the monastery. It is well known that no women, except royal personages, are shown over the monastery, and they have to content themselves with descriptions and photographs. Before the French Revolution no woman was allowed to enter even the precincts of the desert, and royal benefactresses implored in vain to be buried with the saints.

The Grande Chartreuse consists of a large mass of irregular buildings, which, as they are surrounded by a wall, can only be seen well from a height. The most interesting room in it is the chapter-room, which contains the portraits of all the heads of the order, beginning with Saint Bruno, whose statue by Foyatier is over the chair where sits the *père général*. Many remarkable men from various countries have filled this place, and have steered the order through times of difficulty. Below the portraits are painted scenes from the life of Saint Bruno, copied from the paintings of Lesueur, which are now in the Louvre. In the hall, called l'Allée des Cartes, there are curious representations of old Carthusian monasteries in various parts of Europe. Before the French Revolution the collection was almost a complete one, but there only remains about thirty of these paintings now. The library contains some twenty thousand volumes, and has been entirely collected in modern times. The fathers may freely borrow from it. From the earliest times, even when very poor, the Carthusians have had a good library, and have valued books as their most precious possessions. The books are called in the early statutes "the perennial food of souls," and they were placed under the care of the father-sacristan, who had also the care of the sacred vessels.

During the fire of 1371 the general of the order, mindful of the losses sustained on a former occasion, called out, "*Ad libros, ad libros;* leave everything else, my fathers, but save the books." Though they were saved this time, the library was almost completely destroyed by subsequent fires, and the valuable one collected by Dom Le Masson, after the fire of 1676, was scattered during the French Revolution. At this time also the archives of the monastery were for the most part lost. A few valuable manuscripts, with beautiful illuminations done by the Carthusians, found their way into the library at Grenoble, where they may now be seen in glass cases. In the old days the Carthusians employed themselves in transcribing manuscripts; and from transcribers they became printers as soon as printing was invented. They have had their own authors, but these wrote chiefly on monastic matters, and are little known to the world at large.

The cells of the fathers are built round the cloister. There are thirty-six of them, one of them which is not tenanted, and is alone shown. They are divided, like the earliest cells, into various compartments. On each door is the initial letter of the inmate's name, and a text or other inscription in Latin bearing on the monastic life such as "*Qui non reliquit omnia sua non potest esse discipulus tuus.*" Near the door is a little wicket, through which the father receives his food or anything else he may want. On the ground floor he has a little *promenoir*, or gallery, for walking in bad weather; a small garden, which he cultivates himself; a room with tools for carpentering; and next to it, the *bûcher*, or storeroom for wood. A staircase leads to a bedroom, an adjoining small study with bookshelves, and a room which was once used as a kitchen when the father cooked part of his own food, a custom which was abolished as early as the thirteenth century on account of the time it wasted. In the room where he sleeps is a small dining-table, with wooden plate, spoon, and fork; and the oratory,

where he performs the offices with the same ceremonial as in the choir — taking off and putting on the cowl, standing, kneeling, and lying flat on the ground. A bell calls the fathers simultaneously to their private devotions, as well as to those in the church.

In the staircase stands a cross, in remembrance of the following old legend told by a Carthusian writer of the fourteenth century. A novice of the order complained much of the rules, and especially of having to wear the black cope of the novitiate. One day he dreamt that he saw Christ, laden with a heavy cross, trying with much difficulty to go up the staircase of his cell; whereupon the novice, moved with pity, helped to lift the cross, saying: "Lord, take it not amiss if I try to assist thee; I cannot endure to see thee in such trouble." But the Lord turned indignantly towards him, and made him desist saying: "Dost thou presume to lift this heavy burden while thou art not willing to wear for my sake so light a thing as a cope?" and disappeared, leaving the novice overwhelmed with shame and repentance. Since then every cell has had a cross near its staircase. In the Middle Ages the cells were foundations endowed by benevolent people, and in return prayers were said for their souls. Three times a day the fathers leave their cells to go to the offices — the night service, high mass, and vespers.

Once a week they take a walk together of about three hours and a half, within the limits of the desert, and during that time they may talk.

They are called together for their walk by the same bell that tolls for the funerals, and they assemble in the Chappelle des Morts, where they hear a few verses from the "Imitation" read to them before they start. This chapel was built over the remains of the first disciples of Saint Bruno, which was brought thither after the avalanche. Over the door there is a marble bust of Death, draping itself in a most pretentious way. This chapel is near the cemetery, where stone crosses with inscriptions mark the graves of the heads of the order. The other tombs have merely wooden crosses over them, and are nameless. The Carthusians are not buried in coffins, but each monk is laid in the earth on a wooden plank.

On Sundays the fathers dine together in the refectory. They never speak there. Passages from the Scriptures, sermons or homilies are chanted to them in Latin from a small tribune built in the wall, but they are allowed to have a colloquy between nones and vespers.

Saint Bruno, though he lived the Carthusian life, did not formulate the rules himself. It was not till twenty-six years after his death that they were put into writing by Guigues, the fifth prior, under the name of *consuetudines* or customs. They were, in fact, simply a record of customs that were followed, and that are still followed to this day. These rules all tend consistently to one end. "Contemplation" says a Carthusian writer or, in other words, to see, to love, and to praise God, "is the final end of the human soul in a future life. . . . To begin here on earth in an imperfect manner, or in the least imperfect manner possible, the life of contemplation which will be led in heaven is the object which the Carthusians propose to themselves." The solitude is intended to detach them from distracting objects, and to enable them to concentrate them-

selves; the silence is to make them hear the voice of God, which is not in the storm; the mortifications and privations are to free their souls from everything that might clog them and interfere with the end in view.

The Carthusians are the only order who are never allowed meat under any circumstances. The punishment for those who infringed the rule was at one time very severe — they were cut off from the order — but it was afterwards mitigated. They have a great monastic fast, which lasts from the 14th of September to Easter; and during that time, with few exceptions, they only have one meal a day.

They are frequently interrupted in their sleep. The night service begins at twelve, and lasts till two, and they are waked again at six A.M., or sometimes at five A.M. The night services are very striking. But for the faint glimmer of a single oil-lamp in the choir, and the lanterns which the fathers each bring with them, and which are sometimes put out during the service, the church is wrapt in darkness. Each stall is completely isolated by a partition. The Carthusians attach a special meaning to these services.

All the Carthusians agree [says one of them, quoted before] that this is their best moment. To sing the praises of God at the foot of the altar, in the silence and shadows of the night, when the world forgets God, and many offend Him, fills the soul with a joy and comfort which cannot be bought too dear, and the hours fly rapidly. The stranger from his gallery cannot form a clear idea of the office; not having a book in his hand, the meaning of the words escapes him, and the time must seem long to him. Not so with the Carthusian in his stall; he sings and understands the mysterious meaning of the Psalms — that prophetic history of the Christian world, those divine hymns which, for thousands of years, the synagogue, and the Catholic Church after her, recite every day. He follows the numerous rites which have to be performed every moment; he seeks, finds and applies to himself the Divine teaching that flows from the sacred text; and, finally, and above all, he addresses to God his homage, his praise, and his songs.

The singing of the Carthusians is of the utmost simplicity, and somewhat monotonous. They have no part-singing. They are not allowed any musical instruments, and it is considered waste of time to practise singing. The religious emotions excited through the senses by elaborate church music are wholly alien to their sober and simple piety.

The dress of the fathers is entirely of white wool, white being a symbol of the resurrection of Christ. The use of linen is forbidden. Even their sheets are of cloth. The Carthusians are a living example of the fact that asceticism is not injurious to health, for they reach a great age. Some of the popes, from benevolent motives, have wished to soften their rules. Thus Urban the Fifth, himself a Benedictine, proposed to mitigate their severity in four points. He proposed, among other things, that they should be allowed to eat meat in case of illness or infirmity. The Carthusians implored the pope not to oblige them to depart from their ancient customs, arguing that for *their* order it might have serious consequences; and the sole mitigation they were obliged to accept was to wear a hat out of doors.

One of the popes at Avignon also offered to relax the rule of abstinence from meat in case of illness. This time the Carthusians sent as a protest a deputation of twenty-seven of their number, the youngest of whom was eighty, while the others varied between ninety, ninety-three, and ninety-five. Such an appeal was more eloquent than words, and the pope was convinced. The fathers show their earnestness and good

sense by not admitting any one into their order until they have very seriously tested his moral and physical fitness. Frequently after the trial the aspirant is refused, or retires of his own accord. Of all the ascetic orders, the Carthusian is the most spiritual in the true sense of the word, and to maintain their lofty standard, as they have indisputably done for eight centuries, they have had to sift carefully. "It is better," says Dom le Masson, "to set fire to a cell than to put in it a Carthusian without a vocation."

Sometimes the fathers have gone so far as to err on the safe side. It is told of one of the greatest generals of the order, Dom Jean Pégon, that he was refused, when he first presented himself, on the ground that he seemed neither sufficiently robust nor instructed. But the father-general, touched by his disappointment, recommended him to try at another Chartreuse, where there was a want of men. He was accepted there, and thirty-eight years later he entered the Grande Chartreuse as its father-general. At his installation he preached on the text: "The stone which the builders rejected is become the headstone of the corner."

The Carthusian vocation takes some by storm. There are various examples of it in the past, and we were told by a French lady on the spot of an instance in the present day: a young Prince de B——, who had suddenly, without apparent reason, left his regiment, to the regret of all his comrades, and had made himself a Carthusian.

If the candidate is accepted at all, he goes through a month's probation, at the end of which the fathers vote by ballot whether he is to be admitted as a novice. The novitiate lasts at least a year, and again a ballot is taken. The novice then makes his first profession in the chapter-room. Kneeling, he repeats the sixteenth Psalm, and when he comes to the words, "The Lord is the portion of my inheritance," the father-general takes from him the black cope, and puts the large white Carthusian garment, called *cuculle* over him.

Four years later the final solemn profession is made, during high Mass, at the foot of the altar, where the *profès* lays down his written declaration, "signed, not with his name but with a cross, for he is now dead to the world."

Besides the fathers there are two categories of lay brothers: the *frères convers*, who have taken vows, and the *frères donnés*, who are only bound by a civil contract, though they may in course of time, after a trial of eleven years, became *frères convers*. The former are dressed in white, like the fathers; they wear beards, and have their heads shaved. The *donnés* wear brown on week days and white on Sundays. These all do the practical work in and out of the house, and are responsible to the *père procureur*, who has charge of all temporal matters.

Saint Hugh of Lincoln, of whom the Carthusians are justly proud, was once *procureur* of the Grande Chartreuse. In those days, and until the end of the seventeenth century, the *père procureur* lived with the *frères convers* in an establishment called La Correrie, on the road from the Grande Chartreuse to Grenoble by the Sappey — a kind of supplementary Chartreuse, where all the practical work was done, and where the servants of the priors who came to the general chapter received hos-

pitality. It was destroyed by a fire in 1674, and partly rebuilt.

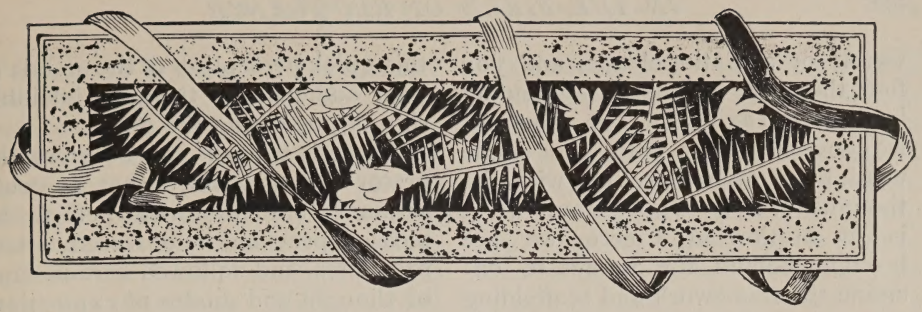
The Carthusians, owing to their own exertions, once had large possessions. They turned part of the desert into arable, and part of it into pasture land, and they kept large flocks and herds. Pope Innocent the Fourth allowed them as many as sixty cows. Their iron foundries were famous throughout Dauphiné on account of the excellent work they produced. They manufactured their own cloth, they had their own printing presses.

During the French Revolution they were, like all the other orders, driven away, their property was confiscated, and though they were allowed to re-enter their monastery at the Restoration, they own the desert no longer, but pay a small rent to the State. It is said they make a large income from their liqueur; and this they put to the best use, for their charity is proverbial throughout the country, though by no means of the mischievous kind — that is indiscriminate.

They have founded schools, churches, hospitals. Wherever there is a disaster in Dauphiné they assist liberally. At Currière, above the Pont St. Bruno, they have a school for the deaf and dumb, and, inconsistent as it may seem, they are teaching the dumb to speak.

It would be impossible, in a short space, to go through all the remarkable names connected with the Grande Chartreuse. St. Bernard was one of its earliest visitors, in the days of the first monastery. Petrarch, whose brother Gerard was a Carthusian, visited him there in 1352, and afterwards wrote that, instead of finding only one brother, as he expected, he had met one in every member of the community. Dom Gerard Petrarca distinguished himself by his piety and devotion during the black death, to which no less than nine hundred Carthusians fell victims. Richelieu's eldest brother, who became cardinal and great almoner of France, once filled the office of assistant sacristan; he remained twenty years in the order, and always regretted his cell. His portrait, which hangs in one of the passages, strikes the visitors by its likeness to the great cardinal. Rousseau and Chateaubriand both visited the Grande Chartreuse. Unfortunately, the Visitors' Book, in which Rousseau wrote "J'ai trouvé ici des plantes rares, et des vertus plus rares encore," has been defaced by the modern tourist with profane remarks, and is now no longer presented, and the guests are asked for their cards instead.

It has sometimes been made a reproach to the Carthusians that, unlike other orders, such as the Benedictine, they have exercised no influence over the intellectual world; but if they have not educated mankind, they have at least educated themselves. They have practised the gospel of silence for eight hundred years, and, according to all ecclesiastical historians, they have always led irreproachable lives. Their order has never required reform. "Cartusia nunquam reformata quia nunquam deformata." In this matter-of-fact century, with its universal craving for material prosperity, its refinement of material comforts and luxury, where the spiritual life too often stagnates, it is refreshing to breathe, if but for a few hours, that rarefied spiritual atmosphere where the ideal alone is real.



IN THE FIELD OF ELOQUENCE.

Rev. Joseph V. O'Connor.

DR. JOHNSON advises the young rhetorician to give his days and nights to the study of Addison. To the student of eloquence, and of sacred eloquence in particular, a similar recommendation holds good of the study of the great French preachers. Whatever judgment we form of French verse, and Byron's criticism of its monotony I think too harsh, there can be only one opinion about the perfection to which the pulpit orators of France have carried its prose. Every page of Bossuet, Bourdaloue and Massillon is a revelation of rhetorical beauty.

There can be no distinctively American literature to be estimated apart from the great models by which all literature is judged. We may have genius, inspiration, and abundance of original ideas; but these all require expression and form. The American mind, in vivacity, is singularly like the French; and what it chiefly needs is the study of form, or literary expression, which the French have in perfection. In the department of oratory, for which the American has an undeniable aptitude, he can learn from the French, rhetorical arrangement, and the exquisite art of setting the jewels of thought in the best light.

I do not wish to be considered as counselling young Americans to study the power of oratory, because Mr. Bryan is said to have won a presidential nomination by a speech. I desire simply to point out what is admittedly the school in which the literary form of the oration, the speech, and the sermon, may be best studied. This school is in the language and in the eloquence of France.

The study of the classics in America, Germany and England, aims chiefly at accurate scholarship, information, or the development of certain habits of the practical understanding. Experience has convinced mankind that the liberal studies which are pursued in colleges and universities, best answer the design of forming the "all-round man," *the totus teres atque rotundus* of Horace. Now, the entire classical curriculum in France has for its supreme, and, in fact, its only object the making of rhetoricians and of orators.

Take up a French edition of a

Greek or a Latin classic, and you find the very foot-notes abounding in rhetorical axioms. The annotator is concerned, not with the single word, or its etymology, but with the thought and its expression. If it is an oration of Cicero, we are brought behind the scenes to examine the framework and scaffolding of oratory. The editor analyzes the orator's thought as surely and carefully as a demonstrator in anatomy explains the structure of the human body. The rhetorical topics of Aristotle, the common places which may be predicated of any subject, are marvels of practical knowledge, observation, and universal experience.

A certain impatience of taking pains, which we dignify with the name of directness of speech, is manifest in a number of our American orations. We must be profoundly convinced that a good speech is a work of art. An oration need not explicitly announce its formal division into exordium, narration, refutation, peroration, etc.; but a speech without them is not worth hearing.

We have made no new discoveries in the art of speaking since the days of the ancients. They studied and recorded the whole process of the communication of thought by the orator to his audience. A cardinal maxim directed him to put himself in his hearer's place. We aim at pleasing ourselves with our speech, and we paddle our own canoe, with a sublime indifference to the pleasure of others. A speaker who does not know when he bores his audience, is hopeless. Be of courage, if you have sufficient sense to know when to stop or to change. This oratorical foresight, this quick perception of the moods of your audience, is the one infallible sign of possessing the gift.

There is truth in the boast of the orator who contended that he could produce any oratorical effect he pleased, provided he observed certain principles, and followed certain laws of thought and modes of expression. The law of causality reigns in oratory as elsewhere. In fact, there is nothing merely external or accidental in true eloquence. The crisis or climax of a speech follows a process as logical as a demonstration in geometry.

It does not suffice for an orator to know what he wants to say; he must know how to say it. This is the art which the French orators will teach. If, for example, a model of legal or of political argumentation is desired, do not be surprised, if we set you a sermon of Bossuet to analyze. This is no disparagement of Webster or Erskine, O'Connell, or Gladstone; for once the method is mastered, it will be seen that all the great orators follow the same law. I select the Frenchman, because of the perfection of his literary form, an excellence, no doubt, due to the superior perspicuity and the grammatical precision of the French language.

The genius of the Eagle of Meaux lay in the exposition and the defence of doctrine, and the first quality which astonishes us is the transparent clearness with which he states a question, divides and distinguishes it, and makes its difficulties plain to the humblest intelligence. Two English authors, who are singularly alike in perspicuity of diction, Cardinal Newman and John Stewart Mill owe their clearness of statement to the study of Bossuet. The historian Gibbon acknowledged his indebtedness to

Pascal. In Bossuet's "Elevations," the very heart of the doctrine, pulsing with divine life, is unveiled. The truth lives, acts, inflames, consoles, terrifies. A lawyer's plea is effective in proportion to its clarity. Even the art of "making the worse appear the better reason," lies in apparent frankness. Mark Antony was never more the orator than when he proclaimed himself "a plain, blunt man."

Bourdaloue is irresistible logic. He lays siege to the citadel of your reason. There is no ambush, no night attack. He advances in open field, with sure and steady step. You are at his mercy from the first. His sermon is a syllogism. Yet he fuses logic with sentiment, and conceals the iron chain of reasoning with flowers. He who can set reason on fire is an orator.

Massillon is the interpreter of the heart; the master of the religious sensibilities. He understands and applies the laws to which emotion responds as certainly as assent yields to the dictates of reason. He excels in the use of the indirect appeal to feeling and to imagination.

This triumvirate of orators cannot be paralleled. They furnish copious examples and illustrations of oratory in its highest form. The best of text-books would be a collection of extracts from them illustrative of the qualities of eloquence, such as beauty, sublimity, harmony, and pathos. The compiler might show on oratorical grounds, why a particular division was chosen; why such an order of arguments was preferred; why such a figure or trope was employed. We should clear our mind of the absurd notion that eloquence is the vaporing of a hot head, a burst of unregulated passion.

The oratorical form, as presented in the masterpieces of eloquence, is seen to be made up of unity in design, perspicuity in expression, and sequence and coherence of ideas. A true orator is content with enforcing one point, vindicating one truth. Macready, the actor, said that if he roused his audience only once in a five-act tragedy, he accounted his acting a success. An inferior player strains at making points in every scene. He emphasizes every line; not so the finished artist.

The French appear to have naturally a lightness of touch, which gives the last charm to a literary production. Goldsmith said even of so great an artist as Edmund Burke, that he "cut blocks with a razor." A speaker may be a lifetime on the rostrum, before he learns how to handle an audience; and neither they nor he can tell exactly what is wanting. It is this lightness of touch, the "not too much" that he fails in. It is the want of this that makes certain authors dry and uninteresting, be they political economists or novelists. The secret is in change; but the art is to vary without change, that is, to keep the unity of the subject, and never to lose sight of the main object, nor let the audience lose sight of it, however different the form or violent the transition.

There is one advantage to be derived from the scientific study of oratory. It is the knowledge of how a speech should be made, even if the student is never called upon to make one. It is questionable whether any American youth may wholly excuse himself from a study, which seems to be a duty in a land of free speech and free men. As an accomplishment, clear and persuasive speech is desirable even in

social intercourse; and when we reflect upon the marvelous effects produced by even one great oration, in momentous crises of human history, the study of eloquence, with its methods and forms, is certainly deserving of attention.

I do not wish to be understood as claiming all eloquence for France. Such a claim would be absurd. What this essay purposes is to point out the language and the literature which insist most strenuously upon propriety of diction and expression. We pet our American writers and speakers too much, and so spoil them. In France, no writer or public speaker looks for anything but severe and judicious criticism. His book or his speech is put on the rack. If there is any worth in him, he improves; if none, he is silenced, or what is worse, laughed at.

It is this criticism, which in France is a fine art, that keeps the language in good form, and, as language is the weapon of the orator, I have chosen for his model the orators of a nation which gives it most attention. Cardinal Newman says that Cicero is the greatest master of style in literature; but he is not within reach of most of us. It is the indefinable quality of style which is lacking in a great many American writers and speakers. There is no use seeking for it in the oratory of Englishmen, which is too heavy for us. The American student will find it in the pages of the sacred orators of France.

AUTUMN.

J. FITZGERALD.

THE sweet and sobbing sound
Of Autumn's plaintive moaning
Brings no peace;
My heart but feels a wound,
And pines to hear its groaning
Never cease.

My tearful face is white,
My heart's dull tide is flowing
Slow and cold.
As memory brings the sight
Of happy, swiftly-going
Days of old.

Borne by an evil blast —
Now forcing down, now lifting,
Year by year
My life has idly passed.
A leaf, I now am drifting
Dead and sere.

— *From the French of Paul Verlaine.*

St. John the Baptist before Herod.

BEGGAR GIRL ON THE PONT DES ARTS.

N. Sichel.

THE PLACE WHERE MARY STUART DIED.

MAX BENNETT THRASHER.

IN the summer of 1894 I was visiting for several weeks some English friends who live in Northamptonshire close by Fotheringhay, where Mary Stuart met her tragic death, and I took a special interest in studying the place and connecting with it such accounts of her life there as I could obtain.

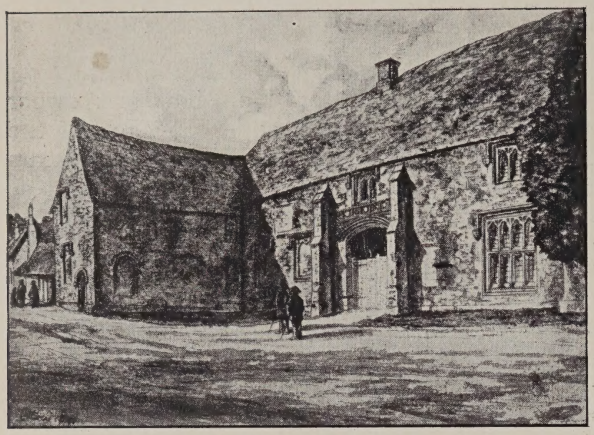
Fotheringhay to-day means simply a tiny village clustered beside one of the most unique and interesting churches I found in all England. So far as the castle itself, where Mary was confined and executed is concerned, it is more than a ruin; it is simply the place where a ruin was, and of which only one stone remains to-day.

There is a romantic legend which would have us believe that this total obliteration is the result of the wrath of James, Mary's son, who, when he became King of England is said to have cursed the castle in which his mother was executed, and caused it to be razed to the ground. As a matter of fact, history does not bear out this tradition, and the real reason for the destruction of the castle seems to be that in the troublous times following the reign of Elizabeth, Fotheringhay changed owners so many times that the building was neglected until it finally became so out of repair that it was not thought worth restoration. The last owner dismantled it and sold such of the material as he could, but for years after that the ruined walls served as a quarry where the inhabitants of the surrounding country could get ready-hewn stone, and to-day many a house in the adjoining towns is constructed wholly or in part of the materials which once formed the walls or the appurtenances of Fotheringhay Castle.

One of these houses is the Talbot, the village inn at Oundle, the town where I was staying. This is a quaint old house, the stone walls of which look so gray and old to an American eye that we would almost count it a ruin also, in spite of the fact that it is the leading hotel of the town. Inside the Talbot there is a superb old oak staircase, black with age, broad and massive, which winds by a series of stately landings through the two stories of the house. It is

REMAINS OF FOTHERINGHAY CASTLE.
From an old print.

claimed, and there seems to be good reason to believe the assertion true,



TYPICAL MODERN ARCHITECTURE AT FOTHERINGHAY. THE NEW INN.

that this staircase came from Fotheringhay, which was torn down when the Talbot was building, and that it was the identical staircase down which the Scottish Queen went to her death.

I used to go up to the top of these stairs, and after taking a long look down, and out through the queer old windows with tiny panes of glass set in lead, I would close my eyes and imagine that I could hear the soft sweep of Queen Mary's long black robe as the pitiful little procession went down the steps.

Fotheringhay Castle was built by old Simon de St. Liz who had married a great niece of William the Conqueror. From the very first the castle was identified with royalty, and also from the very first it seemed to bring crime and sorrow with its possession.

Among its saddest owners was Mary of Valence, Countess of Pembroke, whose husband fell in a tournament upon their bridal day, and who passed the long days of her virgin-widowhood at Fotheringhay, devoting herself to the services of religion, and her fortune to the founding of Pembroke Hall at the University of Cambridge, in memory of her husband of a few hours.

The Dukes of York possessed Fotheringhay for a considerable time, and another long, sad widowhood passed there was that of Cecily, Duchess of York, who survived her husband for thirty-six years, living to see her two little grandsons murdered by her son, Richard III, who, by the way, was born at Fotheringhay. Here, too, came in later years, in grief which dignity renders tragic, Katherine of Aragon. With such a history behind it, the Queen of Scotland may well have cried, when she learned that Fotheringhay was to be her destination;—"Abandon hope, all ye who enter here."

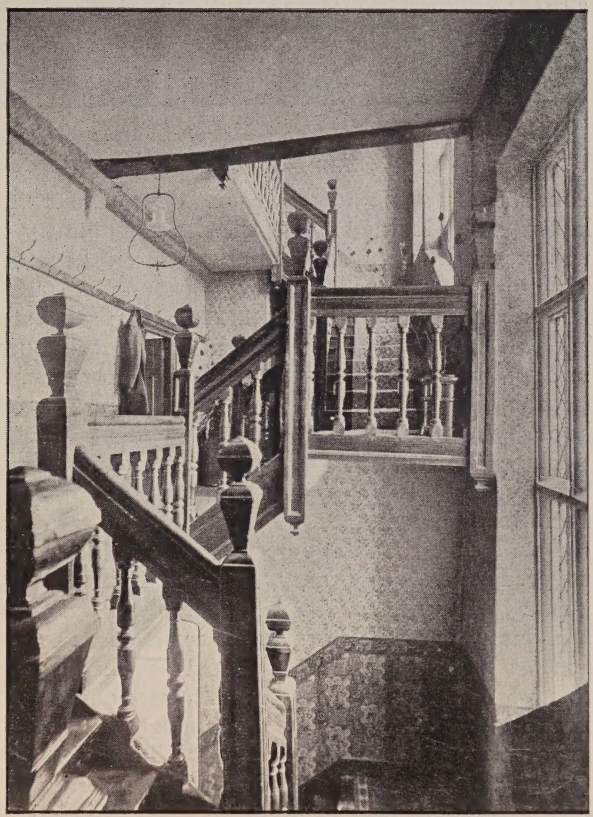
It is a remarkable fact that not only has the castle itself entirely disappeared, but the most careful search all over Great Britain by the most painstaking historians, has failed to discover any drawing, print, or likeness whatever of the building. Tradition alone can be depended upon for a description of it.

The castle stood on a mound of considerable size which rose almost directly from the bank of the river Nene. Some portions of the building extended down the side of the hill to where the inner yard lay just above the level of the river. A stout wall encompassed the castle, as did also an outer and an inner moat, both connecting with the

river. The Nene here is a narrow, sluggish stream, but so deep as to constitute a formidable defence on that side.

Of all this, to-day only the mound remains, and one huge rock down by the river bank which has evidently been too large for anyone to try to remove it. A thrifty farmhouse, with outbuildings, stands near the base of the mound, and into the walls of one of the barns has been built a portion of the old wall. Here and there the outlines of the old moats can be traced, and where the depressions are lowest, so that the water lingers in them, masses of forget-me-nots show blue and cheerful. The mound itself is of light sand, covered sparsely with grass and a few hawthorn bushes. The only residents now are the rabbits who live there in great numbers and honeycomb the hill with their burrows. Occasionally their energetic heels kick out a bit of human bone, or some other object of interest, but in the main the place has been too thoroughly dug over by relic hunters to leave anything of this kind. I used to steal quietly up one side of the mound and watch the rabbits, big and little, feeding, until some chance movement on my part gave the alarm, when, presto! there would be a hundred dashes of soft brown and white fur in the air, and then,—nothing.

The road which leads from Oundle to Fotheringhay crosses the Nene just above the site of the castle over one of those old, gray stone bridges whose many small arches look so odd to an American. When Mary was brought to Fotheringhay a prisoner, the cavalcade escorting her proceeded by this road. Just before the bridge was reached a horn was heard to sound at a considerable distance, and Mary, who up to that time had felt sure that she would be set free, made the procession halt because she felt sure this was a signal from some messenger sent by Elizabeth with the long-hoped-for par-



STAIRCASE FROM FOTHERINGHAY CASTLE DOWN WHICH MARY STUART WENT TO EXECUTION. P. 403.

THE CHURCH AND PERIO BRIDGE AT FOTHERINGHAY.

don. After some considerable delay it was learned that the horn was merely that of some hunter in a neighboring forest, and the march was taken up again, Mary exclaiming in Latin as they crossed the bridge, "*Perio*" — I perish. Then for the first time she gave up all hope.

Since then the bridge has always been called, as it is to-day, the Perio bridge.

I said that the castle mound was covered with grass and hawthorn bushes. I forgot the thistles. There are quantities of Scotch thistles, a species not found at all plentiful in this part of the country; and there is a pretty tradition that they have grown from the seeds of plants which Queen Mary cultivated during the dreary months she spent there. It is said that she was so attached to this rugged plant, typical of the country of which it is the emblem, that wherever she was imprisoned she cultivated it. It is at least a pretty story to think of, and I gathered quantities of thistle leaves and forget-me-nots to press and bring away with me as a memento of the place. A friend went even further than that, and dug up a lusty thistle bodily to transplant it to his garden, where it afterwards grew and thrived.

Mary was brought to Fotheringhay in September, 1586. She was beheaded in February of the next year. For six months after that her body lay in a leaden coffin in an upper chamber of the castle. At the end of that time Elizabeth ordered it to be buried with proper state in Peterborough Cathedral, about fourteen miles distant. This is one of the grandest of the cathedrals of Eng-

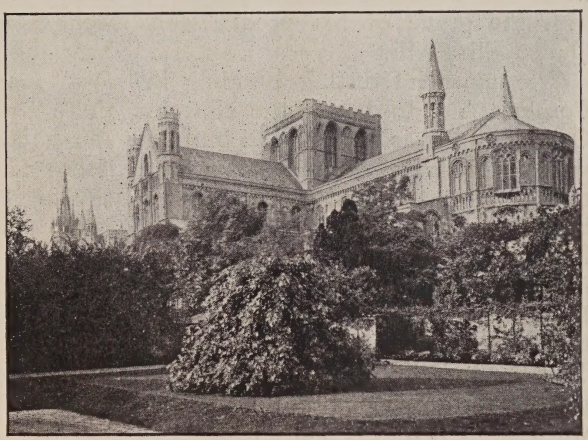
land, and the one in which Queen Catherine of Aragon had already found a grave.

The funeral procession consisted of the Garter King at Arms, five heralds, and forty horsemen, escorting a funeral car draped in black velvet and drawn by four caparisoned horses. The procession was to march by torchlight, and the start was made at ten o'clock at night, these hired mourners being followed by the few sorrowing attendants who had served the dead queen because they loved her. What a weird sight for those who looked out through their cottage windows to see it pass!

In Peterborough Queen Mary was buried on the right of and just outside the chancel. Queen Katherine lies just opposite. Neither has ever had a monument there. An inscription carved on a tablet calls the attention of the tourist to the spot where the body of the Scottish Queen lay, while on the other side a stone slab set in the floor is the only sign to show where Katherine's body has remained. A small brass tablet set into the slab, bearing the one word "Katherine," now almost obliterated by the generations of feet that have passed over it, is her only memorial. It is said that when Henry VIII was once asked why he left so good and virtuous a Queen to lie here without a monument, he replied "I leave her the grandest monument woman ever had," meaning that in the crusade which he was waging against the great Catholic churches he had spared Peterborough Cathedral, because she was buried in it. The tomb in which Katherine's body lay was opened some five years ago. The wooden coffin had entirely crumbled, and it was found that the body had been sealed up in a covering of flexible lead, drawn about it as a sheet, and then soldered. Through this the outline of the skeleton could still be distinguished.

There now hangs upon a pillar of the huge building near the site of each tomb a large placard, asking contributions from visitors to the funds for erecting a monument to each of the Queens. It was interesting to see how generously American visitors were represented on these lists, although it must be confessed that it looked as if it would still be a considerable time before the projectors of the scheme would be justified in beginning the work.

The body of Queen Mary remained in Peterborough for some years. When her son had mounted the throne of England, he caused it to be removed with much pomp to Westminster Abbey and reinterred



CATHEDRAL AT PETERBOROUGH.
From the Dean's Garden.

TRANSEPT OF THE CATHEDRAL IN PETERBOROUGH, WHERE MARY WAS TEMPORARILY ENTOMBED.

there. It was only human that the monument which he built over it there should far surpass in beauty and grandeur the one which he had previously erected, in accordance with the demands of his position, over the grave of his predecessor, Queen Elizabeth.

The most interesting building in Fotheringhay to-day is the church. Originally it was designed to build a grand collegiate church here, but this plan was abandoned, and the building was so neglected that when Elizabeth came here in 1573 she found the structure and the tombs of her ancestors in such a state of ruin that she commanded a restoration. This left the church practically in its present form except that time has so worn upon it that it sadly needs repairing.

Unfortunately Fotheringhay is a poor parish, and little seems likely to be done except such labor of love as the caretaker herself can do. She showed me with much pride a beautiful altar scarf of great size, which she had herself painstakingly embroidered to cover the bare old altar; but the richly colored silks only made the bare walls, the uneven floor, and the rain-stained ceiling look more pathetic. The monuments which Elizabeth had erected to the Dukes of York here, one of whom was smothered in his armor at Agincourt, are about as ugly specimens of such work as can be imagined, but the old church itself, showing even yet its superb original design, and adorned with beautiful carvings softened by the hand of time, is like the creation of a dream.

The caretaker is a character. She lives in a little stone house where the rooms are festooned with flitches of bacon hung up to cure. When I went to seek her, she came to unlock the church with a key quite a foot long. The first time I went there I gave her a shilling because she had answered my questions so delightfully. She dropped me a curtsey of thanks which was so truly remarkable that always after that I gave her a similar coin to see the process repeated and try and learn how in the world she did it. I have seen the curtseys of the fashionable young women of to-day, and those of many accomplished actresses on the stage, but never did I see anything so perfect in its way as this. It was simply the product of long years of practice of the trained English servant.

When she learned that I came from America, she was full of interest. She had had a brother who had gone twenty years before with a com-

pany of English soldiers to Canada. Becoming tired of military life he had deserted his company and got into the States to live. She had never heard a word from him since, but she told me his name, confidently expecting that I would know him. She was greatly disappointed when I was obliged to confess that I had not.

STANZAS.

SIDNEY LANIER.

O LOVE, O wife, thine eyes are they, —
My springs from out whose shining gray
Issue the sweet celestial streams
That feed my life's bright Lake of Dreams.

Oval and large and passion-pure
And gray and large and honor-sure;
Soft as a dying violet-breath
Yet calmly unafraid of death;

Thronged, like two dove-cotes of gray doves,
With wife's and mother's and poor folk's loves,
And home-loves and high glory-loves
And science-loves and story-loves,

And loves for all that God and man
In art and nature make or plan,
And lady-loves for spidery lace
And broideries and supple grace

And diamonds and the whole sweet round
Of littles that large life compound,
And loves for God and God's bare truth,
And loves for Magdalen and Ruth,

Dear eyes, dear eyes, and rare complete —
Being heavenly-sweet and earthly-sweet, —
I marvel that God made you mine,
For when he frowns, 'tis then ye shine!

AN EGG STEALER.

IT wanted less than an hour to high tide when Miss Marty heard her brother's boat grate on the narrow beach below the garden, and set the knives and glasses straight while she listened for the rattle of the garden gate.

A stunted line of hazel ran along the foot of the garden and prevented all view of the landing-place from the kitchen window. But above the hazels one could look across to the fruit-growing village, and catch a glimpse, at high tide, of the intervening river, or, towards low water, of the mud-banks shining in the sun.

It was Miss Marty's custom to look much on this landscape from this window; had, in fact, been her custom for close upon forty years. And this evening, when the latch clicked at length, and her brother in his market suit came slouching up the path that broke the parallels of garden stuff, her gaze rested all the while upon the line of gray water above and beyond his respectable hat.

Nor, when he entered the kitchen and hitched this hat upon the peg against the wall — where its brim accurately fitted a sort of dull halo in the whitewash — did he appear to want any welcome from her. He was a long-jawed man of sixty-five, she a long-jawed woman of sixty-one; and they understood each other, having kept this small and desolate farm together for twenty years — that is, since their father's death.

There was a cold pasty ready on the table, and the jug of cider that Job Lear regularly emptied at supper. These suggested no questions, and the pair sat down to eat in silence.

It was only while holding his plate for a second helping of the pasty that Job spoke with a full mouth.

"Who d'ye reckon I ran against to-day down in Troy?"

Miss Marty cut the slice without troubling to say that she had not an idea.

"Why, that fellow, Amos Trudgeon," he went on.

"Yes?"

"'Pears to me you disremember him — son of old Jane Trudgeon that used to live 'cross the water; him that stole our eggs, long back, when father was livin'."

"I remember."

"I thought you must. Why, now I come to mind, if you wasn' the first to wake us up, an' say you heard a man cryin' out, down 'pon the mud."

"Yes, I was."

"An' saved his life, though you got him two months in jail by it. Up to arm-pits he was, an' not two minutes to live, when we hauled him out an', wonderin' what he could be doin' there, found he'd been stealin' our eggs. He inquired after you to-day."

"Did he?"

"Yes, 'How's Miss Marty,' says he. 'Agein' rapidly,' says I. The nerve that some folks have! Comes up to me cool as a cucumber, and holds out his hand. He's a-grown into a sort of commercial,—stomach like a bay-window, with a watch-

guard looped across. I'd a mind to say 'Eggs' to him, it so annoyed me; but I hadn' the heart. 'Tis an old tale after all, that feat o' his."

"Two an' forty years, come seventeenth o' July next. Did he say any more?"

"Said the barometer was risin', but too fast to put faith in."

"I mean — did he ask any more about me?"

"Yes,— wanted to know if you was married."

"Oh, my dear God!"

Job laid down knife and fork with the edges resting on his plate, and with a lump of pasty in one cheek, looked at his sister. Before he could speak, she broke out again —

"He was my lover."

"Mar—ty —"

"I swear to you, Job — here across this table — he was my lover; an' I ruined him. He was the only man 'cept you and father, that ever kissed me; an' I betrayed him. An' what's more, he made me."

"Mar ——"

"Don't hinder me, Job — it's truth I'm tellin' 'ee. His people were a low lot, an' father'd have hided me if he'd known. But we used to meet in the orchard, 'most every night. Amos'd row across in his boat, an' back agen. For the Lord's sake, brother, don't look so. I'm past sixty, an' no harm done; an' now evil an' good's the same to me."

"Go on."

"Well, the last night he came over, 'twas low tide. I was waitin' for him in the orchard; an' he would have me tell father and you, and I wouldn't. I reckon we quarrelled over it so long, his boat got left high in the mud. Anyway, he left me in wrath an' I stood there by the gate in the dark, longin' for him to come back an' make friends afore he went. But the time went on an' I didn' hear his footstep — no, nor his oars pullin' away — though listenin' with all my ears.

"An' then I heard a terrible sound —a low sort of breathin' but fierce, an' something worse, a suck-suckin' of the mud below; an' ran down. There he was, above his knees in it, half-way between firm ground and his boat. For all his fightin' he heard me, and whispers out o' the dark,—

"'Little girl, it's got me. Hush! don't shout or they'll catch you.'

"'Can't you get out?' I whispered back.

"'No, I'm afraid.'

"'I'll run an' call father an' Job.'

"'Hush! Be you mad? Do you want to let 'em know?'

"'But it'll kill you, dear, won't it?'

"Likely it will," said he. Then after a while of battlin' with it, he whispers agen, 'Little girl, I don't wan't to die. Death is a cold end. But I reckon we can manage to save me an' your name as well. Run up to the hen-house an' bring me as many eggs as you can find — and don't ax questions. Be quick; I can keep up for a while.'

"I didn't know what he meant, but ran up for my life. I could tell pretty well how to find a dozen or more in the dark, by gropin' about; an' in three minutes had gathered 'em in the lap o' my dress, and run down agen. I could just spy him — a dark blot out on the mud.

"'How many?' he asked; an' his voice came hoarse as a rook's.

"'About a dozen.'

"'Toss 'em here. Don't come too near; an' shy careful, so's I can catch. Quick!'

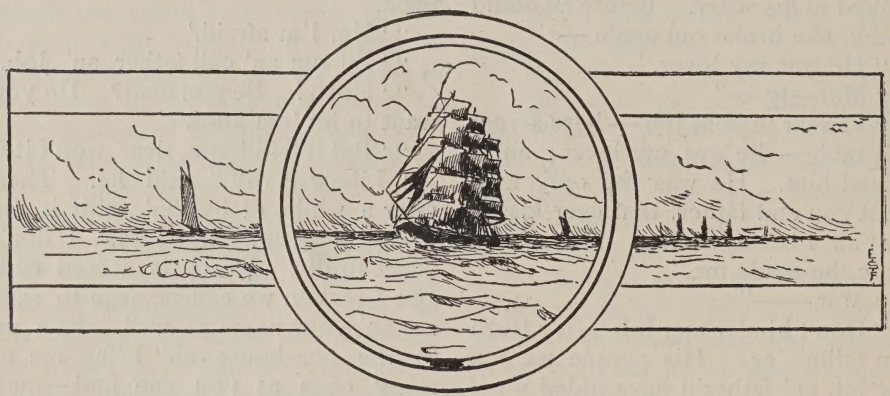
"I stepped down pretty near to

the brim o' the mud an' tossed 'em out to him. Three fell short in my hurry, but the rest he got hold of, somehow.

"'That's right. They'll think egg-stealin' nateral to a low family like our'n. Now back to your room—undress — an' cry out, sayin' there's a man shoutin' for help down 'pon the mud. When you wave your candle twice i' the window I'll shout like a Trojan.'

"An' I did it Job; for the cruelty in a fearful woman passes knowledge. An' you rescued him, an' he went to jail. For he said 'twas the only way. An' his mother took it as quite reas-'nable that her husband's son should take to the bad—'twas the way of all the Trudgeons. Father to son, they was of no account. Egg-stealin' was just the sort o' little wickedness that ought to come nateral to 'em.

"You needn't look at me like that. I'm past sixty, an' I've done my share of repentin.' He didn't say if he was married, did he?" Q.



SHIPS THAT PASS IN THE NIGHT.

HENRY COYLE.

I.

Ships that pass in the night! No word,
No sound from either can be heard;
They speak each other with a light
As signal — then pass out of sight.

II.

Ships that pass in the night! A sigh,
A smile, a glance from stranger's eye;
A signal mute from heart to heart,
And then we drift for aye apart!

EDITOR'S REVIEW.

It would be well for those Catholic scientists and sciolists of the day, who are fond of toying with the shaky hypothesis of evolution and other radical theories in science and philosophy, to regard with fixed attention the attitude and utterances of such a man as Sir William Dawson, one of the world's greatest authorities on subjects of geological and anthropological study. The researches of an unusually long lifetime, enhanced by scientific genius and deductive powers as deep and solid as they are surpassingly brilliant, have not led this eminent teacher and scholar into any variance with the cosmogony recorded in the Bible and upheld in the Church. Indeed there is no great scientist of the day firmer in adhesion to the inspiration of the Sacred Scriptures, or more submissive to the facts and events revealed in their hallowed pages. In view of the published results of his life's investigation there is little need for Catholic writers to employ time in sustaining the waning force of the evolutionary theory, or in attempting to reconcile the teachings of the Darwinian or other radical schools with full faith in the truth of the biblical records.

Sir William Dawson is not a Catholic. His attainments in the science of the earth's origin and development, and in all that pertains to the first appearance of man upon this planet are famous in both continents. His sincere devotion to scientific truth, is attested by his lifelong absorption in the special studies which are supposed to conflict wholly or in part with the maintenance of religious faith.

Not only does he not find any discrepancy between science and Genesis, but he strenuously defends the latter as being in marvellous correspondence with all that science has worked out for itself in its independent inquiries. Concerning the origin of man he avows his ignorance of anything except what the Bible tells him — man's absolute creation by God,— and his view of miracles is clearly on the side of their actuality, their manifestation to his mind being simply the power of God carrying out His higher designs in ways beyond human comprehension, though perfectly in accord with His own infinite capacity.

To his keen discernment there is the closest connection between the Old and New Testaments. He regards the latter as the complement of the former, views both as the inspired word of the Creator, and finds no logic in the rejection of the one, and the acceptance of the other. The two in his estimation stand or fall together.

It is both consoling and strengthening to men distracted by the hollow boastings of superficial science against religion to find such defenders of the faith in the ranks of the world's greatest students and investigators. Sir William Dawson lends the additional weight of his observation to what has often been remarked before, that most of the greatest scientists are to be found in support of man's religious faith. Their researches have but led them to the perception and acknowledgment of the great and abiding fact that true science, with all its power and all its magnificent accomplishment in the past and present, can never attain to a prouder place in human affairs than that of the faithful ally of religion.

* * *

The agitation in favor of the return of the Jesuits to Germany, and the Government's seeming willingness to at least consider the matter, has again stirred the venom in Graf Hoensbroech, one of the most virulent anti-Jesuits in all Europe. His railings against the Order, which have been causing a mild sensation through the columns of the European press, are in fulfilment of the prayer and prophecy of Saint Ignatius that his sons should carry on their work in the world amid suffering and persecution, and the tone of these latest invectives is the same that the changes have been rung on since the days of Pascal. Graf Hoensbroech contends against the proposed clemency on what he advances as political grounds, attacking the German Fathers on their alleged disaffection from the love of the fatherland. The Order's apostolic aim to be

all things to all men for God's sake is speciously twisted by this Jesuit-hater into something like a traitorous repudiation of the natural love of home and country, and to this charge the evident sense of the Society's rules in relation to parents, relatives, and native land, is perverted so as to serve in argument and corroboration.

The Centrist party is not in the least disturbed by the hollow rage of Hoensbroech and his followers. Under the leadership of Herr Lieber, successor to the great Windthorst, the movement in favor of the exiled and proscribed members of the Order is incessantly kept up, and it is but a question of time when success will crown their cause. Many of the more liberal opponents of the repeal cannot but penetrate the personal animosity of Hoensbroech, who was once a member of the Society of Jesus, and is animated by the feelings common to all renegades. That his diatribes are not sufficient to stem the growing tide in favor of the expatriated Order is shown by a suggestion in one of the official organs of the German capital, to the effect that the German Jesuits be allowed to settle in the disaffected districts where Polish agitation is strongest.

* * *

UNTIL the release of the Irish prisoners it was believed that political captives, of the present day at least, fared worse in Russia and Cuba than under any other government among civilized peoples. The spectacle recently witnessed in the cases of the men freed from Portland prison, disabuses the popular mind of such an erroneous impression. The knout and the machete are indeed more horrible instruments of punishment than those known to English jailers, but there is at least one thing in their favor; their effect is quicker, and their hapless victims find a speedy liberation in death. The prison laws of England afford no such boon to the political unfortunates caught in their deadly clutch. The Christian code is apparently administered in their behalf with a view to inflict upon them a living death. Murderers and thieves may find some consideration, but the political offender, duly sentenced and committed, may well shudder at his fate.

The story of Whitehead and the arrival of Doctor Gallagher in New York, maimed in body and shattered in mind after a dozen years of English prison life, have sent a wave of horror and pity throughout the land and made one forget for a time the reports of Spanish cruelty to condemned filibusters in Cuba's struggle.

It were some mitigation of the case to learn that these prisoners received their freedom through some natural impulse of human clemency on the part of the government. But even this is wanting, as was signified by the report of the Home Secretary in the House of Commons, expressly stating that only the medical reports of the men's alarming condition prompted their deliverance. What the weight of American diplomacy and the petitions of friends could not effect; what the years of prison indignities and privation already endured could not gain, was granted only when death seemed inevitable, and when madness had supervened to make even freedom a mockery.

The spectacle of these crushed and ruined men, flung out upon the world when the prison had wreaked its worst upon them, is sufficient to raise the gorge of every Christian man. Even supposing them guilty of the offences they were charged with at a time when mere suspicion could secure conviction, civilized humanity must protest against a penal system which in a few years changes strong, able men, into pitiable human wrecks, devoid of the power of reason.

Weyler's summary barbarism and Russia's statutory atrocities must share the world's execration with the treatment meted to political prisoners in England's jails.

* * *

THE butchery of Father Berthieu, a French missionary, by the brutal Fahavalos in Madagascar reads like an episode from the horrible records of Iroquois cruelty against the early Jesuits in America. The savages who martyred this heroic priest, after the saintly labors of twenty years for the spiritual welfare of the natives, are among the most barbarous in South Africa, their ferocity being exercised without measure not alone against their native foes but also against all Europeans who may fall defenceless into their hands. During the recent hostilities in the island they surprised and captured Father Berthieu while conducting his Christian followers to a place of safety, and all their instincts of slaughter were given full vent upon the devoted missionary. Though disabled by a fall from his horse and spent from want of food, he was dragged to a spot

several days' march from Tananarivo, tied to a tree and left to suffer and famish for twenty-four hours. Then the Fahavalos fell upon him, tore the clothes from his body, and without actually killing him, stabbed and hacked him with knives and assagais in the most frightful manner. They next compelled a servant who had accompanied him to strike at him with a lance, and this man, through pity for his master, put an end to his agony by giving a stroke which at once proved mortal.

In light of the proceedings for the beatification of Father Jogues, the great martyr of the Mohawks, the fate of Father Berthieu gives new proof to the experience of centuries, that the blood of the martyrs is still the seed of the Church. This good priest earned a glorious crown, and his noble life's sacrifice brings again into clear relief the consoling fact that the days of heroes, saints. and martyrs have not vanished from the earth.

* * *

THE Irish race convention has been held and, on the surface, it seems to have been a failure. Such is the view of it regretfully taken at home and abroad by many friends of Ireland, who built high hopes for the cause of Home Rule on the results of the conference. From one point of view it must be admitted the Dublin meeting was not a great success; but, on the other hand, it was perhaps expecting too much to opine that the dissenting and disgruntled wings of the Nationalist party would heed the invitation extended to them. The opposition to majority rule on the part of the disturbers has reached the stage of induration. It amounts to something akin to fanaticism. Hence the disappointment to Ireland's friends and cause from their unwillingness to come into the spirit and intent of the gathering could have been foreseen, and it should now be discounted in view of what was really a conspicuous gain for Ireland in the Dublin assemblage. The advantage may not show itself in immediate consequences, but the voice of representatives of the race from all over the world in favor of harmony and the dominance of the majority principle in the councils of the nation, has not been raised in vain, and is bound to have an ultimately beneficent effect in later phases of the Home Rule agitation. Mr. Dillon's speech was that of a true patriot and a real leader of a patriotic cause. The ringing words of other delegates accentuated his utterances and imparted to the subsequent resolutions of the convention a force and influence which should insure them an abiding place in the political gospel of Ireland for all the future.

If the convention had been called *only* for the conciliatory purpose of reuniting the party factions, it certainly lacked in achieving much visible result; but in its really essential character as the mouthpiece of the world-diffused representatives of the Irish race pronouncing on the necessity of party harmony and the subservience of individual ambitions to the success of Ireland's cause, it was an unmistakable success. Through it factional animosities in Ireland and in Ireland's name have been rebuked by the greater Ireland throughout the world, and the criminal harm wrought by a continuance of personal and party strife have been set forth in all their naked significance. In the light of the convention work a new duty is incumbent on every member of the Nationalist party, and Irish patriotism demands a new sacrifice of those who profess it, the sacrifice of self.

From this point of view we think the gathering fully justified itself and Ireland may yet have cause to bless its good effects.

* * *

WHAT a pity Li Hung Chang deferred his world-tour so long. If it is really undertaken with a view of imbibing the Occidental ideas that have left his country so far behind other nations in progress and civilization, how much better for him to have made the study twenty-five years ago, when his untarnished prestige, and the prospect of many more years of life would have enabled him to exercise the knowledge acquired to the greater and more enduring advantage of his isolated empire. He comes now in the seventy-sixth year of his age, much fallen in repute, and after his country under him has sustained its greatest humiliation at the hands of a much smaller people. It cannot be doubted that the Viceroy has lost much valuable time, and that the Celestial Empire has greatly suffered in consequence of its self-seclusion from the influences at work in the Western world. It has taken the startling and unexpected experience with Japan to rouse the Empire's official power from its torpid exclu-

siveness, and it is to be hoped that the awakening has been in the right direction. China needs the elevating impulse of Christianity more than the material wonders displayed by Western nations to her chief statesman. It were a happy result of the visit of the Chinese Emperor's highest representative to the foremost Christian nations, and, the of mutual cordiality thus established, if he brings home with him not only broader ideas for the material progress of his people, but a greater and kindlier toleration for the spread of the spiritual blessings of Christianity among them.

* * *

In the midst of the perplexities of Americans on the money question, someone in England propounds the diverting query: "Are British manners degenerating?" An opinion was ventured that the inquiry had its origin in the developments of Rudyard Kipling's travels abroad, but the truth of this cannot be determined except by the interrogator himself, and on this he has not yet spoken.

To the outside observer the particular period of history or the precise point of conduct, from which it is desired to mark a deterioration in the bearing of the true Briton towards his fellow man, is not exactly clear, nor does the inquirer define this premise for the better study of the main question. There would be some satisfaction in considering the matter if we knew for certain what the questioner proposed as his starting point. Are we to begin with the standard of conduct of the suave and considerate George III, the criterion of the kindly and tender Cromwell, the winning methods of "sweet queen Bess," or the social canons of her most gracious sire Henry VIII, whom Shakspere but maligns with the sobriquet of "bluff King Hal." Or must we go back farther still, to the gentle days and golden rules of Hengist and Horsa themselves? Until these points are definitely established, the inquiry will be involved in a maze of doubt and difficulty. Even with their full elucidation the answer will be hard to give considering the national reputation from time immemorial.

Meanwhile it was one of the greatest and best of Englishmen, John Henry Newman, who defined the true gentleman as one who never gives pain. The Cardinal was of course not writing of his own countrymen's characteristics as a class, nor did he lay down his axiom as in all respects and at all times true. Even the man of whom the term gentleman can be predicated as its ideal exponent, must sometime offend, if he be always true to his entire duty to his fellows. Newman himself knew when to lay aside the letter of his definition in his dealings with other men. But in the evidently restricted sense intended by him, there is no better criterion of manners than this, nor one fitter for adoption as a rule of life. Viewed in connection with the present inquiry, and in the light of British dealing the world over, the conclusion is unfortunately forced that the Cardinal's saying can have as yet but limited circulation in the land of its pronouncement.

* * *

In common with other publishers of Catholic periodicals we are compelled to remind our patrons that the most effective method of enabling our publications to do full justice to themselves and to their subscribers' desires is to keep the subscription list clear of debt. This is a matter wholly in the power of subscribers. If all the latter were prompt in discharging their obligations in this one particular, the critical and pessimistic tone of so many in regard to the Catholic press, would soon give way to words of approval and encouragement. Why? Because our periodicals would thus have the means to secure the best afforded in the literary market, and most of them have the ambition and intention to offer their readers nothing less. While patrons are delinquent, publications will be crippled and ineffective. It is useless to complain of your Catholic weekly or monthly, if the date on the wrapper shows you to be in arrears. Catholic publications are doing a magnificent work for American citizenship, for the Church, and for God, but they cannot and do not expect to be sustained by a government subsidy, or a diocesan collection, nor yet by manna from heaven. Their sole hope and legitimate right of maintenance are in the timely remittances of their debtors, their subscribers and advertisers. There are thousands of patrons who make the *prompt* payment of their annual subscription almost a matter of conscience, and to these the Catholic press acknowledges heartily its deep gratitude and earnest consideration. Every subscriber should be on this roll of honor, and none should take the invitation to be inscribed on it amiss. The list is far from complete.

WOMEN'S DEPARTMENT.

Hospitality.

Magazines which deal with social matters have columns devoted to questions and answers concerning the etiquette of dinner parties, receptions, etc., but they have little to say of the welcome to be given to guests, of the care to be taken that strangers and shy visitors may feel at ease, of that soul of hospitality which alone can give life to society. Unless the perfection of detail adds to the ease and comfort of the guests, it fulfils no purpose except to gratify the vanity of host and hostess. We follow the English fashion in giving dinner parties, both as to the long series of courses, and the tendency to talk only with the neighbors at our right and left hand. In the best days of French society, the dinner was not long or heavy; and the talk was general. A company talking in dialogues is a sight to be seen only in America and England. General conversation brings out the gifts of good talkers to great advantage but it needs the guiding spirit of the host and hostess to suggest topics and avert disputes.

The fashion which now prevails in serving a dinner is to have the table arranged tastefully with flowers, fruit and small dishes of delicate sweets or savories. The meats are carved at a side table and handed round that the guests may help themselves. But in some houses where all is in good taste, the dishes are placed on the table at each course and carved by the host if he have the necessary skill so rare now-a-days. It is a matter of choice like many other questions discussed with momentous precision in columns of etiquette.

The dinner should be so well cooked and served as to make everyone comfortable and inclined to cheerful conversation; the details may vary with the taste and fortune of the host. It is a rule of universal application that the entertainment should not go beyond the resources of the entertainer. If the hosts and attendants feel uneasy, the guests share their embarrassment.

One need not flatter oneself that a feast of reason will take the place of a good dinner, but when by accident material viands disappoint the hostess, she should remember that an anecdote aptly told has made guests forget the omission of some customary course. Rachel Levin, the friend of Goethe and Beethoven, used to have her rooms and balconies at Berlin filled with evening guests, at a period when the French invasion had reduced incomes to a point when tea and bread and butter in limited supply took the place of ices and champagne. Madame Recamier's fame as a hostess was never more generally recognized than when she received the most celebrated men and women of their time in a few little rooms at the Abbaye-aux-Bois.

I remember a charming host to whom every stranger of distinction brought letters of introduction. If he had time for preparation the best that his small fortune could buy was set before his friends; but I have heard him come home from some literary meeting in the evening, followed by the tramp of visitors, and his cheerful voice would call to his wife, "Here are A — and P — and G —, what can you give us? Where is that leg of mutton that we had for dinner?" And over the cold mutton or a chafing dish of oysters, "they would talk, ye gods, how they would talk."

Let us then, while, providing all that is becoming and in proportion to our means, rely more on hospitality and good conversation in giving a feast, than upon the latest details of fashionable etiquette.

A Happy Land.

In the waters of Ushant off the coast of Brittany there are some little islands peopled by about three thousand simple folk who are contented with their lot. The late Prince Sayx-Wittgemtein married a beautiful girl of Ushant and gave to her all that love and riches can bestow, but she died of homesickness. As a rule the women of Ushant are beautiful and industrious, and it is said to be a wonderful joy to the eye, to see four or five hundred of these pretty creatures waving their handkerchiefs from the shore when the fishing fleet sets sail for Newfoundland.

The men are bold, healthy seamen, and are

ready at any time to plunge into the sea to save a drowning person, or to take to boats for the rescue of men from a wreck. When they grow old they shear the sheep herded by the women. The flocks number about ten thousand, and their fair keepers spin, weave and dye the wool, till the earth, keep house, knit, embroider and make clothes. They cover their fine hair with embroidered headcloths like those worn by Italian peasants, their eyes are beautiful and have an earnest look from gazing out to sea in search of returning vessels. The teeth are fine and the lips firm and well curved. Strange to say these belles of Ushant do not know that they are beautiful.

In Saint Teresa's Name.

Pius IX of blessed memory, said that the Church in the United States needed religious houses of prayer, the extension of contemplative orders, and that without them she would never reach perfection.

Six years ago the Daughters of Saint Teresa were asked to come to Boston, to live among us and disperse with prayer that miasma which gathers about every earthly enterprise, no matter how necessary it may be nor how honest may be those who put it in execution. Five Carmelites came, a number now increased to twelve. The small hired house in Roxbury was soon outgrown, and a fine piece of land* with a comfortable dwelling house upon it was bought by subscription, with the hope that soon a monastery suited to the needs of a contemplative life would be built. In the present house, one room has to serve the purpose of two or three, and postulants will soon have to be turned away. The largest number of sisters allowed in one monastery is twenty-one, and the present house will neither hold that number nor can it be transformed into a dwelling suited for the life given to prayer, such as is led by Carmelite nuns.

The Sisters need a monastery, and the people who come to pray at Mount Carmel need a church or rather an external chapel to which the monastery shall be attached. Now the worshippers often kneel on the piazza and even in the street. The chapel should seat three hundred persons, and the monastery should be suited to the spirit of seclusion which Saint Teresa gave to her children.

*61 Mount Pleasant Avenue, Boston Highlands, Mass.

The first sisters who came to Roxbury still hold in their memories the monastery they left. They recollect the long corridors, the cloisters, the little cells, each a paradise on earth, the beautiful choir, and the monastic refectory. Such a home makes the whole world of the Carmelite, it is her legitimate inheritance, and she is an exile in a strange country, when she is banished from this sacred solitude. But of greater importance than these regrets is the fact that the novices who have never enjoyed this life in a regular monastery, cultivate the contemplative spirit under adverse circumstances.

The only need of the community is a monastery attached to an external chapel; no further demands are to be made. A life of fasting and abstinence has too few expenses to call for more than the voluntary offerings made by those who love the house of prayer and its inmates.

But for several reasons it is harder to raise money for this purpose than for many others. Our Protestant friends who often give generous aid to our asylums and hospitals, can hardly be expected to feel an interest in a contemplative order. It would be a soul of exceptional spiritual gifts that without Catholic training should understand the need of a Carmelite monastery in our busy community. And among Catholics there are not many who understand the glory that it is to Boston to possess the first community of Carmelites in New England, and the fourth in the United States.

A Carmelite monastery is a living act of faith in the presence of God and in the power of sacrifice and intercessory prayer. The Carmelite again has no statistics to show, no annual report of petitions granted and souls saved. She prays for us when we forget to pray for ourselves. She asks that persons whom she never saw may be delivered from evils, unknown in the still and exalted region where she dwells. She sleeps on straw and fasts and prays, and resigns all those treasures which we over-value. Out of pure gratitude let us give a temple to the Living God, and to these pure doves a refuge under the covert of His wings.

The best argument is a visit to Mount Carmel in Roxbury, where the Sisters as readily receive petitions for prayers as offerings for the monastery.

Discontent.

If we study human nature, we shall observe that those whom God has tried with heavy calamities and infirmities, are hopeful, charitable, and full of tender sympathy. In my own intercourse with people, rich and poor, learned and ignorant, I have found that discontented persons, men or women, boys or girls, are selfish and intolerant, occupied with misfortunes which are often imaginary, eager to get sympathy and slow in giving it.

The presence of a discontented person is like a thick fog that hides the beauties of nature from us; the lovely flowers and the blue sky are there, but we cannot brush away the envious mist that hangs between us and their beauty. Discontent hates solitude, it must poison and blight the happiness of others or its evil mission is not fulfilled.

A Cure for Discontent.

I have asked many working girls why they were discontented, and they answered, "Because I am tired of working; it is the same thing over and over every day; no change for working people." And when I ask if they try to help others, if they give any time to charity they say: "We've no time to give to charity or good works. We have little enough for ourselves; charity is all well enough for the rich!" And a question as to what they do after working hours, brings this reply: "I go to the theatre or to a dance, and if there's nothing else to do I stay at home and read novels."

Many young girls fill their minds with cheap literature, and look and wait in vain for the improbable changes of fortune so common in trashy novels, so rare in real life. If they would read biographies instead of novels, they would learn that fame and sometimes fortune are won by hard work, but never by the impossible accidents that befall the heroines of novels or of the melodramas which form the principal attraction of the theatre at present. Discontent has never yet been cured by a stroke of luck, nor by building castles in the air.

Another Delusion.

Young women often spend the greater part of their salary on dress and are unhappy if they are not admired. They even deprive home and younger brothers and sisters of the necessaries of life in order to gratify their love of dress. Dress never was known to make a lady, nor will any costume, however elaborate, hide low breeding for any length of time. The plainer the dress of a working girl, the better she looks, and the more she is admired by good and sensible men and women. A showy dress is in bad taste at any time, but there is also a sense of propriety shown in choosing a simple costume for hours of business. A girl who goes to her work in the morning, dressed as if for a walk or for a holiday, must be considered very silly if not actually vulgar. If any man is unfortunate enough to marry such a girl, he soon finds out his mistake for no dress can long hide from view a vain, selfish wife, who thinks only of her wants and vanities, and gives no heed to home or husband. Is it possible for such women to be happy?

The True Remedy.

The sure and safe road to happiness is to live for the happiness of others, forming habits of self-denial. The more we gratify a passion for dress and show and amusement, the more our wants increase, until we feel a constant longing for something we cannot find.

The works of charity which alone can fill the dissatisfied spirit, require no money and take little time. Every walk of life has its opportunities, but the young ladies who tend in shops and stores have especial chances to do acts of kindness. The one who is absent can be spoken of kindly, even her good name defended in case of need. Those who are in grief or trouble can be helped with sympathy; those who are in temptation can be strengthened by gentle, firm words of advice. Sympathy and kindness work wonders and cost nothing; yet they are given rarely and sparingly. Those who in the world's eyes have erred grievously are easily touched by kindness and can usually be led to see whither flattery and the love of dress and admiration are drawing them.

Let each good woman help those who have lost hope and endurance to recover faith in God and human nature. Discontent vanishes like mist before the sun if we turn from our own trials to give joy and consolation to those less favored than ourselves in any of the gifts of fortune.

Suggestions.

London *Truth* tells of a Ladies' Agency at 83 Ebury Street, London, where in a trio of pretty rooms, much that is useful is done, apartments provided, and good domestics supplied to dwellers in town and country. One excellent point is that no fee is charged until the client is suited, except for the payment of postage.

These ladies chaperon girls on bicycles, as *Truth* says "a boon to weary mothers who cannot ride like young Lochinvar." It may not be going too far to say that a little supervision of young wheel-women would do no harm in this country. The Belgrave Agency also arranges to meet ladies and children on their arrival in London, secure rooms, buy concert tickets, and in all ways protect the unprotected.

Truth also says that the National School of Cookery is extending its order department, whereby delicate dishes can be provided at short notice to families who have more guests than attendants. Now that cooking is becoming a fine art, it seems possible that ladies might make a profitable trade by supplying housekeepers with delicacies such as take time and skill for their preparation.

Here is a poem which will strike an echo in many a mind. It is written by a factory hand fifteen years old named Edmund Curtis:—

And all in a moment the streets are alive,
As the toilers pour out, like bees from a hive.
The streets are awake with the tramp and the noise
Of the workers — the men, the women, the boys.
Onward they pour to the factory gates,
Behind which the meagre-paid labor awaits —
The labor that stifles the mind and the soul;
And, just as they reach them, there sounds the last toll —
Of the factory bell — the morning bell,
Harsh are the notes of its tuneless knell,
Calling them back from the dreamland fair —
Calling them back to the world of care —
The loud-clanging factory bell.

But when the great engine is laboring slow,
And the last few sunbeams with gold are aglow;
When the heart is content and the brows become dry,
And evening is drawing her veil o'er the sky.
The work is all over, the tools laid away,
All bright for the use of the soon-coming day.
Hark! All of a sudden, a rush and a bound,
For sweet to the ear comes the now-welcome sound —
Of the factory bell — but the evening bell:
Welcome its tone in the evening swell;
Calling them back to the fireside bright,
And a pleasant meal in the gray twilight —
The welcome factory bell.

As the *Spectator* says in quoting these verses "Nothing is more difficult than the detection of early genius." Much is to be hoped, however, from a young poet who writes of what he knows best, rather than of things he does not understand.

Useful Prevention.

All drainage pipes should be freely flushed with water every day, and they should be washed once a week with boiling water and soda, then rinsed with clear hot water. Miss Parloa gives these proportions, half a pint of washing soda in six quarts of boiling water, as enough to keep the pipes of an ordinary house perfectly clean. She says that this should be poured through a tunnel if the entrance to the pipes is rimmed with metal, as in a bath tub or set basin.

The refrigerator should have the same weekly cleaning, she tells us, each movable part being taken out and aired. An open drainage pan is safe, but a pipe with hidden connections should be examined. It should have a trap of its own and be connected with no other drainage pipe.

EMMA FORBES CARY.

The Silent Grief.

REV. MORTIMER E. TWOMEY.

Like a canker worm at the heart it gnaws,
And it eats and it eats through the very soul,
And your friend brings his joys to a sudden pause,
When he scans on your face grief's exacting toll.

Silent and silent, and deep within self;
Are the thoughts that the world must never review;
Nobler than pleasure, and nobler than pelf.
Honor exacts that some griefs be for you.

For you and you only; too sacred to speak
'Mid the city streets foul with the breath of sin,
'Mid society's pleasures, its votaries weak,
Who worship the sham, who forget the within.

The sorrows, the pangs in home that are born,
The bitterest pain from dead friendship that grows
Are yours! Be silent, O sad one, forlorn,
'Tis honor demands it, whatever the throes.

Mount Loretto.

Some one has said that the three loveliest sights this world can offer are: a house full of children, a garden full of flowers, and a cage full of birds. Children, birds, flowers; types of innocence, beauty and helplessness.

To see this sight in its most edifying aspect, one should pay a visit to Mount Loretto, Staten Island.

To many it is a pilgrimage to a saint's tomb; to the tomb of one whose ceaseless song was "Mary Immaculate."

> I think of Thee and what thou art,
> Thy Majesty, Thy state
> And I keep singing in my heart
> Immaculate, Immaculate."

If ever priest made this his endless theme it was Father John Drumgoole. It was his inspiration. No other name would he give to his mission, though advised to do so, than that of "The Immaculate Virgin."

See what the seed he sowed under that invocation has brought forth. On the Sunday within the Octave of Corpus Christi, we saw the family of the Mission assembled for solemn High Mass: fifteen hundred boys, one hundred and forty girls, cared for by forty-one professed nuns, forty-six novices, and seventeen postulants.

The Blessed Sacrament was enthroned in a glory of lights and flowers. Within the sanctuary were some sixty boys in scarlet cassocks, and white lace surplices, looking like a diminutive college of cardinals. Behind them in double file were larger boys, in black gowns and white lace surplices. This was the Latin class. It is more than likely that many of them, if not all, once clung around the robe of the founder of the Mission, Father Drumgoole, as the little tots now cling about his successor the well-beloved Father Dougherty. After Mass, which was most beautifully sung, music, as is well known being a strong point of these children, the procession of the Blessed Sacrament was formed. Nothing but blue sky was wanting to complete the illusion that we were watching one of those incomparable pageants of Lourdes, as class after class left the pews in regular order, and followed the Sacred Host, held aloft for adoration by Father Dougherty.

The sublimity of the sight was intensified by the thought: whence have these children been gathered? What a history, perhaps what a tragedy is represented by many a childish form in that band, to-day under the care of their Immaculate mother.

A pleasant sight is Mount Loretto from the bay that laves its shores. The graceful spire of the Gothic church rising between the convent of the Sisters of Saint Francis, (of the order founded especially for this Mission), and the fine new home for blind girls, recently consecrated with imposing ceremonies by His Grace, the Archbishop of New York. Through the kindness of Sister Superior de Borgia we were permitted to visit it throughout. The chapel is a gem of art, with white marble altar and exquisite statues.

Mademoiselle Yolande de Comeau is a nun here. She gave her private fortune to found the house, and gave herself to God in religion, to obtain the grace of a happy death for her father, who had lost the faith.

Father Drumgoole was the instrument of bringing Mons de Comeau back to the truth. The graves of father and daughter are on the hillside, within sight of the convent windows where Sister Ann can see them, as she guides her blind charges through the house. There will be perpetual adoration in this home for the blind.

It would require a volume and a big one to tell of all that has been done in the way of trade schools for Mount Loretto. But that is the material part, and *The Homeless Child* will make it known to the world. The last ceremony of this bright day was the reception of twenty boys into the sodality of the Children of Mary.

J. M. C.

Seasonable Work for the Housekeeper.

FALL PICKLES.

As to the quality: of no single branch of cookery can it be more truly said that the best is the cheapest, than of pickles. And as they are very easily made at home, every housekeeper should see that her pantry shelves are supplied with a variety for winter use.

The receipts here given are the from the best foreign and southern authorities.

Southern Mixed Pickles.— Take three dozen large cucumbers, two dozen full grown green tomatoes and one dozen large onions. Put the

cucumbers and whole tomatoes in strong brine and let stand forty-eight hours. Cut the onions into slices and sprinkle with salt. Put one gallon of strong vinegar in a preserve kettle with four ounces of mustard seed, two each of turmeric and celery seed, one box of ground mustard and two pounds of brown sugar. Set over the fire to simmer for half an hour. Drain the cucumbers, tomatoes and onions, put into a jar, pour the vinegar over, let stand until cool, cover and set in a dry cool place.

English Chow-chow.— Cover one quart of tiny cucumbers with strong brine, and let stand for twenty-four hours. Chop a head of cauliflower, string a quart of tender green beans, and skin a quart of very small onions; boil these separately. Drain the cucumbers, mix the vegetables all together, and put into a jar. Mix half a pound of English mustard and half an ounce of turmeric together and stir into half a gallon of vinegar, set over the fire until thick; add two tablespoonfuls of mustard seed, a cup of brown sugar and half a teacup of salad oil. Mix well, and pour over the pickles boiling hot. Put up in small stone jars.

Pepper Mongols.— Cut the tops from three dozen large green peppers. Take out the seeds, and save the tops. Stand the peppers in a large pan, put a teaspoonful of salt in each one, cover with cold water, and let stand twelve hours. Chop a large firm head of cabbage, and half a dozen green tomatoes, mix with two tablespoonfuls of salt, four tablespoonfuls of mustard seed, one teaspoonful each of Perices extract of ginger, allspice, and cinnamon, and half a teaspoonful of extract of cloves. Stuff the peppers with this mixture, put on the tops and tie securely. Stand them upright in stone jars and cover with cold vinegar.

Creole Pickles.— Take three dozen ripe yellow cucumbers, peel and cut lengthwise in thick slices, cut a dozen white onions in slices, add to the cucumbers with three red peppers. Sprinkle freely with salt, put in a thin muslin sack, and let drain over night. Put one gallon of vinegar in a preserve kettle with half a pint each of white and black mustard seed, an ounce of ground mustard, two ounces of white ginger, two ounces of turmeric, half a cupful each of chopped horseradish and garlic and two pounds of brown sugar, set over the fire until scalding hot. Pour over the pickles and cover securely.

ELIZA R. PARKER.

Remember!

(From the French of ALFRED DE MUSSET.)

Remember, when the Dawn sets open wide
Her bright enchanted palace to the sun;
Remember, when the Night, the pensive-eyed,
Comes dreaming under veils all silver-spun;
When thy bosom beats high with a pleasure supreme,
When the twilight allures thee to brood and to dream;
Hark! the forest profound
Has a voice in its sound —
"Remember!"

Remember me, when fate has drawn our ways
Afar, forevermore afar apart;
When sorrow, exile, and the flight of days
Have withered like a flower this breaking heart.
O forget not our parting, my love and its tears!
Love laughs at the malice of space and of years!
While my bosom shall beat
Will its pulses repeat —
"Remember!"

Remember me, when, nevermore distrest,
This heart of mine shall slumber in the tomb;
Remember, when above its house of rest
Softly a solitary flower shall bloom.
Thou wilt see me no more, but my spirit shall be
Like a sister beloved, forever with thee.
When the midnight is nigh
Thou shalt hear a voice sigh —
"Remember!"

A New Alumnæ Association.

Apart from the usual interest attendant upon the annual coming forth of the girl graduates of Nazareth, that old and distinguished Literary Institution of Kentucky, the exercises this year were made memorable by the formation of an alumnæ association.

Mrs. Edward Miles, New Hope, Ky., a graduate of 1846, who was instrumental in bringing about the reunion, was made president. Mrs. James H. Mulligan of Lexington, who presided at the meeting and took upon herself much of the labor of organization, was unanimously chosen first vice-president.

The Alumnæ were entertained with lavish hospitality by the Sisters of Nazareth.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

Winners in Prize Contest.

First Class: Boys and girls from 13 to 16 years.

Gold watch for best essay on "How to earn a Dollar" won by WILLIE ROLL, age 14, Great Falls, Mont.

Gold watch for best essay on "How to help Mother" won by KATIE H. FLANAGAN, age 15, 275 River street, Haverhill, Mass.

Second Class: Boys and girls from 10 to 13 years.

Silver watch for best essay on "How to earn a Dollar" won by FLOYD DUNKERLEY, age 12, Ennis, Ellis Co., Texas.

Silver watch for best essay on "How to help Mother" won by CARRIE BEATTIE, age 11, Jackson, Mo.

The contest is over and the prizes awarded. We are sure that you will all agree that the winners deserve their rewards. The essays printed in this number speak for themselves, and in the November issue we will point out some of the reasons why others equally good in many respects could not be considered in making the awards. We should like to tell you now because we know that some very earnest little workers will be sorely disappointed, but as one young philosopher wrote: "We can't all get them, and every time we try will help us to win some other time."

How to Earn a Dollar.

I was born in Germany and came over to this country in 1893 with my mother, my brother, and my little sister. I was then eleven years old and could not speak a single word of English, but I went to school right away and learned pretty fast. We were very poor then and my mother had to take washing, which I got for her before and after school. Sometimes it was very cold at night when I delivered the washing, but I did not care as long as it helped us. All that time we were living on the North-Side, but one day we heard that there would be a chance for mamma to become janitor at the West-Side School House. So mamma handed in an application and after a few weeks got the place. Mamma gets thirty dollars a month there, which I think is very good, but it is pretty hard work for her, and I am trying to help her as much as I can. I have been going to school now about two and a half years and I am in the sixth Grade. After school is over I help mamma clean the school-house. I clean all the stoves, of which there are four, clean the black-boards, get in the coal and wood, sweep the rooms and do some more little things. In the morning I make the fire at home and in the school-house, while mamma gets breakfast. Although this is not a dollar in cash as I would get if I was selling papers or other things I think it is just as much to my mother. Last vacation I was working in a printing office and had to set type which I liked pretty well. There I received ten dollars a month and I stayed until school commenced when I went to school again because I wanted to learn a little more. After school when work is done, I sometimes get the horse for a lady for which she gives me a quarter. I also catch fish when I have spare time and sell them to some of our friends.

WILLIE ROLL,
Great Falls, Mont.,
Cascade Co.
Age 14.

How to Help Mother.

When we consider the subject "How to Help Mother" the question "Why should we help mother?" occurs to us. A few minutes' reflection shows us several reasons why we should help her; first, because we owe to mother a debt for the care and trouble we have been to her since we first saw light; when we were unable to tell our wants she, with a mother's love perceived and supplied them; she sought our comfort even at the expense of her own, and taught us to talk, to walk and to pray.

The second reason fulfils the golden rule "Do unto others us you would have them do to you." What girl could contentedly see her mother work all day and far into the night while she read fairy tales? A great many girls are guilty of amusing themselves while their mothers toil, though I dare say not contentedly, for the "still small voice" makes them a little uneasy.

The third reason may not occur to every girl who reads this. The willing little women — say from six to twelve years of age — help mother because they like to please her, or to

have a good report for father when he comes home; but after the years of childhood have passed they have another object in view. They see that the home is woman's particular place and in order to fill the duties of that place as well as mother, they must now lay the foundation.

These are very good reasons and our conscience tells us we have not done our very best; but, each one says, "How can I help now? I can do nothing but wash the dishes so how can *I* help mother?"

You know that mother always has stockings on hand waiting till she has time to darn them. You might learn how to mend them and let mother have at least one afternoon of real rest instead of mending stockings for recreation. Of course you must sacrifice at least one story if you do this, but why not take the resolution? One story less a week and a pair of mended stockings instead. Buttons too are very disagreeable articles. Take, for instance the buttons on your own clothing; do you not think that an average of four buttons a week is a fair estimate of the number of buttons which mother sews on *your* clothes alone? You could do it more quickly than she, for she must make it her business to see that none are missing, while you know just how many pins you need. It would take only fifteen minutes of your time to sew the buttons on yet you prefer pins! I am sure you now see two ways by which you can help mother, but you say that sewing is the very thing you most dislike. Well that shows that you do not sew well or that you do not sew enough, and for these reasons you should try to like it.

Then there are errands which if done by you would save mother many steps, and it is not asking too much of any girl to set the table twice a day besides helping with the dishes.

You can also help to cook (custards are easily made, and a well made biscuit is an honor to the baker).

If mother does not let you bake anything yourself you can help her in other ways — stone the raisins, beat the eggs or wash the dishes used. If you take a lively interest in the cooking and not do it as if you were driven, I think you will soon learn to *enjoy* the cooking lessons.

There are two more things which every girl over thirteen years should do and one is to care for her own room. See that it is swept once a week, and make your own bed.

Another *very* helpful thing is to care for your younger brothers. Go with them to and from church so that they may not have occasion to meet company and remain away. Hear their catechism lesson before they leave the house for Sunday-school.

I have given several instances of how to help mother but you may say that "'Tis easier said than done." Well, I agree with you, though when you sum them up you find that a great many girls of your acquaintance do as much.

KATIE H. FLANAGAN, age 15 years.
275 River Street, Haverhill, Mass.

How to Earn a Dollar.

I am a little boy twelve years old, and live in the great state of Texas, and I will tell you how industrious boys here earn money. We go into the beautiful fields of snow white cotton, and are paid by the hundred pounds. This year we get from forty-five to fifty cents a hundred, and last week I earned one dollar and twenty cents in three days. Farmer's boys earn much more than this, as some of them can pick from two to three hundred pounds a day. My papa is not a farmer, but every fall he makes all his boys go out and pick enough cotton to buy their winter clothes, and school books.

He says this teaches us to be industrious, and learn to help ourselves. Some of my brothers are men now, but they have never forgotten about picking cotton, and all the dollars they earned when they were boys.

I hear someone is trying to invent a machine to pick cotton, but I hope they will not succeed, as thousands of boys and girls both white and black depend on the beautiful fleecy cotton for their living. There is another, and even pleasanter way in which Texas boys earn a dollar, and that is, as soon as frost comes, they go out in wagons to the timbered land, and gather pecans. This is great fun, and we sometimes camp out for two or three days. The trees are very high, and hard to climb, but we never fail to gather several bushels on a trip, and this is such a favorite nut, they always sell for a good price.

FLOYD DUNKERLEY, aged 12 years.
Ennis, Ellis Co, Texas.

How to Help Mother.

I am a little girl eleven years of age. I can help my mamma by washing the dishes, sweeping the floors, taking care of the smaller ones, feeding the poultry, gathering vegetables, sewing the clothes, washing the floors, making up the beds, carrying in water, washing the windows, gathering the eggs, making the fires, setting the table, churning, ironing, gathering the kindling, combing my sisters' hair, dressing my sisters and brothers.

CARRIE BEATTIE, Jackson, Mo.

Other contestants who sent in excellent essays are:—

Agnes Cairns, Edmonton, N. W. T.
Katie Maloney, Chicago, Ill.
John D. Wickhein, Waterloo, Wis.
Annie G. O'Donnell, Woburn, Mass.
Ethelyn B. Forster, Great Falls, Montana.
John R. Slattery, Dardenne, Mo.
Miss Sadie Cain, Molhi, Indianna.
J. P. Slattery, Montreal, P. Q.
Annie Callaghan, San Antonio Tex.
Rose Devlin, Chicago, Ill.
Grace G. Murray, Dubuque, Iowa.
Irene Murray, Newark, N. J.
Willie Roll, Great Falls, Montana.
David Mulcahy, Stratford, Conn.
Grover Cleveland Cadie, St. John, N. B.
J. Francis Jennings, Great Falls, Montana.
Annie Hagan, Chicago, Ill.
Hanora Jennings, Chicago, Ill.
Mamie McMahon, Chicago, Ill.
Lucy Mines, Chicago, Ill.
Ella Mines, Chicago, Ill.
Bridget A. Carroll, Chicago, Ill.
Mary Murphy, Chicago, Ill.
Katherine M. Canty, Chicago, Ill.
Lillie Sullivan, Chicago, Ill.
Maggie O'Neil, Chicago, Ill.
Sadie Egan, Chicago, Ill.
Flora Moffitt, Navoo, Ill.
Alice O'Connor, San Antonio Tex.
Maria Wielms, St. Louis, Mo.
Idorsie English, Jackson.
Carrie Beattie, Jackson, Mo.
Cordelia Liebstadter, Kansas City, Mo.
Fannie Kave, West Lynn.
Katie Sullivan, Canton, Mass.
Jos. M. Dawson, New Haven, Ky.
Katie H. Flanagan, Haverhill, Mass.
Brendan H. Halvey, Philadelphia, Pa.
Lizzie F. Henneberry, Concord, N. H.
Lizzie Tuohey, Maplewood, Mass.
Mary E. Phalen, Waverley Mills, Minn.
John F. Tinsley, Elizabeth, N. J.
Wm. H. Nelson, East Boston, Mass.
Leo P. McDermott, Clontarf, Minn.
Charles D. McDermott, Clontarf, Minn.
Mary K. Slattery, Montreal, P. Q.
Will Carleton Champe, Garnett, Kansas.

The African Ostrich.

These valuable birds live so easily in California that an ostrich farm is one of the successful industries of that state. The ostrich is sometimes ten feet high and weighs three hundred pounds. The foot has two toes and the ostrich walks and runs on tiptoe in a most graceful manner; no trained dancer could move more beautifully. Standing still it is an awkward creature, with its long legs and neck bare of feathers until within eight inches of the body, which is a mass of feathers, black on the cock and gray on the hen. The beautiful plumes prized by ladies are taken from the wings and tail; — they are cut with sharp clippers, leaving two inches of quill which is pulled out without pain to the bird when it gets loose and ready to drop. Of course the plumes go through a process before they appear in the milliners' shops pure white and curled so as to hang prettily from the hair or from a hat.

The ostrich hen is a very powerful character. She chooses her mate and keeps him under a gentle and firm rule. Once united they never part, and their household or nesthold is managed with order and punctuality. The round nest, four feet across and ten inches deep, is scooped in sand. The hen lays from eight to fifteen eggs. Then she sets on the eggs from 8 A.M. until 4 P.M. and leaves the cock on the nest for the other sixteen hours while she rests or amuses herself. The great eggs are turned every day to keep the contents in good order and quite even. They are smooth and handsome.

In a fine old house where I used to stay when I was young, there was a beautiful sugar bowl made of an ostrich egg set in silver. It looked like ivory. The egg weighs three and one half pounds, and when boiled makes a delicate food, being equal to two and one-half dozen hen's eggs.

In the year 1883 there was in South Africa on the Eerste river a great ostrich farm. Two fine cocks, named Baas and Doctor had their households, one of seven chicks, the other of ten chicks, and between the two families lay a vineyard of two hundred acres. One day Baas, to his horror, saw his seven gray fluffy chicks squeeze through the fence and walk away down the road. Again and again he flung himself against the fence, but the little flock were out of sight before he broke through

the palings and rushed down the road after them.

When he had caught up with them they walked together quietly to the Doctor's nest. The Doctor, who was a famous fighter and kicker, prepared himself for battle, wings and head waving to and fro, neck stifly bent, and eyes shut. Baas did not mean to fight; while the Doctor's eyes were shut, he enticed the ten chicks to creep through the fence, and when the Doctor opened his eyes he saw Baas marching through the vineyard with seventeen young ostriches at his heels.

The unhappy father flung himself against the bars of the fence but they were too stout to be burst even by his rage and grief. It is to be hoped that Mr. Faure, who owned them all, restored the Doctor's family to him.

The Doctor was in his own house a stern disciplinarian. He did his sixteen hours of watching, but on one occasion when his mate made him set seventeen hours, he met her on her return and thrashed her, driving her round the paddock with a kick, given at intervals. The kick of an ostrich is no joke, and the Doctor never again had cause of complaint.

It is a beautiful sight to see a large ostrich farm at feeding time. You see one hundred and fifty ostriches grazing, and you express a wish to see them feed together. How they know that this joy is in store for them I do not know but in they gather at the proper time running over the ground "like an ostrich," you cannot better describe the grace of the swinging step and the shaking plumes. They are fed with chopped clover and barley, but they eat and comfortably digest stones and whole potatoes and oranges, the bigger the better as it rolls down the long, elastic throat.

Bereavement.

WILLIAM FRANCIS BARNARD.

I SAW her weeping, fix white ribbons on the door.
One sweet child less, one broken-hearted mother more.

Replying to the numerous inquiries received relative to a paragraph on old pennies published in our September issue we refer our interested readers to the *Collector*, a publication devoted to the study of coins. For the benefit of coin collectors we print the rest of the article from which the paragraph was taken: —

In the stream of money that continually flows through the treasury occur many pieces worth far more than their face. They are passed into Uncle Sam's coffers by people who have no notion of their value in the market that is created by collectors.

For example, mention might be made of a handkerchief full of fractional currency sent in by a miser's heirs not long ago, the notes being of the earliest issues and signed by Gen. Spinner's own hand.

The old-time fractional paper currency if new, clean and crisp, commands a premium of 25 to 100 per cent. The same notes, soiled, creased, torn or mended, are worth no more than face value. The rarest and most precious of the fractional notes are those with perforated edges. They were the first ones issued by the government. They were printed like postage stamps, the perforations enabling them to be torn apart. But the notes were often injured in the tearing, on which account this method was discontinued. To-day specimens of this kind fetch $6 for a set of four, the denomination being 50 cents, 25 cents, 10 cents and 5 cents. These same notes of subsequent issues, plain edges, are worth only $2 a set.

Prices of coins are controlled by the law of supply and demand. Many pieces which ten years ago were scarce are now plentiful. Perhaps to-morrow the newspapers may chronicle the sale of a certain penny at auction for $67. The people who read it go down into their stockings and look for pennies of that date. Maybe a lot of them will be found, the result being a lowering of the price of that coin.

In the year 1794 no fewer than 54 dies were used for minting pennies. At that time all of the coins were struck by hand, and not, as now by machinery. The method being defective, the dies were broken now and then, and had to be replaced by others. Variations in the cutting of the dies gave rise to recognizable differences in the minted pieces. At present no complete collection of the cents of that year exists.

The original idea was that each penny should contain exactly one cent's worth of copper, hence the inconvenient size of the piece. All cents from 1808 to 1814, with the head of an Indian, are rare when perfect — especially those of 1809 and 1811, which are worth $50 each. No pennies were coined in 1815, because of the burning of the mint. That is the only break in the continuity of the coinage of cents.

Rebus.

CATHOLIC QUESTION BOX.

[There is much that even Catholics do not know regarding the Church of Christ, its history, its services, its ceremonials. To an intelligent man, believer or unbeliever, there can be no more interesting subjects. The story of the Church is a romance of fact, human and divine. The significance of the ceremonials, by which it commemorates Christ's acts and impresses His truths, are vital with reason and with beauty, when understood. To the work of spreading this information, this Department is devoted. Readers are invited to ask any questions regarding the Church upon which they are not fully informed. We desire every reader of DONAHOE'S to be prepared to answer any question about his faith that may arise in his experiences in the world. Inquiries must reach this office before the first of the month to be answered in the next issue. Questions asked later than that date cannot be answered until the second month following. Address all letters to "Editor, Catholic Question Box, DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, 611 Washington Street, Boston, Mass." As a guarantee of good faith, every letter must give the full name and address of the writer, which will not be published. In future no unsigned letters will be answered.]

Historian writes us:

1. How many Popes have there been?
2. Have they always resided in Rome?
3. Who was the greatest Pope?
4. Why have the Popes been so often in opposition to kings and other temporal rulers?
5. Was there a woman Pope, as some historians say?
6. Where can I find a satisfactory account of Alexander VI?

1. More than two hundred and fifty.

2. No. Saint Peter after leaving Jerusalem, resided for a while at Antioch, and later at Rome. Since his time his successors have stayed in Rome, generally speaking, and if for some reason or another, they have been obliged to leave the Eternal City for a while, their return has been always as soon as possible. Avignon for a while was the residence of the Popes. In the centuries when war was nearly always prevalent, the Popes were involved in many ways, and had at times to seek refuge and safety where they could.

3. That were hard to say. Some have excelled in one way, some in another.

4. The opposition comes from the diversity of interests. The temporal and spiritual should work together, but unfortunately they often clash. The kings who sought to follow out the bent of their passions, and to place themselves above the moral law, found in the Pope a representative of God, and a champion of justice for the poor and oppressed. The temporal possessions of the Popes were desired by many princes, and the Popes found themselves bound in conscience to defend the patrimony of the Church. Whatever may be said by historians of some personal motives of a few of the Popes, their general conduct was to seek for peace and harmony with the princes of this earth; and only to oppose them in the interest of justice and morality.

5. No.

6. Parsons' Studies in Church History, vol. 3, c. xiii. These "Studies" will be found of great value to the reader who wishes to know the truth in regard to many questions of Church History that have agitated historians, and are current in books against the Catholic Church.

C inquires:

1. What is the number of the angels, and how many were expelled from heaven with Lucifer?
2. What are the names of the nine choirs of Angels?
3. Why is Saint Michael specially honored by the Church?
4. Has each one a Guardian Angel?

1. In the Prophet Daniel, vii, 9, 10, the number of the angels is represented as exceeding great. Daniel says: "I beheld till thrones were placed, and the Ancient of days sat . . . Thousands of thousands ministered to Him and ten thousand times a hundred thousand stood before Him." It is estimated that about one-third of the hosts of heaven followed Lucifer in his rebellion and into hell.

2. Seraphim, Cherubim, Thrones, Dominations, Principalities, Powers, Virtues, Archangels, Angels.

3. Because he was the leader of the angels who remained faithful in heaven, and fought against Satan. Saint John in his Apocalypse, xii, 7, ss, describes this contest: "And there was a great battle in heaven: Michael and his Angels fought with the dragon, and the dragon fought and his angels: And they prevailed not, neither was their place found any more in heaven. And that great dragon was cast out, that old serpent who is called the devil and Satan, who seduceth the whole world: and he was cast unto the earth, and his angels were thrown down with him." There have been also famous apparations of the Archangel Michael in the East and the West. In memory of the one on Mount Garganus, supposed to be in the year 493, the Roman Church has instituted a feast to Saint Michael that is celebrated

on September 29. Special honors are shown to the Archangel Raphael, who attended Tobias on his journey, and brought great help to him and his father, and to the Archangel Gabriel, who announced to Mary the great, glad tidings of the Incarnation of the Son of God.

5. Yes, and a special feast in honor of all the Guardian Angels is celebrated on October 2, while the whole month is set apart to their honor, as well as to the honor of Mary, the Queen of the Rosary. Our good angel watches over each one of us, defends us from harm to soul and body, helps us in prayer, suggests good thoughts, and presents the soul, when saved, to God.

Printer asks:

1. Is it a sin for a Roman Catholic to hear Mass and, in the evening be present at a service in a Protestant church?

2. Is the Miss Yonge mentioned in your "Women's" Department a Catholic?

1. It is a sin for a Catholic, generally speaking, to be present at religious services in a Protestant Church. This is more or less a cause of scandal, and is a placing of the true religion on an equality with false religions. The fact of being at Mass in the morning cannot confer a privilege of doing wrong at any other time of the day. Rather, the going to Mass should furnish the means of greater fidelity to truth and righteousness. The Catholic knows he possesses the truth, his faith makes doubts impossible. Why then should he trifle with his faith, by mingling in other religions?

2. No, she is not.

Anxious Believer writes that he has grown weary of hearing year after year of the October Devotions, and thinks they might well be dropped by this time, since the Holy Father must know that God is not pleased to grant what they implore, the restoration of the temporal power.

Our Divine Lord did not grow weary of repeating the same prayer on His last night on this earth, though the chosen apostles grew so weary as to fall asleep while their Master prayed. And in striking contrast to the apostles, who were the favored friends of Jesus, the false one, the traitor, Judas, was awake, and leading the enemies of the Christ to the Garden of Olives. Our correspondent forgets that a few years more or less are quite insignificant in the hands of God to whom eternity belongs; and that the Church, though here on earth, can look backward to her centuries of existence, to the rise and fall of nation after nation, and can look forward into her continual existence in the persons of the saved in heaven, when time shall be no more. Consequently, she cannot lose heart, or hope, or courage because her prayers are not answered at once, nor in the way of her petition. Then, too, she gives to her children the example of perseverance, the most necessary quality in prayer, and so highly commended by Christ in His teachings. And after all, her prayer is not only for the restoration of the temporal power, but also for the conversion of sinners, and for the free action of the Church among all her world-wide children. Who shall say that God refuses to hear such prayers? "The continual prayer of a just man availeth much," and the persevering prayer of Mother Church to the Mother of God, should inspire us with hope, with constancy, and with fidelity. We should never grow weary in the doing of good.

Observer writes:—

I have noticed the priest kiss the altar and the book in the Mass? Why is this?

As a mark of honor and reverence. The priest kisses the altar, because the Eucharist, the Body and Blood of Christ, is there offered, and because relics of the saints are placed there. He kisses the Mass book after reading the Gospel, to signify his love for the teaching of Christ. Protestants sometimes say that Catholics are lacking in respect for the Word of God; but how contrary to this statement is the action of the Church. The priest kisses the book from which he reads the holy Gospel at Mass, and the people stand up, to listen to the reading of the Gospel. And we know of Catholic colleges and seminaries, where, every day, the students assemble to read in silence and on bended knees their New Testament. The Church so greatly honors God's word that she only surrounds it with the safeguards, that will make us learn to distinguish it from other books, and value it as God's revelation to men. Every Sunday at Mass, the Church requires her priests to read a selection from one of the Evangelists, and this generally forms the topic of the priest's instruction to his people.

Student asks:—

What is the difference between regulars and seculars, terms applied to the clergy?

Regulars have a common rule of life, and are

bound by the three vows of poverty, chastity and obedience. They are under the particular statutes of the order to which they belong. Seculars are those living in the world, and not bound by the religious vows, other than those pertaining to the sacred orders, or by a rule of life.

Reader asks: —

Was Martin Luther an Augustinian, and of the same religious order as the new papal delegate, Archbishop Martinelli?

He was, and what a reformer he was may be drawn from the fact that he was false to all his vows both of priest and religious.

1. M. E. K. wants to know if James G. Blaine was a Catholic?
2. Was General Sherman?

1. James G. Blaine was baptized by the care of his Catholic mother, later passed under the control of Protestant relatives, was brought up, lived, and died as a Protestant.

2. It appears that General Sherman received the rites of the Catholic Church a short while before his death. His son Thomas is, and was at the time of his father's death, a Jesuit priest.

Subscriber asks if there was ever a Hebrew Pope?

Saint Peter was.

C. E. G. wants to know the difference between professed and lay sisters?

The difference is more or less defined in different orders. In some, the manner of reception for the lay sisters is entirely different from that of the others. In a general way it may be said that there are distinctions in dress and in occupations between the professed and the lay sisters. In some communities there are no lay sisters. All stand on the same footing, and no outsider can tell from the dress or the appearance what line of work the different individuals have assigned to them.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Novels.

A cleverly-conceived and interesting story entitled "FROM WHOSE BOURNE" has been written by Robert Barr. The writer initiates his readers into the mysteries of the spirit world, following the philosophic principle that after death the soul and its laws are dominant, and that consequently it takes as little time to travel from place to place, whatever may be the distance between them, as it now takes thought to traverse distance. The author presents his characters in the other world as retaining the peculiarities which they possessed in this life, and the Chicago reporter in the story who in the life beyond the grave still holds to his opinion of Chicago's superiority, presents a picture at once interesting and amusing. The main interest of the story centres around Mr. Brentwood, who dying in his sleep is still conscious of all that is happening in the world from which he has departed. He sees his wife arrested on the charge of having caused his death by poisoning, and in his efforts to clear her good name he enlists the services of a Chicago reporter and Vidocq, the celebrated French detective, both of whom he meets in the other world, to unravel the mystery. The solution is singularly unexpected. This latest effort of Mr. Barr makes interesting and entertaining reading. New York, London: Frederick A. Stokes Co.

Sir Walter Besant gives us quite an interesting story in "THE MASTER CRAFTSMAN." We may be inclined to doubt its probability, but we must confess that it is cleverly and interestingly told. We seldom meet in actual life with a man who is willing to exchange brilliant prospects and a parliamentary career for the more common lot of a boat builder. The author's portrait of the master craftsman, though rather ideal, is one which elicits the reader's sympathy because of his strong adherence to the principles of honor. New York, London: Frederick A. Stokes Co.

London and the silver mines of Colorado are the scenes of the triumphs of "A MASTER OF FORTUNE" by Julian Sturgis. The hero, "Carteret Ultimus," as he calls himself, will-

ingly gives up the Carteret inheritance through sympathy with the poor whom he finds in the Carteret estates, which the Carteret millions refuse to make habitable. He returns to London to negotiate for the working of the silver mines which he had discovered in Colorado and meets in the fashionable London world the poor girl to whom his heart had gone out in sympathy. The result may be conjectured. New York and London: Frederick A. Stokes Co.

Another interesting story entitled "THE FLAW IN THE MARBLE" comes from the press of the Frederick A. Stokes Co. We cannot but sympathize with the young sculptor, who at first cold and unimpassioned, and entirely devoted to his art, loses his heart in a love which is never reciprocated. The events of the story occur in Paris, and give the reader glimpses into the artist's world of that splendid capital. New York and London.

Devotional.

The hymns used at the meetings of the League of the Sacred Heart have been brought together and published under the title "THE LEAGUE HYMNAL." The compiler Rev. Wm. H. Walsh, S. J., has conferred a boon on Catholics by presenting in convenient form these devotional hymns which have done so much in fostering and promoting Catholic devotion. Apostleship of Prayer, New York.

The third volume of "SHORT, PRACTICAL SERMONS FOR EARLY MASSES" from the German of Rev. G. Wolfgarten is at hand. The volume comprises a series of short, homely instructions on the gospels of the Sundays of the whole ecclesiastical year. It is especially rich in Scriptural allusions and quotations, and will no doubt be found a valuable help to overworked priests on the mission in furnishing thought and material for Sunday instructions. St. Louis: B. Herder.

The "BOYS AND GIRLS' MISSION BOOK" compiled by the Redemptorist Fathers of St. Louis, and published by the Benzigers, contains all the prayers and devotions of the average prayer book, with special exercises and meditatations in honor of the Blessed Virgin and the saints. The frontispiece is an engraving of Our Lady of Perpetual Help, special patroness of the Redemptorist Order. The book is particularly well adapted in style and matter for first conmunicants.

"GUIDE FOR CONFESSION AND COMMUNION" from the same publishers, is based upon the spiritual writings of St. Francis de Sales, translated by Anne R. Bennett-Gladstone. The title well explains the purpose and matter of the book, which should have an extensive circulation.

The "LITTLE MANUAL OF SAINT ANTHONY" also from Benzigers' is a collection of all the prayers and devotions in honor of this saint, amplified with general pious exercises and a short history of the well-known shrine of Saint Anthony at Butler, N. J., with the prayers and hymns in use by the "PIOUS UNION OF SAINT ANTHONY." In view of the Franciscan revival in so many forms, especially in the increased devotion to the seraphic saint, this little book in honor of his illustrious spiritual follower will be welcome to many devout souls.

A book specially intended for followers of Saint Francis in the world is Rev. Clementinus Deymann's "SAINT FRANCIS' MANUAL." It is dedicated to members of the Third Order, and is intended as a guide for tertiaries both in their religious exercises and in the sanctifying of their daily life. The book has two parts, the first of which deals with the prayers, etc., common to all Christians, and the second is particularly adapted to those following the rule of Saint Francis. It shows the beauty of the Third Order, its place in the Church's life, and the richness and multiplicity of its special graces. The author is a Franciscan priest of the province of the Sacred Heart and the book is published by Fr. Pustett & Co., New York and Cincinnati.

Miscellaneous.

The sophisms contained in Ingersoll's lecture, "Mistakes of Moses", are refuted by J. F. Harrison of St. Paul. The refutation has the endorsement of Rev. L. A. Lambert, whom Ingersoll has good cause to remember. Saint Paul, 1896.

A selected Bibliography of the "RELIGIOUS DENOMINATIONS OF THE UNITED STATES" has been compiled by George Franklin Bowerman, B.A., B.L.S. The principal works which have been published by each denomination in support of its religious belief, with their leading reviews and newspapers are set down according to a fixed order. Especially valuable is the appendix compiled by Rev. Joseph H. McMahon of the New York Cathedral, in which are enumerated the great Catholic works

in Dogmatic and Moral Theology, Scripture, Canon Law and Ecclesiastical History. New York: Cathedral Library Association.

"THE CATHOLIC YEAR BOOK OF NEW ENGLAND," compiled and edited by John Francis Marrin, gives in a small space the names and addresses of the Catholic bishops and clergy of New England, a list of ecclesiastical institutions and parochial schools, and other interesting statistics of the Catholicity of New England. Boston: The Catholic Publishing Co.

Controversies as a rule fail of their main object which is the convincing of one of the disputants, yet they serve a useful purpose in bringing before the public mind the reasons which may be advanced in support of a cause which might otherwise be regarded as indefensible. The latest religious discussion has just been closed in San Francisco and the arguments of the principals, Father Yorke and Dr. Wendte have been published in book form under the title "THE YORKE-WENDTE DISCUSSION ON THE PRIMACY OF THE POPE AND CHURCH AND STATE." The wealth of argument and abundance of reasons which Father Yorke produces in support of the Catholic position will certainly be a revelation to the non-Catholic reader whose knowledge of Catholic teaching and of the reasons in support of it is generally limited or distorted. San Francisco: The Monitor Publishing Co.

"OUTLINES OF CHURCH HISTORY" adapted from the German of the Very Rev. Theodore Dreher, D.D., by Rev. Bonaventure Hammer, O.S.F., is a handy volume in which are concisely stated the principal events of ecclesiastical history from the foundation of the church to the present day. St. Louis: B. Herder.

A new manual entitled "Lessons in Literature" has been issued by the press of Ainsworth & Co., Chicago. The reader is taken through the different epochs of English literature, and a short biography of each author is followed by a selection taken from one of his principal works. Considerable space is given to American Catholic authors. This manual will prove an interesting text-book for schools and academies. Chicago: Ainsworth & Co.

The papers read at the first American Eucharistic Congress, held at Washington last October have been published in a handy volume under the title of "EUCHARISTIC CONFERENCES." Not the least influential factor in the great Catholic revival, which marks the close of this century, is the holding of these congresses where the leaders of Catholic thought meet in conference and by an interchange of ideas help each other to understand the grandeur of the cause which claims their loyalty and promotes a strong, healthful union among Catholics. The beneficial effects of these unions are already seen in Italy, Spain, France, Germany and other European countries, while the realization of the dream of the reigning Pontiff — the union of the Western and Eastern churches was materially forwarded by the great Eucharistic Congress which met at Jerusalem two years ago.

The Congress of last October is but the first of a series, from which we may expect lasting and beneficial results. All the papers in the volume before us deal with the sacramental presence of the Lord as regards different aspects of Catholic life. Its influence in determining the character of the priest's personal and official life, its power for good as regards the Catholic laity, the unconscious effect which it exerts even upon those outside the Church these are the main points of discussion in the present volume. It is a book suggestive of high and noble thoughts and we trust that it is but the first of a great many which will instruct the Catholic mind and give it a more thorough appreciation of the blessings Catholics enjoy from having the sacramental presence of the Lord perpetually abiding among them. New York: The Catholic Book Exchange.

One of the most delightful experiences of a man's lifetime is his first European trip; and the impressions produced and the pleasure experienced on such an occasion is simply and sincerely told by Rev. H. F. Fairbanks in his "A VISIT TO EUROPE AND THE HOLY LAND." The principal countries of Europe with their chief points of interest are described by Father Fairbanks in a spirit which is reverent and Catholic and this constitutes the charm of the book; while his impressions of the Holy Land are such as we should naturally expect from the pen of a Catholic priest. A little more elegance in style and diction would make this record of impressions more readable. The book is finely illustrated; indeed we have rarely seen better illustrations than those that grace the pages of this volume. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Bros.

Literary Archives.

The treasury of literature has been enriched by the publication of the new Encyclopædic Dictionary, a work replete with valuable information so compactly and skilfully classified that reference can be made quickly and satisfactorily, a merit not common to works combining the characteristics of a dictionary and an encyclopædia.

Seventeen years of incessant labor and research have given to the literary world a history of words, their meanings, pronunciation, and origin, together with a vast array of facts relative to their bearing on art, science, history, and other lines of study, the whole forming a work of great value to readers and students.

To avoid undue condensation it became necessary for the compilers to increase the number of pages to more than five thousand, dealing with 250,000 words, each word taken step by step through the successive gradations of its meanings, and fully illustrated by use in quotations.

This admirable conception of concise reference is unrivalled and is winning the highest encomiums from scholars throughout the country.

To do full justice to the many merits of the new Encyclopædic Dictionary would be impossible within the limits of a review, but there are some features of such special excellence that we desire to call our readers attention to them.

The admirable system of arrangement reducing the labor of reference to a minimum; the complete information supplied under one head, necessitating no further turning back or forward for reference; and the exhaustive treatment of words of every class and origin even to the claims of slang aud colloquial language; these points and the careful treatment of pronunciation make the Dictionary invaluable to students and teachers, and even without the vast amount of other information, are worth much more than the cost of the work.

Fine illustrations and colored plates add to the value of the Dictionary as an educator and also to the attractiveness of its make-up. The press-work has been carefully done, and editions varying in price according to the material employed and the fineness of finish bring the work within the reach of all. Philadelphia, Penn., The Syndicate Publishing Company.

Facts for our Readers.

Owing to the numerous enquiries made by readers of our Magazine, who are policy holders in the Massachusetts Benefit Life Association, we have detailed our special representative to wait upon Mr. Litchfield from whom he obtained the following information.

Mr. Litchfield stated that the unwarrantable attack made upon his company was incited by a few dissatisfied policy-holders who apparently organized themselves into a committee for the special purpose of securing the overthrow of the company. The cause of their dissatisfaction was the increased assessment due to the increase in mortality, a condition in which Associations of the same character are subject, and which is understood and accepted by all holders' of the early assessment policies. All policies issued by the Association since the law of 1890 being on a much higher plane of cost, which in the opinion of actuaries is sufciently large to avoid any increase of cost. The claim advanced by the committee that they wanted to examine the books and documents of the institution and were refused permission to do so is not well founded, the endorsement or sanction of a certain number of policy-holders being necessary to authorize such an investigation. This endorsement the committee has been unable to secure, their efforts during the past three months resulting in obtaining only three per cent out of the ten per cent required by law in order to hold a policy-holders' investigation. While protecting themselves against the unfair demands of the dissatisfied policy-holders, a course that all intelligent people must commend, the Association has proved its integrity by furnishing to the officials appointed by law to investigate the affairs of insurance companies every opportunity to examine into its financial standing. A committee of five commissioners representing different states spent the whole month of November, 1895, investigating the standing of the Massachusetts Benefit Life Association, and on the conclusion of their rigid investigation congratulated the President on the thoroughness of its system, its financial soundness, and the remarkable growth of the Association. The appended names of the commission are sufficient guarantee of the fairness and thoroughness with which the investigation was conducted:

GEORGE S. MERRILL,
Insurance Commissioner, Massachusetts.
S. W. CARR,
Insurance Commissioner, Maine.
C. W. BROWNELL,
Insurance Commissioner, Vermont.
ALBERT C. LANDERS,
Insurance Commissioner, Rhode Island.
WM. M. HAHN,
Superintendent of Insurance, Ohio.

This with the summarized statistics of the Company printed herewith is conclusive proof of the integrity and financial soundness of the Association.

50,000 Policy-holders.
$112,000,000 Insurance in Force.
$1,000,000 Cash Surplus.
$12,000,000 Paid in Losses.

Figures speak for themselves, and Mr. Litchfield points to them as the strongest refutation of the charges preferred by the few dissatisfied members, and also as the most convincing demonstration of the reason why the Massachusetts Benefit Association stands so high in public esteem, retaining its popularity despite the animus that incited the recent malicious attack upon the management, and its administration.

A Good Child

Is usually healthy, and both conditions are developed by use of proper food. The Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is the best infant's food; so easily prepared that improper feeding is inexcusable and unnecessary.

INNOCENCE.

BOWDLEAR'S FLOOR WAX...

Is not white, will not ball on feet, will not soil clothes.
All ready, anybody can apply it and the best thing for the purpose.

The floor must be clean and free from oil.
Sprinkle, and the dancers will do the rest.

For Sale in Boston by

GEO. C. GOODWIN & CO. GILMAN BROS.
CARTER, CARTER, & KILHAM,
WEEKS & POTTER CO. WEST & JENNEY

Whooping Cough
Asthma
Croup
Catarrh
Colds

Vapo-Cresolene

Cures while you Sleep

Cresolene when vaporized in the sick room will give immediate relief. Its curative powers are wonderful, at the same time preventing the spread of contagious diseases by acting as a powerful disinfectant, harmless to the youngest child. Sold by druggists. Valuable booklet free.

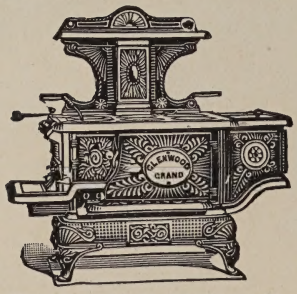
Vapo-Cresolene Co., 69 Wall Street, N. Y.
Schieffelin & Co., New York, U. S. Agents.

The Highest Grade of Cooking Apparatus.

Made in all the desirable Styles and Sizes, and can be had for either Wood or Coal.

GLENWOOD

RANGES AND HEATERS



FINEST IN THE WORLD. TWO GOLD MEDALS.

If your Dealer does not keep these ranges, send us his name on a postal card, and we will send you our handsome book that will tell you all about stoves.

WEIR STOVE CO, TAUNTON, MASS.

THE LITTLE NURSE.

Meyer Ven Bremen.

Artist unknown.

REBECCA.

Donahoe's Magazine.

VOL. XXXVI. BOSTON, NOVEMBER, 1896. NO. 5.

Of the Earth, Earthy.

KATHERINE E. CONWAY.

My mother's prayer, whene'er at even
She lit or quenched a household light—
"Grant us, O Lord, the light of Heaven,
And guard us through the night."

The prayer my mother used to pray—
I breathe it from a tired, faint heart,
For one light quenched upon my way,
Of my joy chiefest part.

Oh, God, in loneliness and fear
Remembered — other time forgot!
Oh, Heaven, a vision sweet and dear,
When earth delighteth not!

Lord, let me, for my truth forgiven,
And for Thy mercy's sake prevailed,
Pray — Ere I see the light of Heaven,
Re-light the light that failed!

CATHOLIC EDUCATION IN THE UNITED STATES.

MORGAN J. O'BRIEN.

IN determining the benefits of any system, either of religion or education, it must be judged not alone by its effects or results upon man in his connection with what transpires about him here, but also by its influence upon his ultimate destiny.

This dual relation to time and eternity, though susceptible in the abstract, of separate treatment and consideration, cannot, in the concrete, be dissevered, any more than can the body and soul.

Man's rights and duties, whether considered as an individual, as a member of the family, or of that greater society known as the state, cannot be correctly determined without bearing this fact constantly in mind. What changes this wrought in men's lives, what transformations effected in nations, is most strikingly shown by contrasting Pagan with Christian civilization. The problem of life, the mystery of death, unknown to Pagan people, and the source of perplexity to the greatest sages and philosophers, were solved, and are now the possession of the poorest and most illiterate in Christendom.

It would be both interesting and instructive to trace the influence that this knowledge of his dual relation to the here and the hereafter exerted upon man's condition and action, crystalizing in that Christian civilization which is now the heritage of all. It would exceed, however, the object and expected limits of this paper, which will deal with it so far only as may be essential to answer the question: What have the Catholics done for education in the United States?

There can be no question of more vital importance to the American people than this: How are children who, in a few years, are to be entrusted with the responsibilities of citizenship, and the destinies of the nation, to be educated! The growth, development and prosperity of the state depends on the intelligence of the people.

Educational institutions may be divided into primary and secondary. The former embrace public, parochial and similar schools, devoted to elementary education, while secondary institutions comprise colleges and universities. Leaving out of view the religious feature, which will be discussed hereafter, and contrasting, from a secular standpoint Catholic colleges and universities with other denominational or non-sectarian colleges, so-called, we are forcibly struck with how favorable, taking the past, is the comparison. Without means, without subsidies, without rich or influential friends, amidst trials and tribulations that would have excused failure, they have grown, flourished and multiplied, until, to-day, we possess colleges and universities where every ambition for the most advanced higher education can be satisfied.

But when we come to consider the parochial, as compared with the pub-

lic schools, then the results are remarkable. That the public schools, in their appointments, completeness and system of instruction, are superior, must be conceded. But, it should be remembered that, though the parochial schools date back forty years, it has only been within the last twenty years that Catholics have been in a position to devote to their advancement either time, money or effort.

Yet statistics show that there are between 700,000 and 800,000 in our parochial as against seven to eight millions in the public schools. In addition there are many orphanages, children's homes and similar institutions, whose inmates receive a Catholic elementary training. So that, if we regard the number of children of school age, it will be found, taking the entire population, that the percentage, as between Catholic and public schools, is greater in favor of the Catholic.

When we remember that this involves the double burden of building and maintaining our own schools, besides contributing, in the way of taxation, to public instruction, the result is not only extraordinary, but is evidence of a deep seated and sincere belief in the necessity of Catholic Schools and Catholic Education.

We could continue our comparison and show that the education thus provided, regarded solely as secular education, equips the pupil with as good a mental training and intellectual resources to contend for a successful position in life, as that furnished by other schools, public or private. But no idea of comparison, antagonism or competition, or even ambition, to provide a better secular education, induced the establishment of the various Catholic schools, colleges and universities throughout our country.

We recognize the necessity and utility of public schools and public instruction. These are essential for the safety and permanence of our country, needful to make intelligent citizens, and, for those who are indifferent or opposed to religion and education going hand in hand, or are opposed to religion, or who are indifferent to both education and religion, and would neglect, were it not for the state, the obligation imposed upon them as parents to properly educate their children, as well for those who, with means, ability and disposition, are able to provide a thorough religious training otherwise, the public schools are highly necessary and beneficial. It is therefore, a mistake to assert that Catholics are opposed to public schools.

Gladly would they avail themselves of their great advantages, willingly would they lay down the burden of maintaining separate schools, if this could be done without the sacrifice of principle. If conducted after the plan of the National School System of Ireland, or upon the denominational plan of Canada, which permits religious training, then could Catholics conscientiously give up their own schools. They recognize the necessity, efficiency and usefulness of public schools for classes, some of which have been, and others which might be, enumerated, but they do not come up to the requirements of what, in a Catholic view, is essential to a true and sound education.

Not the mind alone, but the heart, and the whole man, must be trained, because we accept alone as the true definition that given by Webster, according to whom to educate is

"to instil into the mind principles of art, science, morals, religion and behavior." "To educate in the arts is important, in religion indispensable." As said by Our Holy Father: "He, who in the education of youth, neglects the will and concentrates all his energies on the culture of the intellect, succeeds in turning education into a dangerous weapon in the hands of the wicked. It is the reasoning of the intellect that sometimes joins with the evil propensities of the will, and gives them a power which baffles all resistance."

It is, therefore, in the language of Cardinal Manning, that we insist "that a Christian child has a right to a Christian education, and a Catholic child to a Catholic education." There is nothing new in this definition of education, which has not only been consistently maintained by Catholics under every form of government, but has received the sanction and endorsement of some of the most eminent Protestant writers and thinkers who have spoken of the dangers attending education without religion.

Although we have, considering the difficulties, obstacles and lack of means, just cause for pride in the number of our schools, colleges and universities, providing, as they do, for fully eight hundred thousand pupils, with well equipped and disciplined teachers and professors, who have sent forth young men to battle successfully in every walk and profession of life, it is not in any or all of these that we find our chief pride and glory, or on them that we rest our just claim to the gratitude of our fellow-countrymen in what we have done for education.

Though we had, for lack of means, been powerless to accomplish what has been achieved, nevertheless, the principle which has stimulated us to spend millions of dollars, to sacrifice the life and ambition of thousands of our Catholic teachers, to assume the burden of a double taxation, would carry us on, stimulate us with the zeal and courage to carry to a successful issue a work that must redound in the greatest benefits to the individual and the permanent welfare of our country.

It has never been questioned that the safety of a republic rests upon the virtue of its citizens; just as monarchies are sustained by strong central governments, supported by large standing armies, and in which the governing principle is force. The world knows but two principles of government, one the power of the sword, sustained by the hand that wields it, the other the power of law, sustained by a virtuous and intelligent public opinion. Or, differently expressed, there is the principle of force and the principle of love.

While intelligence, therefore, is a necessity, and tends to promote virtue and eradicate vice, besides qualifying a man for citizenship, it still remains true that virtue is essentially based on religion. There may be individual exceptions, but it can be truly stated as a rule, that intelligence may make a brilliant, but never a virtuous people.

As well may we expect a tree torn up by the roots and thrown on the wayside, to grow and blossom, as to expect that virtue, separated from religion, can survive. The ages and nations that produced a Plato, an Aristotle and a Cicero were noted for the intelligence, not alone of a few, but of the entire people. But what of their virtue? No picture brush could paint, or pen describe,

could over-color the frightful moral condition of Greece and Rome, the two greatest and most intelligent nations of antiquity.

The history of those nations, as well as the study of all the civilizations known to man, bear striking testimony to that oft quoted, profound expression of Washington, the father of our country, who, in his farewell address, said: "Whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education on minds of peculiar structure, reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principle."

And Cardinal Gibbons, in his admirable book, "Our Christian Heritage," justifies the summary that "every philosopher and statesman who has discussed the subject of human governments has acknowl- that there can be no stable society without justice, no justice without morality, no morality without religion, no religion without God." And in this place I cannot forbear quoting from the same eminent author his eloquent description of religion and its salutary and far-reaching influence: "Religion is anterior to society and more enduring than governments; it is the focus of all social virtues, the basis of public morals, the most powerful instrument in the hands of legislators; it is stronger than self interest, more awe-inspiring than civil threats, more universal than honor, more active than love of country — the surest guarantee that rulers can have of the fidelity of their subjects, and that subjects can have of the justice of their rulers; it is the curb of the mighty, the defence of the weak, the consolation of the afflicted, the covenant of God with man, and, in the language of Homer, it is 'the golden chain which suspends the earth from the throne of the eternal.'"

Religion, however, it may be asserted, is the proper theme for the church or home, but has no place in the school. That churches and the teaching of Christian homes do much to foster and promote religion must be conceded, but, generally speaking, churches are more potent in maintaining religious convictions already formed, than successful in the inculcation of religion in children. Hence, their greater utility for adults than for children. The benefits of a Sunday school, or of home training, cannot be overestimated, but what difficulties are there in the way of their ever being so arranged as to produce the desired result, for the great mass of our children, either because of the small time devoted each week in the Sunday school, or the limited number that ever receive a thorough religious training at home!

That churches, Sunday schools and home influence have not been as far reaching as demanded by the religious wants of the people or nation, may be conclusively shown by dwelling for a moment on the past and present religious condition of our country. Those who founded our colonies, as well as our revolutionary forefathers, were religious men. Physically rugged and hardy, they were imbued with strong religious convictions that influenced their every act.

They came over a trackless ocean, and cut a way through impenetrable forests, and through their religion, intelligence and courage, established society and governments and laws, and, after finally throwing off a foreign yoke, laid deep the foundations of a constitutional republic that is

seemingly destined to be the foremost nation of the world. Are we acting up to the spirit, the principles, the traditions of the past? Are we advancing or retrograding? To assert that, having advanced morally to a certain point, we can then remain stationary, is to utter an absurdity, for a nation can no more remain morally passive than can a man; he is bound to go on and upward, or go on and downward.

That, in material prosperity, we have made giant strides, is apparent. Our towns, cities and states have increased and multiplied. Men have amassed wealth running into the millions and hundreds of millions. Our corporations are striding a continent, but are we not equally accursed by pauperism and discontent, do we not know that thousands are deprived of the very necessaries of life, of the benefits of education, religion and civilization, deprived of the very blessings which our constitution guarantees, and which God seemingly intended for every man, woman and child in our land?

Have not agnosticism, materialism, infidelity and other forms of irreligion been as rapidly augmented as our national prosperity? Has not polygamy, under the form of Mormonism, or lax divorce laws, alarmingly increased? Have we the same spirit of public or private virtue that prevailed in the early days of the republic? Have not immorality, gambling, intemperance, breaches of private and public trust become more prevalent among our citizens?

The fact, therefore, stands prominently forth, that virtue has decreased in proportion to the destruction of the religious sentiment among our people, and it requires no prophet to foretell what must be the inevitable end, if some check to the rapid inroad of irreligion be not found.

Kingdoms, empires and republics, some of which in territorial aggrandizement were larger than our own, some obtaining an intellectual supremacy which yet commands the admiration of the world, have, at times, glistened along the past, only to be extinguished and to fade as utterly as the vivid glories of sunset. Shall our country, whose glory and prosperity are linked with every fibre of our hearts, whose foundations were laid so deep and strong, whose heroic and patriotic fathers, have given to the world a government adjusted to satisfy the highest and noblest demands of social and civic life, to repeat through our indifference or folly, the history of nations which have risen and fallen to rise no more? We believe that more of man's destiny has been committed to our country than to any other nation in Christendom.

Viewing, therefore, the causes that threaten our national existence, most if not all of which are directly traceable to moral decadence among our people, may we not profitably inquire into the remedy for these evils? That these have grown and increased, in spite of the influence of churches, and the possibility of children being given a religious training at home, is evident from the present social conditions.

That they could not be so alarmingly increased, augmented or prevalent, were our people as virtuous now as in the past, we think equally demonstrable. It is conceivable that even a highly educated and intelligent people may be both corrupt and immoral, as shown in the history of Greece and Rome, but it is a contradiction in terms to assert that any

people with deep-seated religious convictions, based on Christ's teachings, can ever be any but a virtuous people. Catholics regard, therefore, the proper religious training of their children as essential, not only for moral perfection in the individual and in the family, but equally necessary to the formation of virtuous and patriotic citizens. Catholics regard the teachings of religion as of paramount importance to the individual and the state, and, to that end, have earnestly and conscientiously labored to adopt the most effective means of securing it.

We rightly view youth as the seed time of life. If the ground is then tilled and watered, and sown with good seed, the perennial flowers of religion and virtue will bloom in the summer sun, and their sweetness and perfume continue until winter's snow shall linger and be dissolved in the lap of an eternal spring.

Experience, human nature, the necessity of first, as lasting impressions, all teach that the seat of all that is good and bad, the source of virtue as well as vice — the human heart — shall receive the same continuous devoted and consistent training as the human mind. The error of delaying this work, or having it imperfectly done, is fraught with such terrible consequences to the individual, the family and the state, that Catholics regard religious training as superior in its claims, to mere mental training.

If we would, therefore, ask what Catholics have done for education, we would answer, though we might point with pride to the number and character of our schools, colleges and universities, that we have joined in holy wedlock religion and education, in conformity to the eternal decrees and fitness of things — that we have produced teachers who have consecrated their lives to the work of the Divine Master, laboring to lift, not only our minds, but our hearts — "who have struggled to emancipate us from the encroachments of a debasing materialism, who daily teach us there is something in life higher, better and more important than commerce, and wealth, than poetry, eloquence and song, that spiritual life which holds us responsible for what we may do while here, and accountable at last to the Final Judge."

In our schools, therefore, there is taught all that is taught in others, and something more. They teach, not only the geography of this, but of the world beyond.

All professing Christians, Catholic or not, value the inestimable blessings conferred by religion in developing the men who hewed out of impenetrable forests a country, a government and a constitution that are the envy of the world, and which if preserved in its integrity, assures, not only to the present, but to ages unborn, the divine rights of civil and religious liberty. Our great achievements, our phenomenal growth, our long list of illustrious heroes, were the result of the religious spirit abiding in our people, which found expression "in an admirable public conscience, rich in maxims of sublime morality, in laws of justice and equity, in sentiments of honor and dignity — in a profound respect for man and all that belongs to him — in a tendency to improve the condition of the many, to protect the weak and succor the unfortunate, in the indelible stamp which it has affixed upon all our laws and all our institutions, and which has given us a civilization su-

perior to that of all other civilizations, ancient or modern."

The weakening of this spirit, which we believe has occurred, is a national calamity, and the evils that must inevitably follow, if not already apparent, is due to the original vigor and strength as it existed, and which, thus far, it has been impossible wholly to obscure or destroy.

If religion, then, was the fruitful product of so much good, what other remedy so effective can be suggested for renewing the original energy of the nation? And, in what manner can this be more effectually accomplished than by properly training our youth? Feeling, as we do, that time and the sense of justice that ever abides in the American people will, sooner or later, bear testimony to the sincerity and value of the principle for which Catholics contend, we will patiently bear our present burdens, subject ourselves to the misrepresentation of those who will not understand us, and continue to uphold the principle that we shall not sacrifice the moral to the mental well being of our youth.

This idea, or principle, which we believe will finally meet with the assent and approval of all thoughtful and right-minded men, is the Catholic contribution to education. This does not, let us repeat, place itself in antagonism to our public schools, nor does it, in any way, include the right of the state to teach religion. The latter would, to that extent, be a union of church and state, to which in this country, where religious freedom is guaranteed, American Catholics are unalterably opposed.

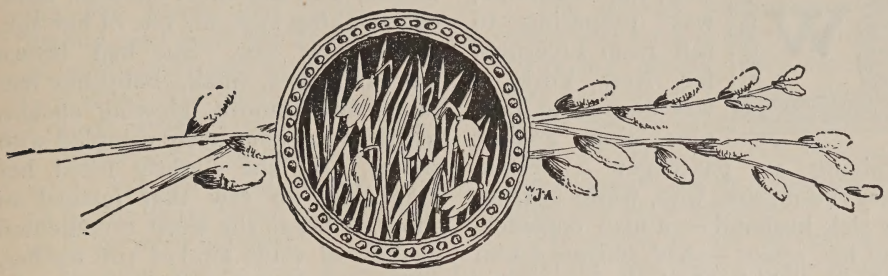
The objection that this principle is opposed to the state is an old one, and was answered by Christ Himself, when in the Temple he took the Roman coin, and enunciated the cardinal and guiding principle of civic rights and duties by requiring tribute to Caesar of "things that are Caesar's and to God the things that are God's."

That some will be found who, opposed to all religion, will not regard our contribution to education as valuable, we know, but for those who believe in Christianity, be they Catholic or Protestant, no logical reason can be suggested why they should oppose the principle for which we contend.

When we find arrayed against Christianity all the forces of irreligion — forces most powerful and unrelenting — having a single bond of union, hostility to religion, should the time of Christians be taken up in bitter strife among themselves, instead of directing their strength against the common enemy? What a striking parallel in our present attitude and that so graphically described in his "Talisman" of the spirit that filled the allied Christian princes before the walls of Jerusalem.

After years of preparation, after months of long and dreary marches, after suffering and untold hardships, with ranks already decimated by the assaults of the enemy, they stood before the city of God, which they had sworn should be wrested from the Saracen's hands. Instead of marching on the city, which the rank and file were anxious to do, they spent the time in vainly discussing as to who among them was, by right of precedence, entitled to lead the Christian hosts. After days thus spent by Richard the Lion-hearted, Philip of France and Leopold of Austria in useless wrangling, the debate was happily terminated by their uniting in a sentiment which we now

adopt as our own, and which led the Christian hosts to victory: "In the face of our common enemy, let our quarrels be those of the past — to-day let each lead his own, and hereafter let him take precedence who shall carry furthest into the ranks of the enemy the banner of the Cross."



FOR THEE.

MICHAEL EARLS.

WHAT do songbirds say, love,
In their twittering glee?
What sing merry winds, love,
Whispering o'er the lea?
Sweet the song they bring, love;
Sweeter far would be,
The song I'd like to sing, love,
For thee.

Hear the babbling springs, love,
In their tuneful play;
Hear the purling brooks, love,
Laughing night and day.
Moonlight soft they croon, love;
Softer far would be,
The words I'd make a tune, love,
For thee.

What the scented rhyme, love,
Of the fragrant flowers?
What their peaceful hymn, love,
In the vesper hours?
Virgin-pure their breath, love;
Purer far shall be,
The song I'll sing till death, love,
For thee.

THE STRANGE MISS MERWIN.

EDWARD HEINS.

HEN my packet-ship, the Hermione, was preparing to sail from Liverpool for New York, I was warned to take precautions against receiving as passenger a certain Mary Youngson, who, while nursing her sick husband — a man considerably her senior — had poisoned him to death, laid hold of all the money and valuables she could get, and then had made off. It was thought that she would try to leave England on some outward bound ship — most likely for America, where she had friends — and therefore I sharply scrutinized the passengers, eight in number, who were brought off to my vessel in a tender. As they stepped aboard I was relieved to perceive that none of them tallied with the description I had obtained of Miss Youngson, who, I was told, was a beautiful woman, over thirty-five years of age, about five feet six inches in height, and very slender, with brown hair, dark eyes, and a clear complexion. She had been born and educated abroad, but her father had been an Englishman, and an amateur actor, from whom she had inherited a remarkable capacity for deceiving people as to her character.

Two of the female passengers who now came aboard were married ladies, and of dark complexion; there were also two young women of about twenty-one; one, a Miss Lorton, plain and stout; the other, Miss Merwin, slender and tall, apparently not less than five feet nine inches, with the most childish, innocent-looking face, for one of her age, that I ever saw. She had brown hair and eyes, small, baby-like features, and smooth, glowing cheeks, which were constantly dimpled with smiles. As she slightly lifted her long skirt, we saw that instead of shoes or boots she wore ornamented buskins of some kind of soft leather, which made no noise when she walked. Afterwards we heard that she wore them because she had lately sprained her feet, and could not yet bear harder leather.

From the first I could see that my son Tom, a young man of twenty-five, and chief officer, was greatly impressed by this girl.

He had always liked tall women, and anything "babyish" in their looks or manners particularly pleased him. Still, I was surprised at the end of one short week after we sailed to learn that he had actually proposed to her and been accepted.

"She is so artless, so ingenuous, so free from guile of any kind," said he, "that you can read her heart at once! We are to be married on coming back to Liverpool, at the house of her aunt, who is expecting her. With her usual childish frankness she informed me that, although having a small fortune in three per cents left to her by her father, who was a merchant, she is at present short of cash, which would hinder her from purchasing, on landing, certain little articles she desired towards a wedding outfit. I was so

touched by her shy infantile way, blended with timid distress at having to tell me this, that I at once went to my room and procured the five thousand dollar United States bond, which you know I lately bought with my savings, and gave it to her, telling her where she could get it cashed, and bade her then take out of it whatever she needed."

"Why, Tom, you don't say so?" I cried, rather startled.

"Of course," he answered. "Why not? We are engaged, and it ought to be the same about money matters as if we were married."

He went below, and I sat long in the clear moonlight, thinking it over as a hasty, foolish piece of business, when suddenly I was startled by the cry of the lookout forward.

"Sail, ho! right ahead!"

The stranger — a large ship — put her helm a-port, so I had no doubt she would pass us safely enough; but, as she was going by, her helmsman raising his wheel too soon, her bow swung off, and her jibboom caught under my spanker sheet, lifting the spar and snapping it off with a crash.

There was noise and confusion as we worked briskly to keep the two vessels apart and prevent further damage, in the midst of which several of the passengers came running up, somewhat frightened, to find out what was the matter.

"It is nothing; we are all right now!" I cried, to reassure them, as the other ship swung clear of us.

Miss Merwin had emerged from the companion-way after the others; and as I looked towards her form, distinctly revealed by the moonlight and one of the lanterns, I stood stock-still in the utmost astonishment, for, as true as I am a living man, her stature now seemed at least three inches shorter than I had hitherto seen it!

I was the only one who noticed her at that time, and on meeting my gaze she drew back as quick as a flash, and vanished in the cabin.

The strange phenomenon I had witnessed for a moment almost took away my breath. My whole mind was fixed upon this one thing, and when my son came up, a few hours later, to take the deck, I described the singular change I had noticed in Miss Merwin's stature.

He stared at me at first as if he thought me mad; then broke out into an incredulous laugh, saying that my eyes or the imperfect light must have deceived me.

I knew better, however, but, finding I could not convince him, I told him to wait until the young lady should appear at breakfast in the morning when he might see for himself.

Two hours later the second mate came up to relieve Tom, who then went below. The officer, seeing me seated in a reverie on the quarter-deck, walked amidships, where he stood looking carelessly forward.

All at once, judge of my surprise, when, on raising my head, I beheld, leaning against the rail near me, a person I had never seen before — a slender, middle-aged man, of rather low stature, with hair covering nearly every part of the face excepting the eyes, which glittered like fire-balls in the moonlight!

"Why, halloa! Who are you? Where did you come from?" I cried.

"Pray don't excite yourself," he coolly answered. "I am a detective, and got aboard in the harbor through the connivance of one of

your crew — I am not going to tell you which one — who also supplies me with food. I have been all along in the state-room next to Miss Merwin's with my carpet-bag. Had you looked in the room you would have seen me, but you probably missed the key, or thought it was lost."

"That is true; but——"

"Here is my warrant," he interrupted, handing me a paper, which, on reading it by the lantern's light, I perceived was a signed document, apparently from the proper authorities, instructing John Clews, the bearer, a detective, to conceal himself aboard the Hermione, and act as he might see fit in his endeavor to detect the murderess, Mrs. Youngson, who it was suspected was a passenger in disguise aboard that vessel.

"She is here," was his confident reply, when I remarked that there must be some mistake. "I have not watched through the hole I bored in the partition for nothing."

"Why, man!" I cried, aghast, "she cannot be the guilty one. She is innocence itself—as artless as a child. Besides, she is very tall and young; whereas I have been told that the murderess was much shorter, and nearly twice as old."

He laughed in a way which to me was indescribably disagreeable.

"It is not Miss Merwin I allude to," he said. "You will remember that the state-room of Miss Lorton is also next to mine."

"What!" I exclaimed, almost as much surprised as before, "you suspect that stout young lady who——"

"I don't suspect," he interrupted; "I *know* her to be the criminal!"

"But she is young, plain, and stout; the accused woman was slender——"

"Bah, he again interrupted. "Disguise! That will explain all. It is easy for a woman of that kind to make herself look younger and stouter than she really is. Should we fall in with a good Liverpool-bound ship, I shall arrest this woman, and take her on board of it with me. I will go back to my room now. You may or may not see me again before we sight a home-bound craft."

With that he glided like a shadow into the cabin.

Now, then, I had something to keep me awake—to drive all thoughts of turning-in from my mind. So, after all, that woman — that terrible murderess — was aboard my ship!

I commenced to walk the deck in no pleasant frame of mind, and the morning light stole around me before I was aware that the hour was so late.

When breakfast was ready in the cabin, Miss Merwin was absent from her accustomed place at the table. During the progress of the meal, I looked more than once at Miss Lorton — the stout young lady who the detective had positively asserted was Mary Youngson, the poisoner.

The quiet dignity and composure of her manner, the frank, honest expression of her face, and its undeniable plainness, seemed to me so natural, so real, that I marvelled how the detective contrived to penetrate through so perfect a disguise.

Feeling tired out after breakfast, I slept until near noon.

When I went on deck, Tom was superintending the repairing of the spanker-boom.

"It is very strange," he said to me uneasily, "Miss Merwin has not yet shown herself."

The day wore on without our seeing her. Even at supper time she did not make her appearance.

Tom looked pale and concerned. Finally he went and knocked at her door, calling her name. There was no response."

"I do not know what to make of it," he said to me on deck. "Oh, father!" he added wildly, "is it possible she can have suddenly died?"

"I don't think so," I answered — "she seemed to be in good health;" and then thought to myself, "Were it not that we are *where* we are, and she a different sort of person, I might suspect that she had absconded with your money."

As night approached, her non-appearance excited general comment, and I was advised to break open the door, which was locked. I did so, and we found her room empty. Her trunk was still there, but she was gone.

My son looked at me as pale as death.

"My God! what can have become of her?" he groaned.

In fact, it certainly was a very singular case; and, coupled with my previous observation of the strange shortening of the young woman's stature, it seemed to me to partake almost of the preternatural.

"May she not have gone on deck last night and fallen overboard?" inquired one of the passengers.

"Impossible!" I answered. "It was clear moonlight. I was on deck all night; and, besides, I had good lookouts posted about the ship. The thing could not have happened unknown to us."

We looked to see if we might not find a note or something explanatory, but in vain.

Then I ordered a thorough search to be made throughout the ship. This was done; but no, she was not to be found, though every nook and corner was looked into.

Then it occurred to me to speak to the detective about it; and, as soon as I could do so unobserved, I knocked at his door. He cautiously opened it, but on seeing who was there he invited me in.

I told him what had happened, not even omitting to mention the sudden change I had previously noticed in the young lady's height. As I proceeded, I observed that his keen eyes seemed to grow larger, while the thick beard that covered the face of this singular man kept twitching, as if every hair was instinct with life.

"Give me time," he said solemnly, when I had finished, "and I will solve this mystery. In a few days I may be able to do it — perhaps not for a week."

I left him and went on deck. Tom was there, looking so downcast and forlorn that I resolved to acquaint him with the presence of the detective, and tell him what he had said, and so, perhaps, brighten him up a little.

I did so, but my words had an effect I had not expected. Reflecting a moment, he cried out: "Father, I believe that man is a humbug! But whether he be a detective or not, I now suspect that he is a thief and a murderer; that he knew of Miss Merwin's having that five thousand dollar bond, and that, in order to possess himself of it, he has *killed her and thrown her body overboard!*"

I stared at him in amazement, and told him I feared that his grief had disturbed his reason. "How was it possible," I asked him, "that the man

could have got the body overboard without our knowing it?"

"He could have choked her to death, carried her to one of the open cabin windows, and dropped her through that," he replied.

"Impossible," I answered, "without the splash being overheard by the man at the wheel, or by some one on deck. Besides I doubt if he could have squeezed the body through either of our cabin windows, which you know, are very small."

Tom, however, seemed to think it could have been done, owing to Miss Merwin being so slender, and, in spite of all my efforts, I could not entirely rid his mind of that horrible idea.

Days passed, for we had head-winds which kept us off our course, but as yet the detective had nothing to tell me, though he said he soon might be able to explain the whole affair.

A strange affair enough. Never before had I such an experience, or anything approaching to it, in any craft I commanded. The passengers were equally puzzled; it was the talk of all aboard the ship. As for Tom he grew paler, thinner, wilder every day. At last, one afternoon, when we had entered St. George's Channel, he came to me, and said, in a husky voice: "*It is as I thought!* Quick! I have something to show you! Make no noise!"

I followed him. We both wore light slippers, and without noise entered the room Miss Merwin had occupied. He pointed to a crevice, which he had evidently made in the partition, and looking through it I saw the detective, in the next apartment, kneeling by his open carpet-bag, from which now protruded the *identical buskins* — I could not mistake them — *which Miss Merwin had worn.* Spread out before him, he held a five thousand dollar bond — evidently the one which my son had given to the young lady!

"You see!" he whispered. "Was I not right? He has murdered and robbed her!"

Low as the whisper was, the man evidently heard it, for he pushed the buskins, and after them the bond, hastily down into the bag, which he then closed.

Before I could hinder him, Tom rushed out and threw himself against the detective's door with a force which broke the lock and admitted him into the room. He flew at the man, clutched him and shook him, when the fellow drew a dirk, but in his futile struggles to use it — for I held his wrist and soon disarmed him — *his beard fell off*, showing it was a false one, and at the same time his shirt-bosom was torn away about the throat. Then both Tom and I uttered a simultaneous cry of surprise on perceiving that this pretended detective was a *woman over thirty-five years of age* — or, in other words, it was Miss Merwin herself, deprived of the cosmetics and other appliances which had, while in the natural attire of her sex, made her look so much younger than she was.

The whole truth broke upon me at once. This woman, I suspected, was in reality Mary Youngson, the murderess, for her face and height now answered to the description I had of her; and we found, while looking for my son's bond in her carpet-bag, some articles bearing her name, and others marked with that of her victim. In fact, afterwards, while ill, she confessed to being Mary Youngson.

Her motive in disguising herself was apparent. She had feared, after

I had discovered the strange shortening of her stature, that I might suspect who she really was; and, besides, the *ruse* would, she thought, enable her the better to escape from Tom and get off with his five thousand dollars. The mystery of her having, as Miss Merwin, looked so much taller than she was, we found explained by her buskins, which proved, like those sometimes worn by actors on the stage, to be provided with very thick cork soles, to give an appearance of elevation to the stature.

On the night she so astonished me by the difference in her height she had, in her hurry and alarm, come up in her slippers, having forgotten to put on her buskins.

It is hardly necessary to say that the detective warrant she had shown me was forged, written by herself; nor scarcely need it be mentioned that Tom was now disgusted with this woman, and entirely cured of his infatuation.

Subsequently she died of a malignant fever while being conveyed a prisoner back to England — thus escaping the punishment she so richly merited for her odious crime, although there were not wanting those who stoutly maintained that the charge had by no means been conclusively brought home to her. However, after occupying the public mind for more than the proverbial nine days, the "Youngson Case," as it was called, gave place to a fresher sensation.

HEART SONGS.

JOHN C. CONNOLLY.

Ah! the heart songs, grave and gay!
  Theirs the purest melody.
Songs of noon or twilight gray,
  Carol or sad threnody.

Yes, the sweetest music lingers
  In the strings of every heart;
And 'tis but love's heaven-taught fingers
  From these strings the strains can start.
Yet, as in the grandest numbers
  That e'er swelled in harmony,
Harshest discord ever slumbers
  As the wrath in a calm sea —

So a touch unkind may sweep
  O'er these tender, love-tuned strings,
Waking sounds erst hidden deep,
  Hate's discordant murmurings.

MY VIOLIN.

JOHN P. SJOLANDER.

Battered is your coat of brown,
Spattered up, spattered down,
Tattered, too, from key to crown,
Dusty both without, within;
But if measured by your mirth,
You a treasured world were worth,
My violin, my violin.

Runs the river full or low,
Be the giver swift or slow,
Reap we never where we sow —
Lose we evermore or win,
What the odds? Our hearts are strong,
Glad as gods, and sweet with song,
My violin, my violin.

Gleams no sun to glad the day,
Beams no star to lead the way,
Seem all blessings brought to bay —
Darkness dull, or deadly din;
To the goal our songs will go,
Soul to soul. The way they know,
My violin, my violin.

Wrinkling age grows soft and smooth;
Twinkling feet fleet with youth
Sprinkling life with joys that soothe —
Magic that a world might win.
Rarest treasure, gift divine,
Soul of pleasure wholly mine,
My violin, my violin.

A Reverie.

R. Pötzelberger.

THE BLACKWATER.

A BICYCLE TRIP ALONG THE IRISH RHINE.

WILLIAM P. O'CALLAGHAN.

ON the occasion of a former visit to the famous Abbey of the Cistercians at Mount Melleray, County Waterford, my companion and myself were so much impressed with our stay there that we resolved to pay another visit the following autumn. To enhance the pleasure of our journey along the beautiful Blackwater we proposed to make the bicycle the means of our conveyance; for the bicycle is a most effective means of bringing latent inspiration to the surface and, while affording an enviable opportunity to admire the ravishing scenery, infuses the rider with the liveliest and most pleasing fancies.

We set out from Fermoy, County Cork, in the latter days of August. Fermoy is picturesquely situated on the Blackwater, and is rich in historical interest. It was originally known as the "Camp of the field of God," and in our own day the fine range of ecclesiastical buildings surmounting the hill and overlooking the town attracts the attention and excites the admiration of visitors.

In medieval times Fermoy also possessed an extensive Abbey of the Cistercian Order which covered many acres, and embraced a large portion of the ground on which the town was subsequently erected. We selected the northern side of the Blackwater as contributing the larger share

of scenic beauty, with the additional attraction of a road ideally perfect from the cyclist's point of view.

The Blackwater from source to outlet abounds in scenery of the choicest character, but the loveliest portion of this charming river lies between Fermoy and Youghal. As we rolled along by happy, smiling homesteads, verdant fields, dismantled abbeys and hoary old castles, the latter attesting the ancient chivalry of the Irish race, we were thrilled with the most exhilarating reflections. Where is the tourist who can behold without loving and tender regard these grand historical remains! What holy and dear associations do they not suggest!

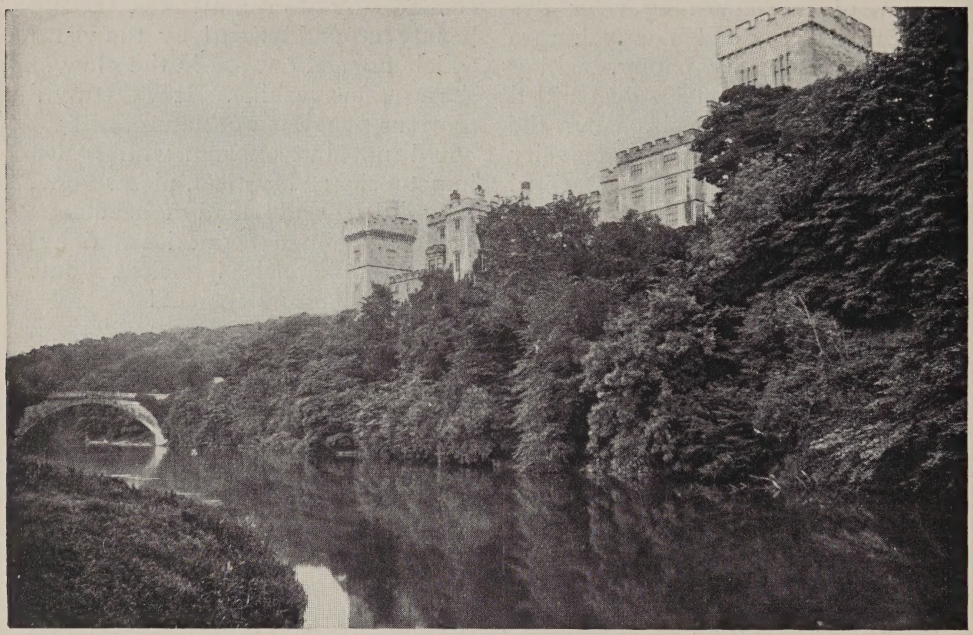
To us they recalled vividly the many vicissitudes through which this country has passed since the advent of foreign dominion. Their battered walls proclaim, in an unmistakable manner, the martial genius of the Celt, and, beacon-like, point out the spirit of proud defiance with which his dauntless ancestors received the inroads of the invaders.

Here and there as we skipped along the river's bank we were fascinated by the unrivalled scenic beauty around us and by the vistas which opened onward in the glow of the autumn sunshine. It was truly a glorious panorama of nature, and we could not but exclaim with native impetuosity: "Mystical, picturesque, holy old Ireland! land of beauteous scenery, sainted memories and living, throbbing faith! ancient home of the arts and refinement!"

Although other lands may rival, few can surpass in beauty the views to be met along the course of the Blackwater. We pass through landscapes of ever-varying attractiveness until the woods which deck the southern bank of the river proclaim that we are nearing the pretty little

FERMOY. (FROM THE BRIDGE.)

town which holds such a distinguished place in the history of the land — Lismore of the Schools. The imagination delights to dwell on the traditions of this historic place; each whose names are forever associated with those famous schools — Saint Carthach their founder, Saint Cathaldus, one of their brightest ornaments and patron saint of Tarentum, and



LISMORE CASTLE.

glance conjures up visions of the golden era, when the Irish forefathers shone forth as the champions of faith and learning and "the sons of the nobles of Europe," repaired to these shores to drink gratuitously of the fountains of knowledge. At Lismore the mind goes irresistibly back to the days of Ireland's pristine glory, when hosts of saints and sages roamed her sacred shrines.

In that fine work "Ireland's Ancient Schools and Scholars," Dr. Healy, the cultured Bishop of Clonfert, devotes about thirty pages to a graphic and succinct account of the schools of Lismore, with an appreciative sketch of the saintly men several others equally remarkable as typical of the learning and morality of the ancient Irish.

Tradition says that Saint Carthach, when driven from his monastery of Rahan, in royal Meath, presumably by the jealousy of a section of the Hy-Niall race, made his way southward, and after crossing the Knockmeldown mountains, saw stretched before him the unbroken expanse of a fertile valley, through which the Blackwater wends its course from Lismore to Cappoquin. This valley can scarcely be surpassed in the Emerald Isle of charming scenes. Struck by the beauty and suitability of this place,

Saint Carthach exclaimed, "Here shall I rest for I have chosen it," and immediately set about laying the foundation of those famous seminaries in which for centuries the youth of this and other lands were instructed in faith and learning.

After passing through the little town of Cappoquin, we pedaled on up the incline which leads to Mount Melleray, and here again we were charmed by the rugged grandeur presented to our vision. At this point we met one of those romantic wooded glens so numerous in Ireland. It extends some two miles beside the public highway, and is intersected by serpentine paths which when lighted up by the noonday sun give to it an enchanted appearance.

GUEST HOUSE. MT. MELLERAY.

As we advanced a little further, we beheld in perspective the spire of the monastery church "lifting its finger of faith to heaven." There lay dear old Melleray, surrounded by the eternal calm of nature, beneath the shadow of lordly Knockmeldown, and, in the foreground, the broad acres which the monks' untiring industry has rescued from barrenness, and brought to an advanced state of productiveness.

Having arrived at the monastery, we intimated the purpose of our visit, and after partaking of some refreshment we repaired to the church to initiate fittingly the self-imposed task of a two days' retreat. In the evening we again visited the church to assist at Vespers and Compline, and had the happiness of listening to the solemn chanting of the choir singing the praises of the Most High. With feelings of profound reverence we contemplated the demeanor of the saintly recluses of the Abbey, many

of whom exchanged lives of ease and luxury for the rigorous self-abnegation of the cloister. They comprise men recruited from every walk of life. Members of the learned professions, dignitaries of church and state, as well as humble artisans, have here cast their lot with the beloved sons of Saint Bernard.

our loftiest admiration! Their rapt attention is most edifying, whether engaged in reciting the office or kneeling in silent adoration before the Holy of Holies. They seem utterly lost to self, with their thoughts continually in the realms of the purest and the best, enjoying a sweet communion with their Maker.

THE CHURCH. MT. MELLERAY.

As DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE recently contained an exhaustive article upon the daily lives of the Cistercian monks in the United States and elsewhere, I will not add a similar account, but shall content myself with briefly stating the impressions produced by the lives of these heroic men in their daily rounds of fasting, prayer, labor, and study. An overpowering sense of sanctity pervades the church and cloister, and the devotional aspect of these men elicit

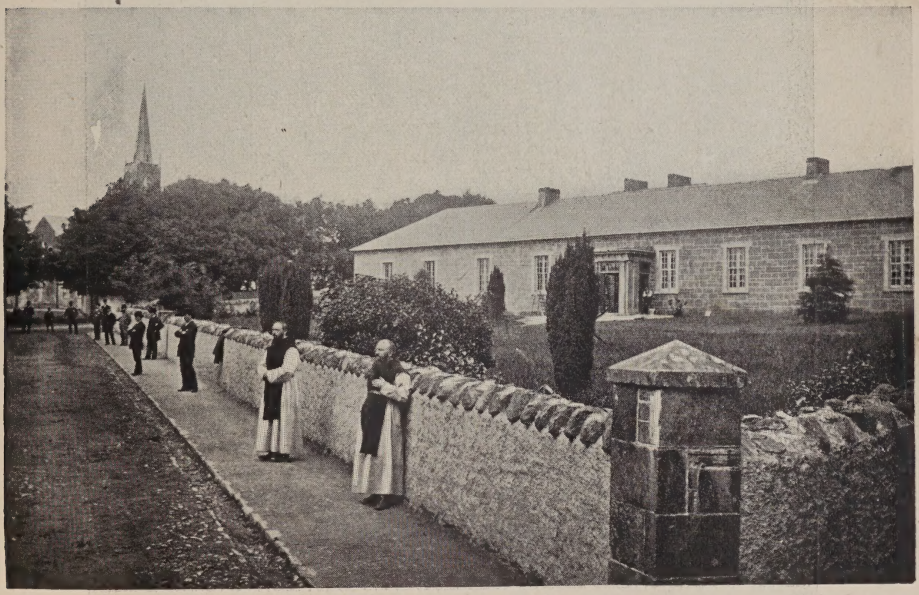
Assuredly the prayers and supplications of such noble men must find a responsive echo in the Tabernacle, where the Sacred Heart of the Master is gladdened by the homage of their pure hearts. That countless graces and blessings are meted out to them and their benefactors who can doubt?

The worldling cannot comprehend how men of refined and sensitive natures can endure a life of such rigor and discipline, but the fire of divine love upholds their steadfast

souls, and enables them to overcome the weakness of nature.

The contemplation of such noble lives cannot come too often to men of the world. Those who are so often involved in a labyrinth of earthly fantasies, pursuing the chimeras of pride and ambition, must in presence of these men have borne in upon them the utter hollowness and transitoriness of all mundane things.

With much regret, and many promises to renew our visit in the near future, we took our leave of Melleray and its occupants. As we wheeled down the avenue leading to the highway, we took a fond farewell glance at the place in which our souls had been filled with unearthly joy, and breathed a fervent prayer that many more such houses may emanate from the parent stock, to perpetuate in this land and others the signal services which the Cistercian Order rendered to religion and society in the days of old.

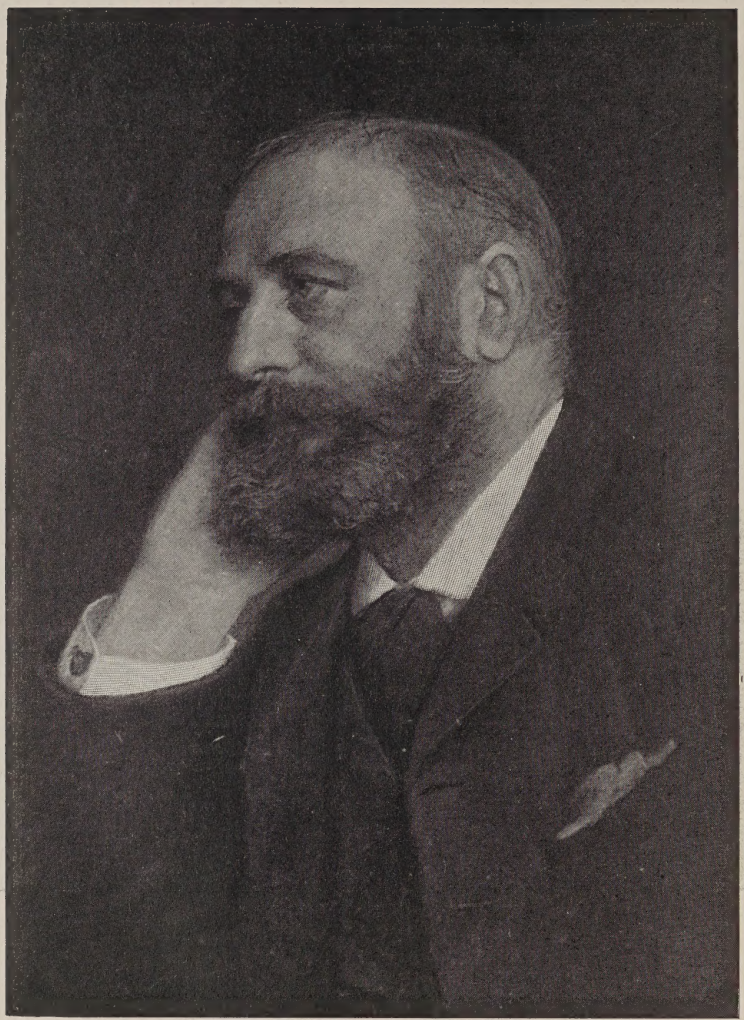


EXAMINATION HALL. MT. MELLERAY.

MY TREASURES.

CLARENCE HAWKES.

My treasures are not wealth of hoarded gold,
Or plaudits of the world that swell the skies;
But mine the vision of two wondrous eyes
Aglow with love, and two small hands to hold.



Chas. Barrus Stoddard

CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

J. N. INGRAM.

WHEN I went to the Pacific coast twenty years ago the first literary character I took a fancy to was Charles Warren Stoddard. He was then writing sketches for the San Francisco press. He went to Egypt and continued his contributions. His descriptions of the fabled land of the Pharaohs, of the ancient ruins along the Nile, and of the buried cities of the deserts had a fascination for my youthful mind. The skill with which he sketched pictures of the early cradle of civilization, and his art in depicting the characters and events of long ago, of epochs that have slept the sleep of centuries, gave peculiar attraction to his chapters. He is a natural word painter to whom the shades of thought come with ease, and who draws forms with language as an artist outlines figures with colors.

There is such smoothness in his narratives, such grace in his rhetoric, which flows over his pages like the currents of crystal brooks through emerald meadows, that his stories act as music on the senses, and charm the mind like the chimes of silver bells. He never printed a tiresome line, or a stupid thought. There is such freshness in his chapters, such novelty in his imagery, such beauty in his expression, that his articles unfold like the opening petals of a flower, and the reader never wearies of his adventures.

He was born a poet; he looks at nature with a poet's eyes, thinks with a poet's mind, and writes with a poet's words. His articles are models of chaste English, sparkling with the hues of the composer's genius, and the lights of a poet's fancy. He selects interesting themes, and his poetic temperament and subtle imagination enable him readily to interest his reader, — so rare are his powers of description, so picturesque his similes, so pure his sentiments and so very choice his words.

Common subjects under his magic touch become objects of beauty. He always had something to say that his readers wished to hear; he always said it in such a way that they wished he had said more.

From Egypt he went to the Holy Land, where he visited Jerusalem, Jericho, the Dead Sea, the river Jordan, Damascus, and other historic places. His graphic pen faithfully described his observations and experiences in the east for California readers. His sketches were republished in book form, entitled "A Flight into Egypt."

His first work was a little volume of poems, dedicated to the scenic grandeur and climatic luxury of California. It was published at San Francisco, when he was but a boy. He began to court the muses early in life, and to their gifts is due the elegance of his later prose. He wrote for the *Overland Monthly*, and other California publications, and became a noted and popular contributor in the Golden State.

In 1864 he went to Hawaii, and spent some months among the orange groves of those beautiful tropic isles.

In 1873 he sailed from the Golden Gate to Tahiti and enjoyed a four years' cruise among the islands of the south seas. He wrote sketches of his explorations in the archipelagoes along the path of the sun, opening fascinating vistas into the strange life and novel scenes below the Equator, and giving glimpses into a fairy world that had hitherto been veiled in the shrouds of distance and mystery. The early navigators had written seamen's reports of the groups lying like green gems on the blue bottom of the Pacific, but no poet had visited their sandy shores or adorned their isles with the glow of poetic description. A new world was invaded, a new race encountered, and a new life depicted.

The true stories of the gentle islanders in their simplicity and innocence, living like grown children on the water's wastes of the ocean, away from the strife and crime, the competition and turmoil of the great continents, read like the inventions of imagination, and the creations of fiction.

Stoddard viewed their islands with a scholar's mind, grasped the unique phases of their lives, the odd features of their homes and presented them with a poet's grace. He enjoyed their simple life; he became one of them; he lived as they lived; he ate what they ate; he lived with them; he shared in their amusements, took part in their pleasures, caught their confidence, and gained their friendship. His descriptions of the islands and accounts of the natives are an echo of his own life and his own enjoyments. They are natural and accurate, coming like pure water from a clear spring. He dipped his pen in the colors of his own experience, and wrote the variations of his own pleasures. In his South Sea chapters he indulged the impulses of his soul, and recorded the promptings of his heart. Every line throbs with his own personality and in every thought lives his own history. In his chapters we find the shade of trees, taste the flavor of fruit, hear the fall of cataracts, listen to the melody of Malayan songs, and see the glory of sunsets. We behold fancy's realm in his cloud views, and find majesty in his storms.

Mr. Stoddard loved the ocean; he was a child of the waters; his

happiest productions describe the tints and tides of the sea. He held up the looking-glass to Polynesia, and in his sketches the reader sees the real life of the South Seas with all their novelty of condition and uniqueness of surroundings. The native children of the sea he painted as they are, and as no others can be. The surf-bathing and boat-racing enlivened his stories and roused his readers; while the lapping of waves on the beach, and the rustle of cocoanut fronds lulled them into evening dreams. These sketches were republished in London in volume form, and called: "South Sea Idyls." He returned to California in 1878, and delivered a course of stereopticon lectures on his adventures abroad.

I called on him at San Francisco, and he placed in my hands a copy of his "South Sea Idyls."

I again read his stories of Polynesia, and I became so interested in the romantic life on the far away isles of the Pacific that I resolved to become myself a sea rover, visit the Oceanic archipelagoes, and read in nature's book the narratives that charmed me on paper.

Taking passage in a sailing vessel, at Golden Gate, I passed out of the Bay of San Francisco, and entered the rolling waves of the Pacific. A twenty-eight days cruise brought me to Hawaii. During a six months tour around the islands I frequently stopped at houses where Stoddard had lodged; the people remembered him well, recalled his genial company and interesting dialogues. I often wrote articles on the same tables on which he had penned his "South Sea Idyls;" and would, after the chickens had called the midnight hour, retire to sleep on the bed on which he had rested. In the morning I heard the same rollers on the shores, and bathed in the same surf within the reefs. I also had bread fruit, poi, pomegranates, mangoes and yams for breakfast, and a brown-eyed, curly haired nymph of the woods to pour out my coffee, and fan the mosquitoes away.

I saw the same landscapes, lolled under the same groves, ate from the same trees, admired the same flowers, looked on the same blue sea, gazed at the same towering mountains. I re-read the pages I had perused in California from real life, and enjoyed the second reading most. Nothing had been overdrawn, and no phase had been exaggerated. I found everything I went for; I was disappointed in nothing, and often thanked the influence that had decoyed me into visiting the paradise of the Pacific, the Pearl of the Ocean.

Another day's travel would find me at another grass-thatched hut, with the same kind faces, the same soft voices, the same brown eyes to receive me that had before me welcomed my predecessor. I found the same grateful remembrance of him and always the same respectful mention.

I likewise remained four years on the ocean, and explored Samoa, Fiji, New Zealand, Tasmania, and Australia. I did not regret my cruise; I enjoyed the voyage; it has lived like a vision in my memory. When I returned to California, Stoddard had again gone abroad. From an ocean sailor he had become a globe trotter. He visited Europe, Asia, Africa and India. He was a Bohemian of Bohemians. He kept up his American literary connection, and continued to write accounts of his adventures. He was enjoying himself after his own way, and seeing

the world at his leisure. In England he was in his natural element. He visited Westminster Abbey, read over again in his memory the history of his favorite authors, and drank fresh inspiration from meditations on historic dead. The publication of his book in the British Isles gave him a comfortable income, and he was content to spend some years across the Atlantic. He hunted up the homes of Burns, Moore, Scott, Byron and those of other congenial bards. He loved to visit the spots where his pet writers had lived, and to haunt the scenes where they attained their fame.

But though Stoddard enjoyed himself abroad, he loved his native land most. He returned to the United States and for some time engaged in the dramatic field. A volume entitled: "Hawaiian Life," and another, called: "The Lepers of Molokai," made up from chapters published in the *Century*, and other Eastern monthlies — were issued by American publishers. In 1885 he was made Professor of English Literature in the College of Notre Dame, Indiana. He was born a Protestant, and reared a Presbyterian, but during travels abroad became an ardent Catholic.

He was born at Rochester, in 1843, and received his early education in New York city. In 1855 he removed to the Pacific slope, and finished his college course at the University of California.

He retained his professorship at Notre Dame for two years, and then again went to Europe. He first visited London, then started for Rome. His journey encountered accidents as well as pleasures. On his passage through Italy he became so absorbed in history and the scenes around, that he lost his pocket book. He arrived in the Eternal City without money. He spent a night in the parks; and among the Italian trees and fountains he could well imagine himself back in the tropical groves of Oceanica.

Next day he met a friend, and replenished his resources. His purse was afterwards recovered in a railway car, and restored to him.

The ancient city was a Mecca to his poetic soul. He had contemplated its history in many climes and under many suns; its heroes and scholars were old acquaintances; its victories, defeats, triumphs, crimes and virtues were familiar themes. But to stand on the Forum where orators of old had declaimed, to walk the squares famous conquerors had paraded, to sit on hills on which classic bards had dreamed, to look at landscapes great masters had painted, to ride causeways of the golden age, were new sensations.

He was enchanted with his surroundings and made pilgrimages to many shrines. A thousand noted spots and celebrated resorts claimed his attention and called for his homage. From the great bonanza of historic riches he selected the scenes made sacred by the lives of his favorite ideals, and offered incense at the monuments of his special heroes.

The people of the Italian kingdom afforded as great variety and pleasure as did their historic sites and famous shrines. He was used to the orange-colored and brown-eyed people of the sun; and their soft language and musical voices resembled much the liquid tongue of the Malayan islanders. The peasantry, with their simple life and unsophisticated ways, well took the place of the untutored dwellers of the coral strands.

The great museum of religious riches with which Rome is enshrined, its many Saints and thousand trophies, made the Vatican a holy place to the wanderer from the seas. His religious fervor was fed, and his moral aspirations exalted. He found the great Cathedral a balm to his soul, and its shadows a solace to his mind. He was at peace in the great sanctuary of the ages, and like a prodigal appeared to have reached home after many wanderings. The centuries seemed to look down on him and congratulate his entrance into the haven of Catholicism.

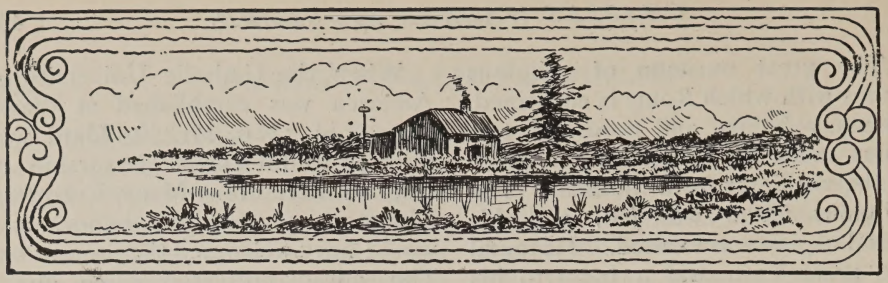
He remained in Rome for several months. An accident laid him up as an invalid for weeks, and attracted to him the attention of the canons of the Church. A horse threw him on the roadside one night in the suburbs, and his hurt was serious. His literary fame had preceded him; he was recognized by Catholic scholars, and his faith was known by the priesthood. He was taken in charge by priests, and kind Sisters nursed him over his injuries.

His misfortune brought his history and books before the high dignitaries of the Catholic Church. The interest of the Pope was enlisted and his favor attained. Stoddard became a star in the Catholic sky.

When the Catholic University of America was established at Washington, in 1889, Mr. Stoddard was selected to fill the professorship of English literature. Many European educators coveted the honor, and would have welcomed the promotion. The author-professor came direct from Rome to the National Capital, and entered on his duties. He put on the cap and gown, and sank out of Bohemian life. He retired into the shades of collegiate halls, and was lost to the fraternity of explorers.

While at Washington, not long since, I thought I would call him out of his retreat, and see how his new life agreed with his roving spirit. I called at the University and received an interview. In his robes and slippers he looked like another Stoddard; but the same benign face was there, the same intelligent eyes looked out, and the same glad smile dawned. When Polynesia was mentioned his eyes took on a peculiar light, his mind wandered away; he was lost in thought; he seemed once more to hear the waves falling on coral reefs, to feel the breath of the ocean breeze, to listen to cocoanut fronds rustling in the moonbeams, and inhale fragrance from pomegranate groves.

He was in Bohemia! "South Sea Idyls" had come back again!



WHAT BABETTE SAW AT TIVERNEY.

MARY F. NIXON.

CIEL ! How time flies! It is you M'sieur? It is good to see you back at Tiverney. How long is it? Three years since you and Madame left and here is *le petit garçon* like M'sieur his papa. All is changed at Tiverney, *n'est ce pas*, M'sieur? So many are gone and come no more. There was Madame *l' Americaine*, the kind soul with the handsome son, the artist. Then there came the tall American girl like an iris blossom, with the wonderful bronze hair and the calm brow, and M'sieur Dick and his friend the tall monsieur from over the sea.

"Who was he? Did you not know, M'sieur? But no, it was the summer you left, that he came. He was a poet you know. I sometimes heard the things he wrote. When I posed for M'sieur Dick, *le grand* Monsieur wo ld read. It seemed to me I saw the things he wrote much plainer than all M'sieur Dick painted. For the words flowed on even and soft and I could shut my eyes and see the fields and green slopes of the swamp with its blue ribbon stream through it, winding down to the sands where the women washed and sang.

"In M'sieur Dick's pictures the blues seemed all too bright and the greens too yellow, but there, M'sieur, you laugh at old Babette and I know I am only a stupid old woman. What do I know of pictures? *Le grand* M'sieur stayed but the one summer at Tiverney and then there came a thing so frightful that — ah! M'sieur, I wake at night and when I hear the wind howl round the house and I remember that wild October night, I cower down beneath my cover and say quick an *Ave* that the Star of the Sea will save, if there be any in peril like to those others.

"Tell you of it? Yes, M'sieur, but it is frightful!

"You remember the English Mademoiselle who painted Nanette, the pretty picture which went up to Paris and of which every one spoke? Her sister came to be with her, a young lady with hair like the corn silk as it tassels out in soft, fine yellow waves, with eyes like the deep blue cornflower and cheeks like great twin poppies. She was little and slight, and everyone called her *Ma'mselle P'tite*. It was a brave sight, M'sieur, to see the poet walk beside her. He was so very tall and he would bend his handsome head with its splendid

hair, and talk to her, and he said far more with his great gray eyes than all his words.

"*Mon Dieu*! The men are strange! Here was Monsieur *le poéte* with verses and songs at the tip of his tongue and half the world wondering and admiring, yet before a little girl he could say nothing. She laughed at him and teased and smiled upon the others, yet when he saw her not her eyes would soften as she glanced at him. And when she heard him praised she shrugged her shoulders and would say, '*Ma Foi!* he is by way of being spoiled!' Yet oh! the proud light in her eyes. How knew I this! M'sieur, I saw. I am a woman and I was not always old, not always.

"It was a hot summer at Tiverney. The fishing was not good and many boats lay quite idle at the beach. So it was with that of Henri and so it was that Jeanne, his girl, took it often to sail the painters and the foreigners at the *Pension* Baudry. You knew Jeanne, M'sieur? She was tall and strong, with arms like a man and a hard face, not pretty and delicate and tender, like the English Ma'mselle, but *bonne, tres bonne*. It was fine to see her take the boat. No matter how great the storm she could bring it safe to shore, and always with a smile on her lip and a gay word for each one. Ah! she was good, poor Jeanne. Why do I call her 'poor Jeanne!' *Eh bien*, M'sieur, you shall hear.

"As I say, she took them out much, the painter folk, and when *le grand Monsieur* came, the poet, he went all the days. Why do I call him *le Grand*, you ask? He was tall, very tall, but there were others who made higher. It was that he held his head so up, and when he talked he threw it back like the young horse of Monsieur Raoul at the Chateau, and there was in his face a high look as if he could not stoop to do a small thing: a look which made a woman feel herself quite safe with him.

"Monsieur. How do I know all this? *Voila!* I am old, and when a woman is old, with all her life behind her, what makes she but to see and know of others?

"Ah, yes, Monsieur, Babette knows much, much. *Eh bien!* Monsieur *le poéte* went to make the promenades *en bateau* and Jeanne it was who sailed with him; Jeanne with her strong arms and her rough voice, which seemed all scratched with the salt sea. Yet I have heard that it grew soft when Monsieur spoke to her, and that her eyes which looked the fisher folk so boldly in the face, never sought M'sieur. I saw it all, I, Babette, with my two old eyes so faint and dim. I saw, but said nothing, because I knew M'sieur *le Grand*, and also because I knew Jeanne and how she felt to stir within, her woman's heart.

"Ah! M'sieur, a strange thing it is, the heart of a woman. So long it sleeps, and then at last, when the one who can stir it, comes, *Mon Dieu!* the pleasure and the pain! No one can take away the happiness or the misery, whichever is sent. So I said nothing. She was happy, poor Jeanne, because he was there. She saw him, was of use to him, what more need she have?

"But then there came a change. It was when the English *demoiselle* came and M'sieur *le Grand* grew so quiet. Often he took Ma'mselle *P'tite* to sail and she would laugh and tease and say gay things, and Jeanne would sit quiet, very quiet,

and say nothing. But I saw the heart-break creep into her face, for she saw long, long before the poet himself even, that he loved her, dear little Mam'selle *P'tite*. I saw but I made no sign, I only said so myself, 'Poor child! The pain has come! It is ever thus!'

"I could not wonder that he loved her, she was so fair and sweet, dear Ma'mselle Aline, and she, with all her merry ways, showed such a tender sympathy for everyone. I heard him say one night, when she scolded him gently for that he had not done his best in what he wrote: 'Your belief in me, will make me good. You bring out all of good within a man, Ma'mselle.'

"Jeanne heard him too, and it made me sad to see the hungry look within her great, black eyes. And so the summer passed and autumn came, the time when many leave Tiverney, and Ma'mselle *P'tite* was to go, for her sister was weary and had painted much.

"'You will sail with me to-day,' said M'sieur *le Grand*, 'Jeanne will take us, you will not fear though it be rough?' 'Yes' Ma'mselle *P'tite* replied, 'I will go, I fear not.' I liked not to see them go for the sky looked wrong, and winds are treacherous things by Grandpriére rocks, and Tiverney harbor far from safe.

"But Ma'mselle *P'tite* laughed at danger, and they sailed away, with Jeanne at the helm, the boat skimming the blue sea like a swallow with white wings spread in flight. An hour, two hours, and then, without a *s'il vous plait*, down came the storm,—a wind, such as would call dead sailors from the sea, and rain to turn the land itself into an ocean.

"M'sieur, I cannot tell you why, but a dread came to me such as I could never tell. I knew they would be drowned. I hurried to the point, just where the long, low rocks stretch far away seaward from the sandy shore. I knew not why I sought that spot. I know not now, save that our Lady of the Sea led me there. I crouched upon the point and waited. In the harbor, lights flew here and there and men with boats waited but a lull in the storm to go out. I knew their help would come too late. I knelt and said my beads and waited — waited, for the old are patient, M'sieur, and I loved them all three M'sieur *le Grand*, and Ma'mselle *P'tite*, but best of all Jeanne, poor Jeanne, child of my people, and M'sieur, a woman who suffered.

"At last there came a lull in all the storm and as I crouched upon a ledge of rock close beside the water edge, I heard a shout and saw the boat. *Sainte Marie!* were they safe? I strained my eyes. Three figures — yes, all were there, *la P'tite* in the bottom of the boat, and M'sieur *le Grand* guiding it. But in a moment the frail *bateau* gave a sudden lurch. The heavy boom swung round and *Dieu!* it struck the head of M'sieur and he dropped quite senseless. *La P'tite* clung to him sobbing. Then I heard Jeanne cry to her, 'Ma'mselle, the boat must sink,' and I knew a leak had come.

"M'sieur *L'Artiste*, what think you? Will Purgatory be a worse thing than to stand idle and see such a sight? They were to die before my eyes. But no! Jeanne, my brave Jeanne was made of something braver than to sit quietly and die. She tore the boards from off the tiny deck, she lashed them together

with ropes; she bound the unconscious form of M'sieur to it.

"'Ma'mselle, go with him,' I heard her cry, as her voice came to me with the whistle of the wind. 'It is your only chance.'

"'Will it hold both,' cried *la P'tite.*

"'I know not,' said the other. Then she took M'sieur's hand in her own rough one and kissed it very gently, and sprang to the side of the boat.

"'Ma'mselle Aline had seemed to watch her as if dazed, but now she understood, 'Wait!' she cried. She too leaned over the unconscious form of the man she loved. She kissed him once, then reached, as a blind person for the hand of Jeanne, 'We will both die for him,' she cried. There was a moment's awful stillness and I saw the two girls, against the luried sky like statues, standing close together; then an awful flash of blinding light, a crash, and fearful darkness.

"I could see no more, yet as I waited trembling and murmuring over and over again the Holy Name, the waves washed something to my very feet and clinging to it and bringing it in, although I had nearly lost myself within the waters, I found the boards from the boat and M'sieur *le Grand* still tied to them.

"I was too weak to bring him to the harbor; I could but wait until help came and when the storm was over they bore him to the *Pension*, not quite dead, but nearly spent, and it was weeks before he knew a soul.

"You ask of the two women, M'sieur, *Eh bien!* Ma'mselle Aline they found next day quite dead, with a smile upon her pretty face, her hands clasped as though she had died with a prayer upon her lips.

"*La pauvre* Jeanne did not die M'sieur. Some sailors picked her up and brought her in and she is Soeur Marie des Anges up there where the good sisters at the convent work and pray all day and all night. She is very happy, poor Jeanne.

"'I go to pray for one who is dead and one who lives, Babette,' she said to me, with such a smile as made my old eyes weep.

"M'sieur *le poéte* grew strong at last and then I told him all.

"Where is he now? *Je ne sais.* He left us with a look upon his face I never can forget. It was as if his soul had gone away.

"M'sieur Dick says he writes more wonderful things than ever, but I know not, for M'sieur *le poéte* comes no more to Tiverney.

"There beside the poplar tree upon the hill lies Ma'mselle Aline in her little grave, and only we two are left, poor old Babette, lonely and sad, and the brave Jeanne at the convent there.

"Happy? Ah! yes M'sieur, I think perhaps that Jeanne is happiest of us all."

A HISTORICAL CATHOLIC CEMETERY.

LYMAN HORACE WEEKS.

FAR down town, in the heart of the business and tenement district of New York City, is the oldest Catholic cemetery on Manhattan Island. It is a green isle of refuge in a rank sea of sin, misery and toil. High brick walls enclose the grounds as if to protect the silent, helpless dead from the turbulent tide of busy human life that has flowed about them for more than a half century, and that now threatens to sweep over and engulf them at any time. A substantial old-time church stands among the graves, an enduring monument to the faith of those who rest beneath the shadow of its walls.

The surroundings of this almost forgotten God's acre are no longer agreeable. The cemetery and the church, the parish school across the way, the severely plain brick house where the priests live, are the redeeming features in a picture that is generally saddening and too often repulsive. For hereabouts is concentrated much of the wretchedness and crime of the great East side of the metropolis. Police headquarters are in the next block; a few hundred feet to the east, the noisome Bowery roars day and night; and Mott, Mulberry, Prince, Houston and Elizabeth streets figure prominently in the history of the nether side of New York City life. There are liquor saloons on every corner, and tall tenement houses are packed to overflowing with a squalid population, mostly of the lowest class of Italian immigrants, among whom vice and poverty unhappily go hand in hand. Great business structures crowd the tenements and, conspicuous among them, in a sort of grim sarcasm upon its surroundings, is the establishment of a great comic weekly newspaper, whose province it is to deal only with the humorous and cheerful phases of human life. A couple of blocks to the west is that mart of the world's trade, Broadway. Such is to-day St. Patrick's church and graveyard and their environment.

It was not always thus, however. When the church which was the first Catholic cathedral in the New York diocese was projected in the

early part of the present century, the northern limit of the city was Canal Street, a short mile and a half from the Battery. Beyond this was a broad farming land, interspersed here and there with the handsome country estates of New York's wealthy merchants. Even the territory for some distance south of the city line was only thinly populated and had not yet wholly lost its rural character. Two principal streets stretched northward into the suburbs, — Broadway and the Bowery. Prince Street was a mere path through the open fields, and Mott, Mulberry, Houston and other streets in that locality that are now regarded as ancient thoroughfares, had for the most part either been just opened or merely laid out on paper.

The Catholic Church was not firmly established in New York City until toward the close of the eighteenth century, but thereafter it grew rapidly in numbers, in wealth and in influence. The parish, which had been a part of the Baltimore diocese, was erected into an independent see in 1809, and steps were immediately taken to build a cathedral church. The site chosen was in the south part of the block now bounded by Prince, Mott, Mulberry and Houston streets, midway between Broadway and the Bowery, upon a hill that overlooked the adjacent country for miles, from the Battery into the woods northward, and from the Jersey hills to the Long Island farms. Just below was the old Collect Pond, and all around were woodlands, meadows and grassy pastures, — a scene of quiet pastoral beauty.

The corner stone of the new edifice was laid with impressive ceremonies June 8, 1809, in the presence of a large concourse of churchmen and other citizens. At the suggestion of Archbishop Carroll of Baltimore the cathedral was named Saint Patrick's, after the Holy Apostle of Ireland. The work of construction went on slowly and the edifice was not completed and dedicated until May 4, 1815. Rt. Rev. Jean de Cheverus, D.D., of Boston, who afterward returned to his native country and became a cardinal, officiated on that occasion, and Mayor John Ferguson and the Common Council, Ex-Mayor DeWitt Clinton and other prominent citizens took part in the ceremonies.

The cathedral was a severely plain Gothic structure and the largest and finest ecclesiastical edifice in New York City at that time. It is still remembered as a massive building with a large central tower flanked by two square towers crowning its front elevation, a conspicuous and significant figure in a charming suburban landscape. The greenery of sward and trees relieved its austerity, and round about were the homes of many of its parishioners. In 1866 the interior of the church was burned out. From the ruins rose the present edifice which was dedicated on St. Patrick's Day, 1868, and is a more spacious and handsome building than that which was destroyed. It is in the pure Gothic style, and while unpretentious without its interior is remarkably beautiful. The tall, slender columns, the groined arches of the ceiling, the cool, gray color scheme of the decorations, the exquisite architectural lines of the vaulted roof, the great, white, marble altar, all combine to give to its auditorium an agreeable air of spaciousness and lightness. Add to these the handsome stained-glass windows through which the western sun shines

in mellow many-hued rays, a powerful and sweet-toned organ, a beautiful Gothic altar-screen with statues of the twelve apostles, and other architectural adornments, and you have an audience room that yields to none other in artistic and ecclesiastical fitness. In the simplicity and restfulness pervading it, it is wholly conducive to calm of spirit and religious contemplation.

The church faces Mott Street, standing back a short distance from the street, with an iron fence and gateway in front of its severe, unadorned façade. The rear walls on Mulberry Street come up to the sidewalk line and at the apex of the steep roof a gold cross stands sharply silhouetted against the sky. From the street, between the bars of the iron fence, you can see only the porch of the buildings, and on either side a few tall monuments that rise above the brick walls surrounding the grounds. These brick walls served the purpose of a military defence during the anti-Catholic riots of 1836. A mob of the worst elements in the city had collected and was marching up the Bowery with intent to destroy the cathedral. Well armed men and a company or more of militia were posted within the churchyard. The wall was punctured with port-holes and the attack awaited. But the rioters learned of the reception that had been prepared for them and relinquished their purpose, so that bloodshed was avoided and the cathedral saved from harm.

Up to the time when St. Patrick's was built the only Roman Catholic place of sepulture in New York City was the graveyard and vaults of St. Peter's, on Barclay Street. When those accommodations proved too limited, Catholic dead were for a time, by the Christian courtesy of the corporation of Trinity church, interred in Trinity churchyard, where many of them still rest. In connection with the cathedral site sufficient ground was purchased for a new graveyard, but in fifteen years an addition was found to be necessary. Even then the silent congregation of the dead grew in numbers so rapidly that again in 1833 more room was needed for them, and the cemetery at First Avenue and Eleventh Street was established.

Only fifteen years more passed away when the great Calvary Cemetery in Newtown, Long Island, was opened, and in that consecrated ground for forty-five years most of the Catholic dead of New York city have been buried. Calvary is owned and managed by the trustees of the new St. Patrick's Cathedral, and the revenues from it, which have always been large, have been devoted to ecclesiastical purposes. About 800,000 interments have been made there, so that the population of that great city of the dead is nearly half the present population of New York city or little less than double that of Boston.

Interments in St. Patrick's vaults or churchyard are now of infrequent occurrence, and it will not be long before even those now there must move on, compelled by the inexorable encroachments of business, and find elsewhere final resting places for their mouldering bones. The ancient ground has become simply historical. The generation that knew it so well and that buried its dead there has about all passed away, while its sons and daughters have made their church connections elsewhere and retain only a feeble senti-

mental regard for this place so dear to their ancestors. To the newcomers who now live thereabouts the crumbling monuments and old-time inscriptions have no meaning.

In the fleeting years, first the French and then the Irish-American parishioners moved away, and now the Italians and other tenement-house people have succeeded them. When good Bishop Du Bois came to the diocese there were 35,000 Catholic communicants and four priests in the three churches of New York city. Twenty years ago there were 12,000 members of St. Patrick's parish alone, practically all of whom were Irish-Americans. Now there are only 3,500, most of whom are Italians. Then in the school connected with the church there were 1,700 children, only one of whom was Italian; now there are 1,100 pupils, one half of whom are Italians.

Little attempt is made to keep the graveyard in condition, and it wears a neglected air of decay. There are no paths and few separated lots, and in summer time the long grass grows wild and undisturbed, save where, under the killing shadow of densely foliaged trees or adjoining buildings it grows not at all. Here and there a plot or a tomb is enclosed within an iron fence, and occasionally a mound may be found decked with fresh flowers.. But for the most part the sunken graves are almost undistinguishable except as the headstones mark their locations. Many of the monuments and tombstones have fallen prostrate under stress of age; the mordant elements have eaten into others until the inscriptions are quite obliterated, and they themselves are fast crumbling into dust like the bodies and the memories of those whom they once commemorated. Numerous laurel and other ancient shade trees give the enclosure the air of serenity and rusticity that most pertains to the country churchyard and that even here is not wholly dissipated by urban surroundings.

A white marble tablet, sunk in the façade of the church just above the porch, bears the name of the Right Rev. John Du Bois, whose remains rest beneath the pavement. Bishop Du Bois was the third Bishop of the diocese. He was a Frenchman and in his youth a student with Robespierre and Desmoulins. Driven out of France by the Revolution with other French clergymen, he came to the United States in 1791 and entered upon a long and successful career. He learned English from Patrick Henry and for a time lived in the family of James Munroe. Bishop Carroll, of Baltimore, under whom he first served, esteemed him highly, and it was upon the Bishop's recommendation that he was sent to New York. He held the Bishopric for sixteen years and although his administration was a stormy one much of the time, he did a great work in advancing the interests of the Church in the diocese. He died in December, 1842.

But other prelates had preceded Bishop Du Bois to this their final home. The first Bishop of the New York diocese, Right Rev. Luke Concanen, was consecrated in Rome in 1808, but died while on the way to his new field of labor. His successor Right Rev. John Connolly was also consecrated in Rome and arrived in New York in 1815. He lived at 211 Bowery, on Broome Street, and at 512 Broadway, where he died February 5, 1825. The vault set apart for the bishops and clergy of New York holds his remains.

A granite sarcophagus in front of the church holds the remains of Rev. Michael O'Gorman and Rev. Richard Bulger. Rev. Michael O'Gorman was the first priest ordained in Saint Patrick's. He came from Ireland with Bishop Connolly by whom he was beloved. He took part in the ceremonies of blessing the new cemetery in August, 1824, preaching a sermon in the Irish language on that occasion. Three months later he was carried to his tomb and a week after, his associate Rev. Richard Bulger joined him in death. Grief at the untimely loss of his two assistants, overwork in caring for them in their sickness and an illness contracted at the first funeral were the direct causes of the death of Bishop Connolly in February of the next year.

The fourth Bishop and the first Archbishop was the Most Rev. John Hughes, who became Bishop Du Bois' coadjutor in 1837 and his successor in 1842. Archbishop Hughes has been the most eminent Catholic prelate in New York down to the present time. A thorough-going American, public-spirited and patriotic, a devoted churchman, a brilliant theological controversialist and a man of remarkable executive ability, he made a distinct impress upon the community in which he lived and the Church which he served. During his administration New York was elevated to a metropolitan see, and he was made the first Archbishop. He established St. John's College at Fordham and the Convent of the Sacred Heart at Manhattanville, and, in 1858, laid the corner stone of the new St. Patrick's cathedral on Fifth Avenue. The cathedral was the culminating effort of Archbishop Hughes' life, and to it he gave his best thought and untiring energy. Dying in 1864, he did not see the completion of the structure, and he was buried in one of the vaults beneath old Saint Patrick's; but when the new cathedral was finished the remains of the Archbishop were removed thither and placed in the vault under the great altar.

An opening in the flagging in front of the church on Mott Street gives entrance down a flight of narrow stone steps into the vaults beneath. The entire space underground is built up in a solid structure of brick-walled catacombs, save for a broad central aisle, extending from front to rear, and a wide passage-way around the four sides. This allows four rows of vaults immediately under the audience room of the church; two facing the central aisle and the others opening upon the passage-way to the north and south respectively. Other tombs extend under the foundation walls of the church. Entrances to the vaults are tightly cemented and the tablets upon their doors bear the customary inscriptions. The walls of this silent underground city of the dead are cleanly covered with whitewash, but the dim light from a few struggling gas jets scarcely suffices to dissipate the gloom.

The family names one discovers here in the vaults or on the monuments in the open air are mostly French, Spanish and Irish, and an interesting chapter of New York history is suggested thereby. A few French merchants were in New York in the early part of the last century. Their numbers were augmented by soldiers of fortune who came here with Rochambeau and Lafayette, and later on by emigrès fleeing for their lives from the horrors of the French

revolution. These French folk, with Spanish Americans who had come here from the West Indies, and the diplomatic representatives of the Catholic European nations, were the first to establish a Catholic church organization in the city. They had little colonies down town in Hanover and Franklin Squares, in the suburbs, out on the Bowery Road, and far away in old Bloomingdale village overlooking the Hudson, where Louis Phillipe taught school and Talleyrand and Joseph Bonaparte lived. They constituted the majority of the congregation of Saint Peter's in its early days. But the fleeting years brought changes rapidly, and early in the nineteenth century the Irish-American communicants had begun to outnumber those who had preceded them. It is the history of these old families, many of whom have passed out of existence, that is read in these annals of the departed.

What sermons are written here in stone! For instance, the names of John Kelly, the brainiest leader the Tammany organization ever had; of Thomas S. Brady, father of the famous judge, John R. Brady and his scarcely less famous brother, lawyer James T. Brady; of Charles O'Conor, the great criminal lawyer, and of John McKeon, the most celebrated District Attorney that New York ever had, are side by side. In the Donnelly vault are the remains of one of New York's great merchant princes and his family. For several generations the Donnellys were leading tradesmen, and Terrence Donnelly, in wealth and in business interests, was a rival of A. T. Stewart.

One is reminded of the marvellous growth of Catholicism in New York city when standing before the clerical vault, where a score or more priests are laid away in their long sleep, among them Vicar-General Starr and Monsignor Preston; or when looking at the Episcopal vault of 1854, in which the Paulist priests were buried, and the vault adjoining, once set apart for the Sisters of Mercy but no longer used.

On a flat gray stone in the churchyard the name of Stephen Jumel is dimly discernible, and memory jumps back nearly a century. What New Yorker does not know the old Jumel mansion on Washington Heights, and the history of its occupants! There M. Jumel, who was a Frenchman and one of New York's first merchant princes, brought his bride in the early part of the century. He refitted and refurnished the old mansion, which had been built in 1758 as a wedding gift to Mary Philipse, who was loved by Washington but who married Colonel Roger Morris. The Jumels gave many magnificent entertainments, and for a time their house was a great social center. They returned to France presently, and M. Jumel lost much of his fortune, so that his latter years were passed in straightened circumstances. He was killed by an accident in 1832, at the age of seventy, and his wife placed this stone to his memory; so the inscription tells us. A year after, the widow Jumel married Aaron Burr, who was then seventy-eight years old, and from whom she separated three days later. It is a long journey into a notable past, thronged with historical figures, to which this old tombstone points the way.

A little obscure grave recalls General Jean Victor Moreau, one of the greatest generals of the French Republic, and Napoleon's closest rival; for there a son of Moreau is buried. When banished from France by

Napoleon for conspiring against the Emperor, after the Republic had fallen, Moreau came to the United States and lived in New York and New Jersey for seven years. He was a conspicuous figure in the French colony, and his country residence two miles out of town, on the Bowery Road, was a delightful retreat.

A plain monument commemorates the virtues of Thomas O'Conor, the father of Charles O'Conor; another bears the name of Captain Pierre Landais, a Frenchman, who at one time sailed with Captain Paul Jones second in command, and still another is in memory of Captain James McKeon, who made a gallant record in the war of 1812 in the Third Regiment of United States Artillery. Over the graves of some members of the McCloskey family stands a square monument with a wreath carved upon it and a cross surmounting. This was the family of Cardinal McCloskey, and others of the name are in a vault beneath the church. The Cardinal is interred in the vaults of the new Cathedral.

Ponvert, Garcia, Duzand, Gervaize, Del Hoyo, Escheverria, Patrullo, Brandegee, Delmonico, Hargons, Montgomery, Coughlan, Veret, Idley, Voisin, Wymbs, Lametti, Nealis, Conganaco; these, and scores of other names, revivify the business, social, and professional life of New York city fifty to one hundred years ago. With a rare exception here and there the wave of oblivion has swept over them forever.

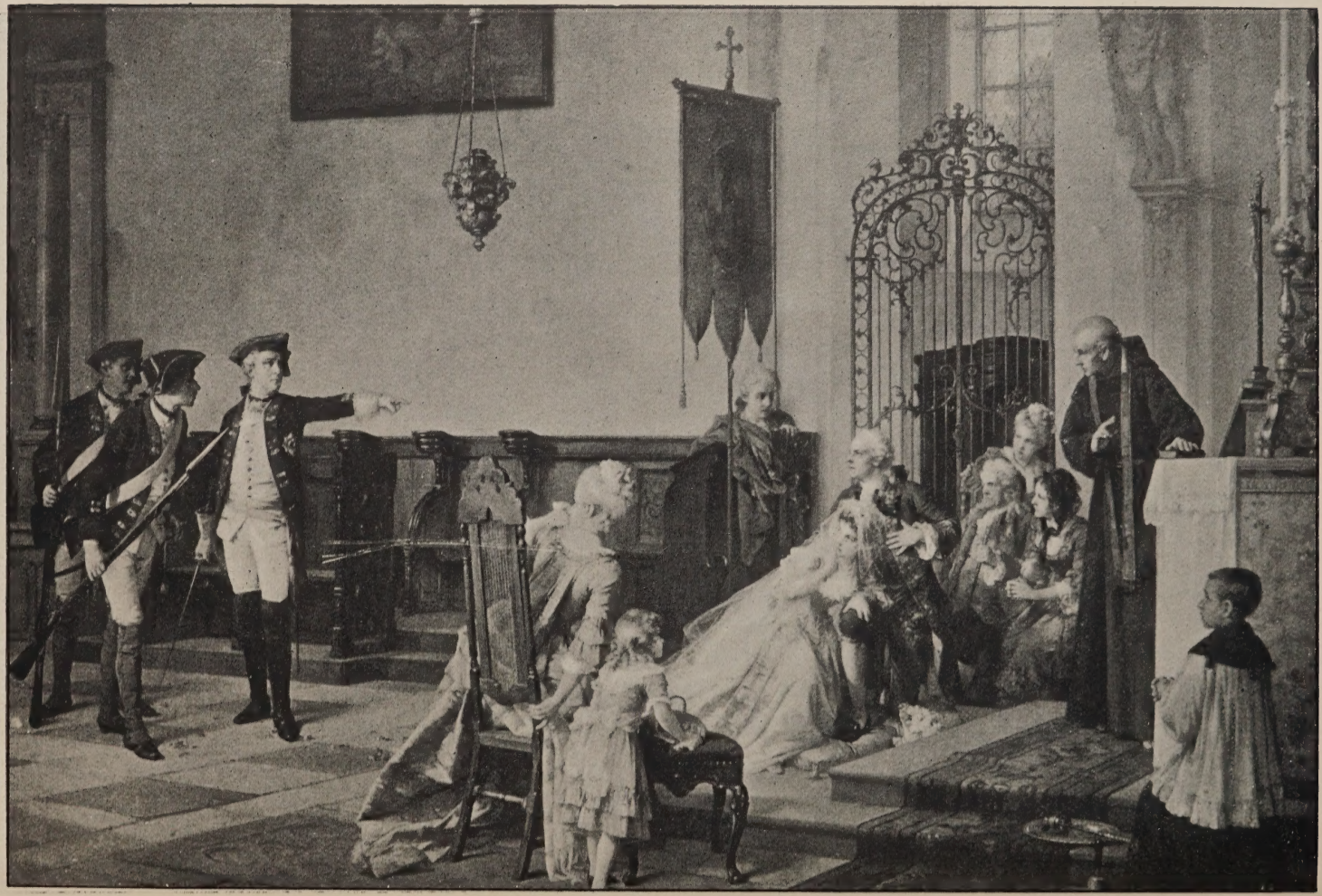
RONDEAU.

E. Nesbit.

In vain we call to youth, "Return!"
In vain to fires, "waste not, yet burn!"
In vain to all life's happy things,
"Give the day songs — give the hours wings!
Let us lose naught — yet always learn!"

The tongue must lose youth as it sings —
New knowledge still new sorrow brings:
Oh, sweet lost youth, for which we yearn
In vain!
But even this hour from which ye turn —
Impatient — o'er its funeral urn
Your soul with mad importunings
Will cry, "Come back, lost hour!" So rings
Ever the cry of those who yearn
In vain.

Dante's First Meeting with Beatrice



A Story Without Words.

O. Erdmann.

THE OLD CALIFORNIA MISSIONS.

JAMES CONNOLLY.

[SECOND PAPER.]*

EARLY in July, 1771, Padre Serra with an escort of eight soldiers, three sailors and a number of Indians started on an expedition of discovery for the sites of new missions. His first selection was a shaded glen of live oaks called Canada de Los Robles. In his selection of this site Father Serra's instinctive perception of the beautiful in nature was amply manifested. When the cross had been raised, with the customary devotions, a temporary altar was erected under one of the great trees and here, under the shade of its wide spreading branches Father Serra attended by Father Pieras celebrated Mass. This was followed by the usual ceremonies, founding the mission of San Antonio de Padua, July 14, 1771.

The work of building the church, a house for the missionaries, and barracks, was forwarded by the Indians who flocked to the new mission in large numbers. None of these structures was of a very imposing style of architecture, nor of any great dimensions. The natives were anxious to take up their abode at the mission, and brought with them large supplies of rabbits, squirrels, prime nuts and acorns, so as to convince the missionaries that their desire to be with them was not inspired by the mercenary motive of obtaining food. It was here and at San Carlos that some of the soldiers married Indian women, the first inter-marriages recorded.

In Encino valley, twenty miles from San Gabriel, on the 8th of September, 1771, "surrounded by a great crowd of natives" and in presence of the troops, Father Francisco Dumitz conducted the rites, founding the mission of San Fernando, Rey de Espana. Father Francisco Javier Uria was appointed as the associate of Father Dumitz in charge of the mission. There is no more picturesque spot than that on which San Fernando stands. Miles on miles of its approaches in any direction hardly have their equal in splendid diversity

*The first article on this interesting topic of Catholic American history appeared in the June number.

STATUE OF FATHER JUNIPERO SERRA, O.S.F., AT MONTEREY.
Erected, 1891, by the widow of Senator Stanford of California.

of view, not even on "Arno's shelvy side." Being a little more remote from the lines of travel than most of the other missions and in a sparsely populated locality, it is proportionately less known.

It was the same spirit that animated both the early Catholic martyrs and later Catholic discoverers and explorers. In their pursuit of the sublime purpose of saving souls they went forth ready to make any personal sacrifice that might facilitate their progress. To this spirit of self-sacrifice for the good of others we not only owe the discovery of the American continent, but the exploration and civilization of the greater part of it. Through its power Columbus was impelled to regard himself as the destined instrument of heaven for spreading Christianity to the farthest ends of the earth. The counsel of his reverend friend, Prior Juan Perez, whose blessing he obtained and from whose hands he received the blessed Sacrament on the hour of sailing for the new world, strengthened the great navigator's belief.

It was 205 years later when the Spanish monarch granted the request of the two Jesuit Fathers Juan Maria Salvateirra and Francisco Enselio Knio for permission to attempt to christianize the Californias, on condition that his government would not be called on to bear any part of the expense, and that the new country should be taken possession of in the name of the Spanish crown. Sufficent funds to defray the expense of their voyage was shortly raised by subscription from charitable people, whose names the gratitude of the Fathers has preserved to this day. This money was named, "the pious fund of the Californias," and subsequently grew to such proportions as to become a bone of contention among the Mexican authorities.

The thirteen missions founded by these two Jesuits reached from Cape San Lucas, the extreme southern point of the peninsula northward, and were all in a flourishing condition in 1767, when the Spanish monarch directed that the Society of Jesus be expelled from all his dominions.

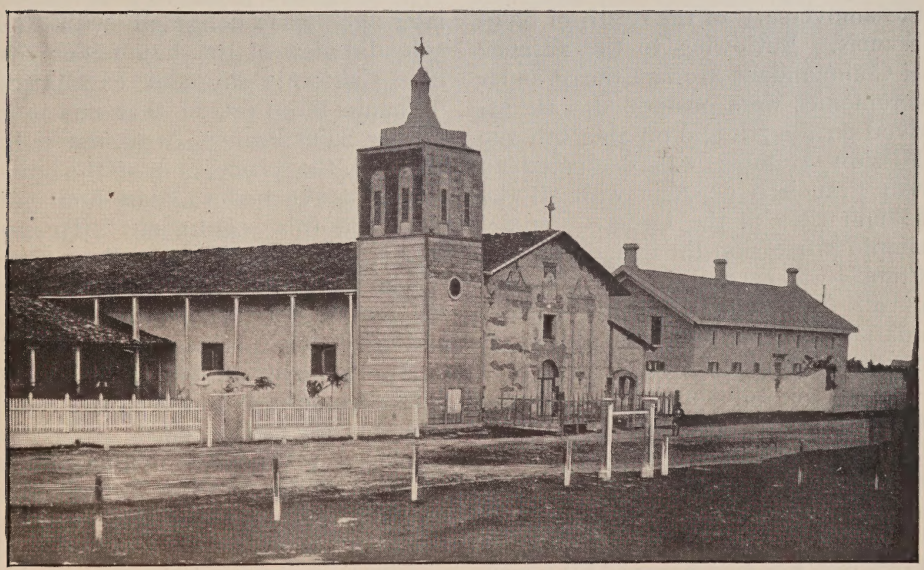
As has been stated in my former article, the Franciscans shortly came in to fill the Jesuits' places and carry on their noble work.

When in 1772, the Franciscans turned over all the missions on the peninsula to the Dominican Fathers, ten additional Franciscans were thus rendered available for missionary work in Alta California. This was a fruitful accession to the ranks of their renowned superior Padre Serra. He was thereby enabled almost immediately to extend his work along the coast northward and inland.

Lieutenant Moraga was placed in command of the twenty soldiers sent as guards of the expedition of the two Franciscans sent to found a mission on San Francisco Bay. Leaving Monterey June 17th, 1777, they arrived on June 27th, at the Laguna de Los Dolores, on the south-east side of the Bay. Here an altar was erected and Mass said on the 29th. The devotion was continued daily during the following month, while the exploring parties were out looking for the most desirable location for the mission. Field tents were used as habitations for the people accompanying the expedition, and a temporary chapel was erected.

On the 18th of August the San Carlos arrived from Monterey. Those on board of her having approved of the site selected, work was at once begun on the permanent buildings of the presidio. The chapel, commandant's dwelling, houses for the soldiers and their families, storehouses, etc., were of palisade walls and earth roofing. The 17th "being the day of the sores of our seraphic Father Saint Francis," was fixed upon as the day for celebrating the founding of the presidio. There were four Fathers on the altar at the celebration of the Mass which was attended by all the people of the presidio. The subsequent firing of the swivel guns of the transport so terrified the natives that none of them put in an appearance for many days. Commandant Moraga, after the ceremonies entertained the people with all the hospitality at his command.

Work on the mission church was



SANTA CLARA MISSION. 1797.

MISSION SAN BUENAVENTURA.

shortly begun by the good Fathers, aided by six sailors. It was built of wood, fifty-four feet long and roofed with tiles. On October 3rd, the church was completed and blessed and all arrangements made for the foundation ceremonies on the 4th, the anniversary of the death of Saint Francis. But owing to the absence of Commandant Moraga the grander ceremonies were postponed. He arrived on the 7th and on the 9th the Mission Dolores was dedicated to San Francisco de Asis with all the solemn rites of the Order. In the simple procession the image of Saint Francis was carried in the presence of all the civilized people of that quarter save a few soldiers left in charge of the fort.

From this solemn dedication near the shore of the great bay the city of San Francisco takes its name. The four pious Padres who conducted the services builded much better than they then knew. In April 1777 San Francisco was first honored by a visit from the governor of the Californias. The good Presidente, Padre Serra, visited the mission in October in time to say Mass in the church on Saint Francis' day, in presence of seventeen Indian adult converts.

Visiting the presidio a few days later he was delighted with the splendid view of the bay under the blue California sky and exclaimed, "Thanks be to God that now our Father Saint Francis, with the holy cross of the procession of the missions, has reached the last limits of the California continent. To go farther he must have boats."

The history of the growth of this mission, of its success in civilizing and educating the Indians in the industrial pursuits of life is little different from those of the others described in my first article.

When in 1831 a communication was sent to the Mission Fathers requesting their views on the *emancipation* of the neophytes (?) and the distribution of the mission estates on

On the banks of the bright Guadalupe river, in the great fertile valley of Santa Clara under the cross raised two months before, Father Tomas said the first Mass on January 12, 1777. The new mission was dedicated to Santa Clara, on a beautiful site which the Indians had named Tares, subnamed by the Fathers, Thamien.

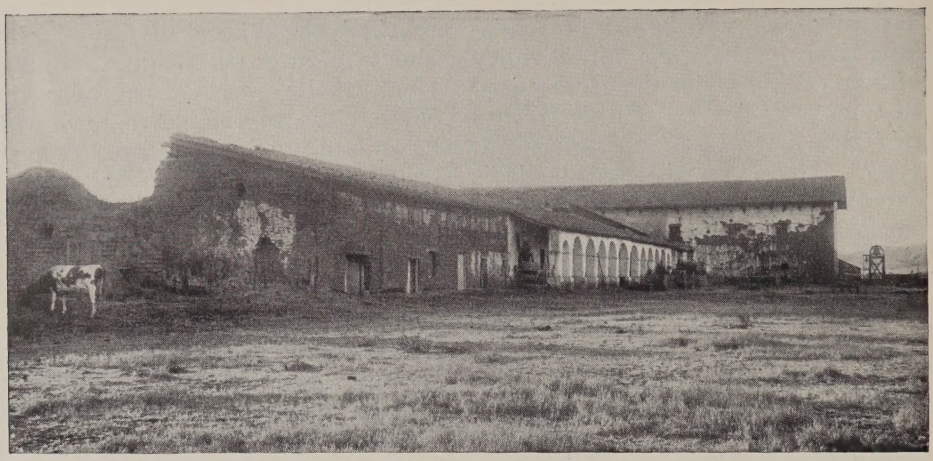
On the 29th of November of the same year the first pueblo founded in California was located on the eastern bank of the Guadalupe about two miles from Santa Clara. It was named San José de Guadalupe, in honor of the first patron of the California establishment, by José de Galvez, Visitador General of Spain.

The corner stone of the new church was not laid until November 19, 1781. On returning from his last confirmation tour northward the venerable Padre Serra stopped at Santa Clara and dedicated the church on Sunday, May 15, 1784. It was then regarded as the finest church erected in California. But the fact that the remains of its founder and architect, Father Murguia, who died only four days before, lay beneath the structure, rendered the ceremonies more solemn and sad than usual. The Southern Pacific Railroad running through the centre of the valley takes the tourist close to the mission. It is in a good state of preservation and divine services are regularly held in the old church.

The largest expedition yet undertaken in California in search of a desirable mission site left San Gabriel, March 26, 1782. Presidente Serra himself accompanying the expedition, inspired the whole party with renewed energy and devotion to their divine project. Traveling about fifty miles to the west-north-westward they reached the shore of the Pacific about midway of Ventura county. Here a site was chosen near the shore, close to the native town with its picturesque cluster of conical tribe huts. The cross and altar were raised on the next day. Over the latter was erected a fragrant canopy of green and blossoming boughs under which Mass was said and a dedicatory sermon preached by Father Serra, to a large attendance of natives and soldiers.

The Indians manifested much satisfaction with what they saw and heard and subsequently lent every aid in their power towards building up the mission. Fathers Santa Maria and Dumitz were placed in charge. The church has shared the vicissitudes of the eventful century which has intervened since its foundation. All around it have sprung up on the ruins of the earlier civilization, the more bustling, noisy, pretentious haunts, habitations and industries of the new. But it is to be doubted if the change has been any ultimate gain to the race. Be that as it may the church which was dedicated to the "Seraphic Doctor" San Buenaventura, still stands. It is now the parish church, of which Rev. Cyprian Rubio is rector, and will probably stand as long as men retain any regard for these landmarks of heroic devotion.

Shortly after the lamented death of Presidente Junipero Serra, August 28, 1784, Father Paulo, the then senior missionary in California succeeded to the presidency. The founding of the mission La Purisima Concepcion, was delayed to December 8, 1787. On that day Father Lasuen, with the usual attendance, proceeded from Santa Barbara to the selected site near the Santa Inez river, in Santa Barbara county. The



SAN MIGUEL MISSION. 1797.

day being the anniversary of the Immaculate Conception, we may well believe that the founding ceremonies were suitably solemn and imposing.

Being the commencement of the rainy season there was little building done before the following spring. In April Fathers Fuster and Arroita were assigned to the spiritual charge of Purisima. Before the end of the year, seventy-nine neophytes were enrolled on the mission records. There was therefore no lack of help in the building of the various structures.

Little as we hear of these ruins in our day, and though few the lovers of the nation's landmarks who find their way thither, the mission was once the scene of prosperous, contented industry among the neophytes, and of grateful devotion and active paternal care on the part of the Padres.

The site of the Santa Cruz mission stands five hundred yards from the Rio San Lorenzo. Some days before the founding ceremonies were to take place the Indian chief Sugert, with some of his tribe came in and told the Padres that he would become the first Christian of his people.

On Sunday, September 25, 1789, on arrival of the troops from Santa Clara and in presence of chief Sugert and his people the founding rites were solemnized in the customary way. The corner stone of the church was laid in 1790 and the completed structure was dedicated on May 10, 1794.

It was rectangular in form with stone foundation, adobe walls 30 by 112 feet, 25 feet high, with beautifully carved stone front.

Santa Cruz has of late years become the most fashionable as well as the most delightful watering place of the Pacific coast. It is, during the summer, the oceanside retreat of most of the wives and daughters of the millionaires and bonanza kings of San Francisco. Being less than two hours' ride from the Golden Gate, the men are enabled to give several hours to business every day in the city and to spend their late afternoons and delicious summer evenings in their shoreside cottages with their families.

The mission of Nuestra Senora de La Soledad, our Lady of Solitude, was founded on October 7,

a plan including regular religious service, the support of the Padres and the retention of community property sufficient to found new missions, President Duran received a reply from Padre Narciso which was a masterpiece of terse logical statesmanship. The position maintained in his answer was the same as that held by all the other Fathers, namely, that "the Indians were absolute owners of the soil and all the mission property, but that they were still children, requiring parental control, and that the Mission Fathers were alone qualified to rightly control them." Subsequent events have too palpably proved the truth of these words.

Governor Figuero coming to California in 1833 was not slow in learning this truth. In hearing that a bill had been introduced in the Mexican Congress for the secularization of the missions, in his report of October 5th he submitted as the result of his experience that any radical change in the control of the missions would entail the total destruction of all the mission property, "with possible danger to the security of the territory." But the iniquitous bill passed the Mexican Congress on August 17th of that year, probably before Figuero's report reached the capital.

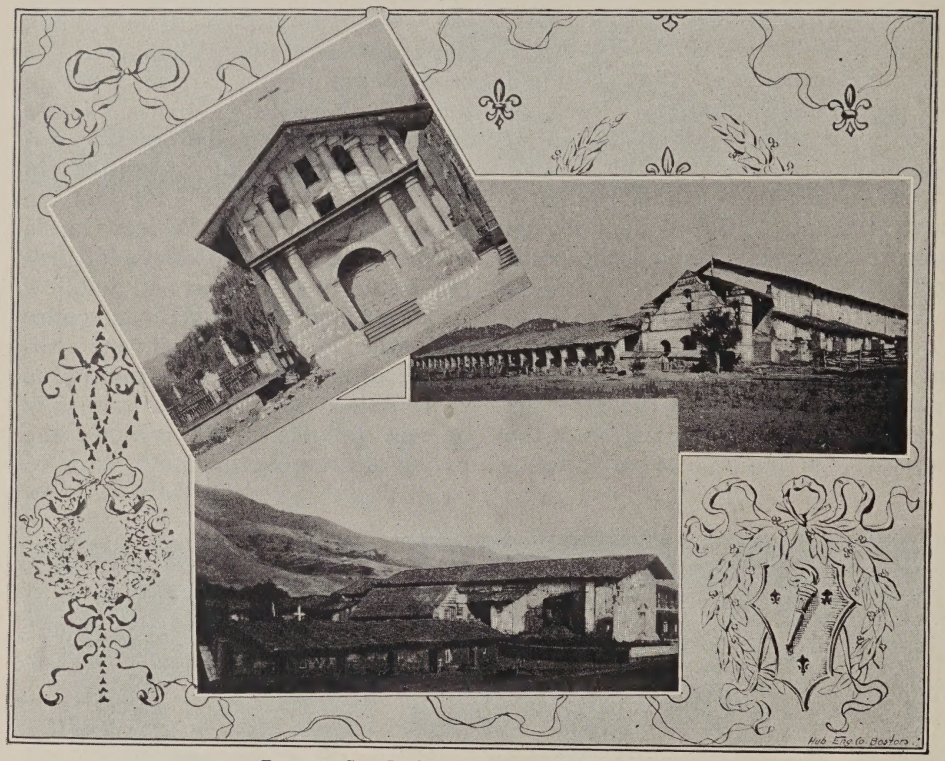
But this was no palliation of the crime of confiscating the property of the Fathers and the Indians. Those Mexican congressmen were fully informed of the existing conditions in Alta California. With a copy of the secularization sent to Prefect Garcia Diego came orders to obey its provisions and instructions, and to follow the prescribed methods of surrender to curates. He received an additional order about the same time "forbidding the Padres to take any part in politics or to criticize the policy of the government."

INTERIOR MISSION SAN BUENAVENTURA.

The circulation of the substance of these documents among the Mission Fathers very naturally led many of them to relax their care of the buildings, vineyards and gardens, and the mission estates rapidly deteriorated in consequence. Governor Figuero has forcibly characterized the whole scheme as one of deliberate plunder.

Before the end of 1835 sixteen of the missions had been secularized, including that of San Francisco, and the Mission Fathers had been deprived of all control. In one year the neophyte population decreased three thousand and the Indians, robbed of the temporal as well as spiritual guidance of the Fathers went speedily to ruin.

The city of San Francisco has grown out to and beyond the Mission Dolores. Among the many attractions to tourists to the empire city within the golden gate none is more interesting to-day than the Mission Church. True, but few of its antique original features save the model have been spared by the hand of the modern builder. Yet devout Catholics love to worship near the spot where stood the heroic Padres' simple altar raised on a barbarous shore. Protestants of every denomination and people of no religion kneel before the altar in reverence to the memory of the men who first carried the blessings of civilization to the farthest limits of the sunset slopes of our continent.



DOLORES, SAN JOSÉ AND SAN ANTONIÓ MISSIONS.

1791. Chuttusgelis was the name given the site by the natives. It is about eighteen miles southeast of Monterey and is probably the least known of all the missions. Fathers Diego Garcia and Mariano Rube were the founders. These and their immediate successors were less popular than most of the other missionaries, which fact accounts for the slower growth of the mission. The church was a small adobe with tile roof and has fallen to an irreparable ruin.

On Trinity Sunday, June 11, 1777, the foundation ceremonies of the new mission of San Jose, in honor of the husband of the Virgin Mary were celebrated on the site at Alameda. Fathers Barcenilla and Mernio were placed in charge of the mission. A wooden church with grass roof was erected.

San Juan Bantista was the next mission, founded on June 24, with the usual imposing religious ceremonies. Fathers Martiarena and Martinez were the first missionaries in charge. The church has been preserved and is now in good repair having the picturesque tile roof and artistic Moorish front, with three of the old angelus bells hanging in the towers. The mission stands about midway of San Benito county, some fifty miles from San Carlos, in Monterey, and its historic attraction and quaint prospect are enhanced by the magnificent mountain and valley scenery.

San Juan Bantista is the parish church of which Rev. Valentin Clasa is rector.

This was a fruitful year in the good Fathers' vineyard. "In presence of a great multitude of Gentiles of both sexes and of all ages, whose pleasure and rejoicing exceeded even our desires, thanks be to God, I blessed the water, the place and a great cross which we raised," says Father Lasuen, writing of the founding of the mission of San Miguel, which was celebrated on July 25.

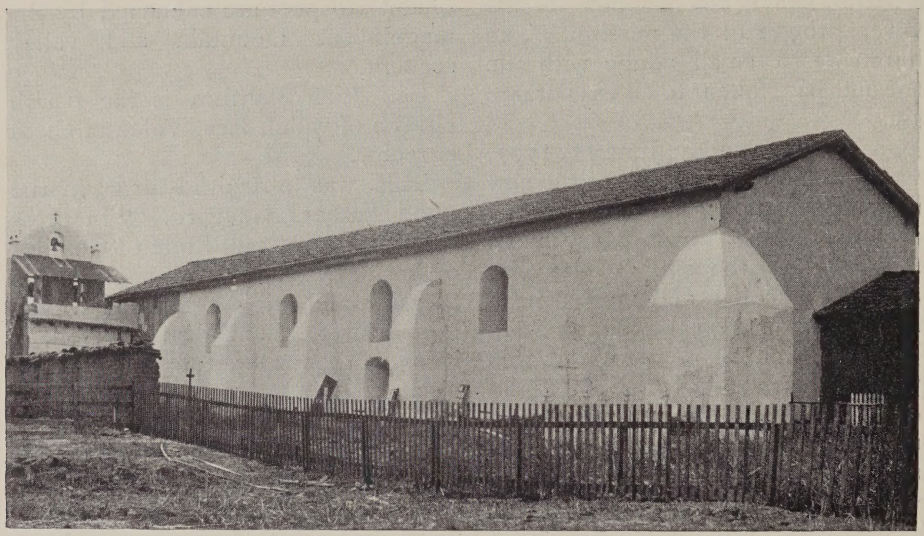
Fathers Sitjar and Harra were appointed as spiritual directors and be-

San Fernando Mission. 1797.

gan their mission by the baptism of fifteen Indian children on the day of foundation. The mission church has been well preserved in this parish, of which Rev. Henry S. O'Reilly is rector.

With the advent of the new century came such an influx of northern adventurers as alarmingly to disaffect and demoralize very many of the neophytes. This of course sadly grieved the Fathers; but to allow such calamities to diminish their labors would render them unfit to longer wear the gray robe of Saint Francis and so they struggled on, founding the Mission of Santa Inez, virgin martyr, in February 1803.

Father Tapis, then president of the missions, aided by Fathers Calzada and Guiterrez, conducted the services and preached the dedicatory sermon in presence of Commandante Carrillo and a great number of neophytes from Santa Barbara and Purisima. Santa Inez is situated nearly midway between the two last named missions. In the earthquake of December 21, 1812, the church was much injured. A new church of adobe lined with brick was begun in 1815 and completed and dedicated on July 4, 1817. This fine edifice is now the parish church of which Rev. Fred Lack is rector.



SANTA INEZ MISSION.

The first reference to sisters as aids in mission work in California is found in president Father Tapis' record of this period. He states: "Only four or five good sisters for missions have been found, all of them living between the parallels of San Miguel and San Francisco."

At San Rafael about twelve miles across the bay from San Francisco the Asistencia of San Rafael was founded on December 14, 1817. The ceremonies were the same as those of the founding of a regular mission, although the little chapel was but an asistencia of the Mission Dolores of San Francisco. A year later a new adobe quadrangular building was erected. This was used

both chapel and priests' house, and other apartments required in the management of a regular mission which in fact it subsequently became.

The "final effort" was made at New San Francisco, Solano, in Sonoma County on August 25, 1823, on which day the Mission Solano was founded. The mission church was a wooden structure of rectangular model 24 by 105 feet. The internal decorations and furnishings were superior to the external finish. Many articles were presented by Russian friends of the missionaries. On Passion Sunday, April 4, 1824, this last of the California Missions was dedicated to San Francisco Solano, "the great apostle of the Indias." But the intrigues and the encroachment of the civil authorities upon the natural rights and jurisdictions of the Mission Fathers was becoming more and more subversive of their work.

Reports of the Padres' opposition to the Mexican Republic were also circulated and daily magnified by those who hoped to feather their own nests by the confiscation and spoliation of the mission estates. Prone as have been the historian Bancroft and his collaborators to ascribe an indirect motive to the Padres in much of what they did, the worst that could be said on the missionaries' implied opposition to Mexican Independence was that "the oath of allegiance was taken with all due solemnity, followed by religious services in which Padre Pazeras preached an appropriate sermon, and the day closed with firing guns, music and illuminations in honor of Independence. This was at the meeting of the first Junta at Monterey, April 9, 1822.

"It is to be presumed that there was a general compliance with this order," (taking the oath of allegiance) writes Bancroft, "Such compliance being definitely recorded at some of the missions, and the evidence of hesitation being confined to one or two instances."

But he forgot to add that the hesitation was but short-lived and that the Padres presently all took the oath, and offered prayers for the success of the new regime. Some writers are liable to confound the Mexican Regency with the Republic.

Regarding another oath of allegiance to the Republic which the Padres were requested to take on April 28, 1826, they cheerfully agreed to take the oath with the supplement, "So far as may be compatible with our religion and profession." Some two or three from the Monterey jurisdiction said they could not take the oath in toto, though pledging their allegiance to the government.

It was but a short time since they had all taken the oath of allegiance to the Mexican government and could not understand the need of the second oath.

The oath was so supplemented or amended that the Fathers were later able to take it. They were too merciful to wholly spare an erring and unrepentant neophyte. But the punishment inflicted was always tempered with wisdom and mercy. The universal love and confidence of the simple hearted natives was the best proof of this. The Fathers had made a thorough study of the Indian character and knew him as he was. That they governed the aborigines in a way best calculated to promote their spiritual and temporal advancement, time has manifested.

One of the first lessons of brutal falsehood which the incoming vandals taught the too credulous Indians was that the Padres were their worst enemies, come to rob and murder them. It is true that most of the neophytes had already seen too many proofs of the Fathers' love for them to believe this. But there were enough of the simple creatures who had their minds poisoned by the deceitfulness of their mortal foes, and in some instances estrangement from the Fathers took place years before the last ruinous act of the Mexican government.

Yet when we realize that there are fifteen of the twenty one old mission altar fires still burning, we may know that other men of a different stamp came in small bands, with the destroyers. Arriving direct from the desolate heart of Ireland, where it was not only a direct misfortune but a proclaimed disgrace to be a Catholic, these men were quick to discover all the good there was in the old-new order of things, in the mission life. They worshipped devoutly at the same altars with the Castilian, Mexican and Indian. It was by a campaign of fraternity, love and unity, that these men would achieve their purpose of introducing the new order, not by one of hatred and insult. Never were the endeavors of the Celt anywhere rewarded with such felicitous returns as here. Enamored as they were of the new state, Irishmen were foremost in the ranks of California state builders.

To these men we owe most of what there remains for preservation of the nation's noblest ruins.

LOSS.

R. C.

THE pathway of my life, since thou art gone,
Seems like a dusty and exposed highroad
Whose upward-stretching, weary length is sowed
With rough, uneven places. The bright sun
Streams pitilessly down; shade there is none.
Bewildered, dazed, instinctively I turn
Thy help to claim. Ah! have I yet to learn,
What all men know, — that I must walk alone?

And though I am a woman in my years,
Whom others turn to for the help I seek,
Still is my troubled heart full of vague fears
And desolate distress; sobs from me break,
As from some child, with sense of drear defeat,
Left wandering in an unknown public street.

WINGED GUARDIANS.

FRANK H. SWEET.

THERE are many strange characteristics about birds which are well worth the student's observation. One species makes itself famous as singers, another as elaborate nest builders, and still another as being excessively fond of ornamentation. Perhaps none excite more wonder than those strange birds which take to themselves the guardianship of some particular animal or place; as the "crocodile-bird," which warns the saurian of the approach of danger; the "rhinoceros-bird," which performs a like service for that ungainly animal; the paisano, whose special object in life seems to be to destroy rattlesnakes, and that harsh-voiced champion of the poultry-yard, the chauna.

Every one has a kindly feeling for the long-legged, big-hearted cranes, and is glad to discover some new trait of disinterestedness or act of benevolence that reflects to their honor. A great many small birds, as the ortolans, darnagos, tree-figs, wrens, titmice, smaller thrushes, finches and others, are obliged to leave Europe for a warmer climate as soon as cold weather sets in. It is impossible for them to sustain a long flight, and should they attempt to cross the Mediterranean they would inevitably perish in its waters. Even a trip through Asia Minor, Syria, and Palestine would be too much for their endurance. And yet the winter is too rigorous for them at home, and would mean death if they remained.

Their time of migration is also that of the cranes; and as the cool days of autumn approach, the great birds move south, flying low and uttering an odd cry as of alarm. Incredible as it may seem, travellers assert that the little birds below mount upward and take up their quarters on the backs of their long-legged friends. There they comfortably sit, repaying their benefactors by their cheery twitterings and merry songs. On their return the cranes do not trouble themselves to fly low, knowing that going down is easy work even for a small bird. Their little passengers drop off at their own convenience.

It is thought that future investigation may possibly disprove the unselfishness of the cranes, and show them to be actuated by the same motives that keep the crocodile and rhinoceros from injuring *their* tiny friends. However, that there is disinterestedness among the birds we have abundant evidence and this fact is accepted as one of the most beautiful acts of benevolence recorded in natural history.

In South and Central America there is a bird whose harsh, discordant voice has earned for it the name of "screamer." This is the chauna, about the size of a common goose, but with longer legs and more graceful and active movements. The chauna is modest and peace-loving, but nevertheless is full of spirit and will defend the weak from the tyranny

of the strong. It is able to do this by means of an armament of horns or spurs, placed one on top of its head and two on each wing. With these it defends its young from the attacks of all enemies whether birds or reptiles. When domesticated, the chauna becomes the champion of the poultry-yard and successfully pits itself against the numerous winged robbers that infest the parts of the world which it inhabits. That it is not actuated by selfish motives is evident from the fact that its food consists entirely of seeds, grapes, and the leaves of aquatic plants, and it does not in any case feed upon the enemies of the defenceless creatures which it delights in protecting.

Herodotus is the first writer who notes the curious relationship existing between the trochilus and the crocodile. He says: "All other beasts and birds avoid the crocodile, but he is at peace with the trochilus, because he receives benefits from it; for when the crocodile issues from the water, and then opens his mouth, which he does most commonly toward the sunset, the trochilus enters his mouth and swallows the leeches which cling to his teeth. The huge beast is so pleased that he never injures the little bird."

Contemporary and even subsequent writers denied the story of the old Greek on the ground of improbability, but modern writers who are familiar with Egypt confirm the substance of the story of Herodotus. The trochilus belongs to the family of long-legged birds which includes snipes, herons, cranes, and many other species. It has a short beak, but long muscular legs which enable it to move with great rapidity. When off duty it remains rather quiet, and seems to wait for the appearance of the object of its solicitude with great patience; but when the crocodile crawls upon a sand-bank to bask, the trochilus is full of activity. It runs hither and thither, plucking off the leeches that are always to be found adhering to the soft parts of the monster's body. When the saurian falls asleep, the bird keeps a sharp lookout for intruders, and above all for man. Should any such approach too near, the sharp cry of the faithful guardian rouses the slumberer, which at once glides away into the water and safety.

Similarly, the best friend of the rhinoceros and his faithful attendant is the red-beaked ox-biter more popularly known as the "rhinoceros-bird."

Ticks, which infest the forest of most parts of the earth are very annoying to the rhinoceros, hippopotamus, and elephant. To the rhinoceros-birds, however, these ticks are particularly attractive, and their beaks are so constructed as to render the extraction of a deeply imbedded tick an easy task. The rhinoceros is duly grateful, and never, even when suffering great pain from the probing beak, offers any remonstrance, but rather shows by the liberties he permits, the implicit confidence he reposes in his attendants.

The duty of guardianship is not always undertaken by one bird, but as if impressed with the importance of the task, as many as half a dozen will often devote themselves to one rhinoceros. Nor do they confine themselves to parasite inspection. Like the crocodile-bird, they watch over the slumbers of the beast, and warn him by vociferous crying of the approach of an enemy. When noise fails to arouse him they fly at his face and flap it with their wings.

Gordon Cumming says that more than once his careful stalking was rendered naught by the watchful presence of these birds. "I have often shot these animals at midnight when drinking at the fountain," he adds, "and the birds, imagining they were asleep, remained with them until morning; and on my approaching, before taking flight, they exerted themselves to the utmost to awaken Chukuroo (rhinoceros) from his deep sleep."

The white-beaked honey-guide is another curious bird which looks to the wants of others; not, however, without a due regard to his own interests. He is inordinately fond of honey, and will guide hunters to the nests of wild bees and then wait confidently for his small share of the plunder. If he knows of more than one nest he will lead to them all.

Along the west coast of North America there is a small bird variously known as road-runner, chaparral cock, and paisano. Its one mission in life seems to be the destroying of rattlesnakes. For all its small size, it is perfectly willing and able to engage and kill the formidable serpent in fair combat. Another interesting winged benefactor is the secretary-bird, so called from the odd tuft of feathers forming its crest, and quaintly resembling quill pens thrust behind the ear. It is best described as a crane vulture, and stands nearly four feet high. Like the chaparral cock, it is excessively fond of killing snakes, and these it kills with an address equal to its courage. It makes no hesitation about attacking the most poisonous snake, and invariably comes off victor. Nearly half a century ago it was introduced into the French West Indies for the express purpose of waging war upon the rattlesnake.

In northern Africa and southern Asia there is a hornbill that provides a hole in a tree, into which his wife enters to make her nest. He then gathers mud and plasters up the hole, leaving only an aperture large enough to admit the imprisoned bird's beak. Closed up in her cell, the mother bird can find no other material for her nest then her own feathers and these she plucks without hesitation.

During the weeks that follow, the male bird confines himself assidul ously to providing food for the bill thrust through the aperture. The result is obvious. The male bird becomes weak and emaciated while the female often gets so fat as to find it difficult to leave the tree at the end of her imprisonment.

FATHER BURKE'S WIT AND MIMICRY.

ATHER BURKE'S mother was a woman devotedly attached to the performance of religious duties and entirely destitute of humor. His father on the contrary loved a good song, told a good story, and enjoyed a good joke. It was from his father that Father Tom inherited his comic vein. To him the son owed its development in spite of the reproaches of the good woman who frequently assured her husband that his want of decorum would be the ruin of his child.

The boy as he grew up exhibited a playful disposition, and was given to playing practical jokes upon his friends and acquaintances, and even upon his parents. He would imitate a well-known ballad singer so accurately as to extract a charitable coin from his father. Sometimes, when Mrs. Burke happened to call her husband from another room, the youth, mimicking his father's voice, would answer for him and call out from the head of the stairs some protest against an imaginary act, the more irritating because undeserved. One word would lead to another, a quarrel would be the inevitable result, till at last, breaking down in laughter, the perpetrator of the joke would be revealed to his astonished parent.

The lad did not always escape the consequences of his fun. On one occasion, being detected in a prank at the expense of the clergy, his mother brought him into an inner room, where, locking the door, she knelt down and repeated the prayer: "Direct, O Lord, our actions, etc.," after which she administered a sound thrashing. In after years Father Burke said, "When I saw my mother enter the room, make the sign of the cross,and solemnly invoke the Holy Ghost to direct her I knew I could expect no mercy. I never got such a beating as that one directed by the Holy Spirit, and I have never forgotten it."

When seventeen years of age young Burke made up his mind to enter the Church, and fixed on the order of St. Dominic as that to which he would belong. He left Ireland in 1847 to study in Perugia, in the very convent of the founder of the order.

Here he remained four years, and exhibited such marked promise that he was sent to England to a small community established at Woodchester.

The great object aimed at by the rule of St. Dominic is the development of humility, and the prior tested the progress of his novices in this valuable virtue, by imposing upon them the most menial tasks. Some would be sent to clean out the cells, or perhaps the church. One day he directed a novice to go to Brother Dalmatius for the broom. The messenger returned with the reply that the lay brother was using the broom. The envoy from Perugia told the novice to go again, and a second time he returned without the broom. "What does he say?" inquired the friar. "He

says he will give it to you about the back," was the reply. A complaint was lodged with the vicar, and Dalmatius was summoned before his august presence. "Did you say that?" "Yes, father." After a long pause: "Did you mean it?" "No, father." "There, Brother Thomas, are you now satisfied?" And Brother Thomas was satisfied, and the parties dispersed, lost in admiration of the vicar's wisdom.

Many years later, when at the height of his fame, and justly regarded as the most eloquent preacher of the Roman Catholic Church, a Dominican states he had seen the distinguished friar for some trivial fault compelled to kiss the feet of the novices, and afterwards eat his dinner on his knees in the midst of the refectory, his plate resting on the seat of a chair.

From Woodchester Father Burke was summoned to undertake the charge of a new Dominican establishment at Tallaght, seven miles from Dublin, at the foot of the Dublin Mountains. In this lovely spot he had leisure not only to lay up a store of learning, but to cultivate his gifts of speech. It was not till four years afterwards, towards the close of 1859, that the sermon was delivered which made the preacher famous. The occasion was the opening of a new organ at Saint Mary's, Sandymount. A popular Dominican was asked to occupy the pulpit, but at the last moment was unable to attend, much to the disappointment of the parish priest. He had promised however to provide a substitute, and on the appointed Sunday morning a tall, unattractive young man appeared, with a singularly vacant and stupid expression of countenance, which the preacher assumed through a spirit of waggery. The assembled clergy were horrified, but nothing could be done. The preacher ascended the pulpit, his manner and countenance changed, the clergy were lost in surprise. A sermon was delivered on the connection between art and the genius of the Catholic Church, the fame of which ran like wildfire and attracted attention even in France. From that day Father Burke was ranked as one of the greatest of pulpit orators, and in his own style, without a rival among Catholic preachers.

What gave Father Tom his peculiar charm, especially with the audiences that thronged to hear him both in Europe and in America, was his marvellous dramatic power. When in Rome his Lenten discourses were attended by strangers who could not understand a single word of English, but who were impressed nevertheless by his wonderful action, or rather acting, in the sense of the word used by Demosthenes. He was such a master of this difficult art that on one occasion, in the midst of friends, he undertook to preach a sensational sermon without uttering a word. His face, expressive of suitable emotions, aided by the movement of his eyes, at one moment was darkened by furrowed lines, the next instant seemed lit up with seraphic beauty. His imposing attitudes and gestures defied description. One unspoken sentiment was strengthened by pointing tragically down, another by outstretched hands and eyes raised to heaven.

The mastery of voice and features exhibited by Father Burke was almost miraculous. In his student days whenever he got a copy of *Punch* he employed his vacant moments in endeavoring, by means of a

looking-glass, to work his features into the form of some comic portrait which adorned its pages. When in Rome he would spend hours in the Vatican with a friend, imitating the pose of the statues in the great sculpture galleries. At one moment he was the Dying Gladiator, the next a Sphinx, drawing over his head the white hood of his habit, sometimes a Burmese idol, erect, impassive, with legs crossed in a way which would have puzzled an athlete to imitate. The ancient statues of the fauns and satyrs and other mythological monstrosities had a strong attraction for him. He would pause and grin, and produce with his own features a facsimile of the figure before him. On one occasion he stood for a long time before the Laocoön, and looking round found there was no one in sight. "I'll try him," he said to a friend. And in a twinkling there was the Laocoön in flesh and blood; the strength of the terrible struggle, the despair, and the agony displayed in the realistic effort of the Dominican. "Is that like him?" he cried, almost breathless.

At that moment a party of ladies and gentlemen appeared, gazing in amazemeut, now at the statue, and then at its imitation. Completely taken aback, the distinguished mimic could only articulate, "I was trying my hand at the statue," as a kind of explanation, and disappeared as quickly as he could,

Towards the end of his career, whilst conducting a mission in London, the erection which occupies the site of Temple Bar took his fancy. He studied closely the monumental griffin, and on his return home that evening, with the aid of a stick produced a perfect imitation of that very peculiar figure. An ecclesiastical architect was so much struck with his grotesque imitations that he offered him great inducements if he would give him a few sittings for these faces and figures to ornament a grand Gothic church he was about to undertake. The Dominican was greatly tickled with the idea, and at the possibility of being one day on the steps of the altar of that very church confronted with a distorted stony self gaping at him from the capital of a neighboring column. "I wish to be a pillar of the Church," he replied laughing. "You want to make me only a grinning gargoyle."

The preacher was equally successful with living subjects. While a novice at Perugia several Dominicans arrived from Luconia in the Philippine Islands. One day the young student yellowed his face, donned a fez, and addressed them in a gibberish with which he mingled words he had picked up from their own conversation. The visitors were puzzled, and at last said, when unable to answer him, that he must have come from some unknown island of the Philippine group.

More daring, however, was his attempt to pass himself off as an Eastern prelate during the session of the Vatican Council. A large number of eminent ecclesiastics were the guests of an English Catholic, and among them a number of Oriental bishops. A suite of apartments was arranged for the latter, as far as possible after the fashion of their own clime. There was a divan well cushioned, and an abundant supply of aromatic coffee and delicious tobacco. The prelates sat cross-legged on luxurious cushions, and sipped their coffee in solemn silence, as clouds of smoke arose to the gilded ceiling. Father Burke was with the

English guests, and a mysterious door covered with baize attracted his notice, more especially as the fragrance of tobacco accompanied its opening and closing. He opened the door, peeped in, and seeing some Eastern garments hanging quite close, he slipped them over his shoulders and, making a profound salaam, sat down cross-legged, and joined the company in their devotion to the heavenly havanna. Towards the end of the evening the host and his European guests paid a visit to the Orientals and conversed with them. Father Burke carried on a conversation with several who were his intimate friends without being detected, till at last an Irish bishop, after much study, cried: —

"Why, Father Tom, is that you? What brought you here?"

"Well, my lord," said Father Burke, "there was plenty of tobacco and coffee to be enjoyed here, and I saw no reason why these good things should be resigned by a Westerner, and I wanted also to show that there are wise men in the West as well as in the East."

His popularity as a preacher was unbounded. He never spared himself in promoting a good work, such as building a chapel, procuring funds for a charity, or helping some religious community to wipe out a debt which pressed unduly upon them and hampered their usefulness. His eloquence thronged the churches where he appeared to such an extent that standing-room could not be got. As a cab-driver put it, "Bedad the church is full within and without."

A ludicrous incident occurred at Killarney Cathedral in the presence of Lord Kenmare and all the local magnates. Father Burke was preaching for the Presentation Brothers' schools, and his sermon reached an unusual length. The brothers, anxious only for a good collection, began rattling the tin plates as a hint to the preacher to stop; the bishop, Dr. Moriarty, frowned from his throne, and the noise ceased. The portly prior advanced from his stall and took up his position in front of the pulpit; in the full view of all present except the preacher who was just then expatiating on the zeal of the brothers. He pictured forth the pale, ascetic monk, his emaciated frame bearing evidence of his fastings and vigils. He was surprised to find the audience smiling. He tried to be more impressive, and again reverted to the mortified and over-worked monk. The audience could hardly contain their merriment. There in front of them was the rotund figure, the broad, jolly face of the prior, beaming like a full moon, visible to all but the preacher, and fully enjoying the beautiful description of the ascetic monk. Greatly disconcerted, the preacher concluded as quickly as he could, and it is but right to mention that the collection did not disappoint the fraternity.

Whilst prior of Tallaght, Father Burke enjoyed the intimate friendship of Cardinal Cullen. "Come up here, Father Tom, and tell some of your funny stories," was the usual invitation after dinner. He would give imitations of some Italian priests who had become popular as preachers in Dublin. His first move was to cast the folds of his robe with demonstrative vigor over the left shoulder, and then in broken English proceed to lecture the faithful. With upraised finger he warned them to avoid "otiosity," to become "tinkers" (thinkers), and to remember that "without face (faith) you can-

not be shaved (saved)," concluding each section of his homily, which seemed to be teaching how to avoid the doom of sin, with the words, "You be da-a-a-mned," uttered in low, earnest tones.

For many years no banquet took place at the archiepiscopal residence which Father Burke was not asked to enliven, his pictures of Italian low life being greatly relished by the cardinal. The quack dentist from Tuscany who with falsetto voice and bray of trumpet drove down the Piazza di San Agnesi at Rome, the man playing the mandolin, the improvisatore, and finally the Roman barber, were standing dishes. The great piece of acting was a series of imitations of a well-known mendicant family often heard in the streets of the Eternal City. The voices of the father, mother, and daughter, the latter a real alto, were faithfully given, accompanied by the twang of the three distinct instruments they played, so that one could almost believe that three several persons were engaged in giving the performance. Another favorite scene was that of a troubador serenading his love. Near the Convent of Perugia lived a Juliet who was frequently brought to her casement by the "Com'è gentil" of some love-sick swain. It was rich to see Father Burke at an assembly of clerics lean back in his chair and strike up on a tongs, if no guitar was at hand, a tum-tum accompaniment to his burst of passionate melody.

He possessed a tenor voice of much power and compass. Many a night when tired out he would stay till a late hour singing the "Melodies," or choice English songs. "Tom Bowling" was a favorite, also "Drink to me only with thine eyes," "My mother bids me bind my hair," and "What are the wild waves saying?" In a lecture on English music which he delivered in Liverpool a vocalist sang "The Death of Nelson." The lecturer resumed by saying he doubted whether England ought to be more proud of her Nelson or of the bard who perpetuated his name in song.

During the visit of Cardinal Franchi to Dublin a large assembly of prelates and priests was gathered together by Cardinal Cullen. After dinner Father Burke began mimicking the pulpit oratory of an English cardinal and other distinguished preachers. One prelate thought the mirth too uproarious for the grave-looking Italian, and gave a hint that the proceeding should be stopped, which it was. Next evening the two cardinals with a large company were entertained by a Dublin gentleman. In the drawing-room Father Burke gave his fun and fancy full reign. Cardinal Franchi, who had now come to understand him, screamed with laughter at his performance. "What is that you are doing with the handkerchief?" inquired Cardinal Cullen, sidling up to the group. The fact was Father Burke had twisted his white handkerchief round two fingers and the thumb of his right hand, forming a preacher with expressive action, the whole surmounted by a miniature mitre, while Cardinal Cullen's voice and bows were given to perfection. Cardinal Franchi and the Dominican, whenever they met, lived in cloud-land, both being inveterate smokers.

For one who possessed unlimited powers of expression united to comic perceptions, very few *mots* are recorded of him.

A candidate for orders was di-

rected to preach before him and his students, and the opinion of those present was invited on the performance. "It is all in Hay," said one, referring to a well-known volume of sermons. "Whether it is Hay or not," replied Burke sharply, "it is long before you would be able to make a *suggawn* (Irish for hay-rope) out of it."

A friend of his, Father Towers, was a person of imposing rotundity of form. Both travelling together by train, an American tourist, pointing to an object of archæological interest, inquired what it was. "That is one of the round towers of Ireland," replied Burke; "and here is another," said he, pointing to his companion.

An exquisite to whom he had been introduced described his mother as being so delicate that she was obliged to live on jelly and champagne. "I have a mother," said Burke, "who lives on snuff and aspirations."

A severe operation was about to be performed on Burke for the cure of an internal cancer. When the surgeon reached the seat of the disease it was suggested that his confessor should be sent for. "It is not necessary," was the reply; "he has known my *interior* for years. Besides there is an axiom in theology, 'Ecclesia non judicat de internis!'"

A Dublin Capuchin named Father Ashe, a man who had a high opinion of himself, remarked to Father Burke that he would end his course with joy if his remains should be consigned to the catacomb of his order in Rome. "Not much fear of that," replied the Dominican; "they will never make an *Ashe*-pit of it."

It must not be supposed that Father Burke's merits as a preacher were overlooked by his superiors, though he lived and died a simple friar. Bishoprics and archbishoprics were offered to him in vain. It was his ambition to be a preacher and nothing else. He refused to have his name put forward for the bishopric of Galway, his native town. When requested to become coadjutor archbishop of the port of Spain, with jurisdiction over the West Indian Islands his reply was, "I would prefer Irish stew to a Turkish bath." During the Vatican Council an effort was made to persuade him to accept the coadjutor archbishopric of San Francisco, but in vain. That the celebrated preacher remained to the end of his days neither more nor less than the most insignificant member of his order is due entirely to his own wish.

MICKIEWICZ AND POLISH ROMANTICISM.

Rev. C. R. Smogór, C.S.C.

HERE is a manifest tendency to underrate everything we are not able to comprehend. Thus, the great literary and historical movement now going on in Poland has received but little attention from us Americans, and we seem to be dead to the interest which it has aroused among European scholars.

Indeed, the history of Poland presents a picture whose merits and defects have been discussed, perhaps never more rigidly than by the sons of her own nationality. Their enthusiasm knows no limit, and their devotion to the study of history, literature, science and art is such, as has never been surpassed, nay, not even in the most flourishing epochs of their Commonwealth.

The Saxon dynasty without doubt, hastened the downfall of Poland. It cared little for her growth, her progress, her prosperity. She was assailed on every side without being able to assert or defend her rights. The nobility, too, not ceasing to be turbulent, gave the enemies a pretext for meddling in her politics. In consequence, Poland groaned under the ban of ignorance, luxury and idleness, and did not rise to prominence until Stanislaus Augustus, the last of her kings mounted the throne. He did more than any of his predecessors to diffuse knowledge, to encourage art and letters and thus rescued Poland, not from a political shipwreck, which was almost unavoidable, but from an impending intellectual death.

When in 1772 the first partition of Poland was made, a younger generation trained in the school of Konarski and Leszczynski, finding that the evil was rooted in the Polish Constitution, boldly demanded its correction and revision. This, however, could not be done on the spur of the moment. But when Russia was plunged in a war with Turkey, a favorable opportunity presented itself. They set to work energetically and in the course of four years framed a *new* constitution which was adopted by the government amid the cheers of thousands on May 3, 1791—a day ever since held in veneration by every Pole in whom the blood of his forefathers courses. And although the new constitution could not be sustained, owing to the crafty machinations and venomous stings of the *Three Serpents*, it will, nevertheless, be numbered among those treasures which, after religion, are dearest and most sacred to the Pole; it will be a lasting testimony for succeeding generations that the Poles perceived their error and labored manfully and successfully in its extirpation.

We can therefore conceive how in such an environment there could be no high literary geniuses, notwithstanding the efforts of King Stanislaus, who at best could only sow the seed for future harvest. The downfall of the Republic, the reproach of not unsheathing the sword in so momentous a cause, the memory of past glory and present shame, the wars of

Napoleon firing the nation with a hope of regaining its former independence, the romantic excitement in Germany — all this created a tremendous reaction whose influences helped to unfold and develop the budding flower of romanticism to its perfection.

The morning star of that grand galaxy of poets, the immediate forerunner of Mickiewicz, Stowacki and Krasinski, was the idyllic Brodzinski. With his peculiar taste for country life and country scenes, with a fondness for the fanciful, with a desire to go beyond the monotonous walk of the classicists, he was led to the border-land of romanticism.

Classicism, the marked out, well-beaten avenue with stately trees at regular intervals, was worn out with age and its memory faded when the votaries of romanticism appeared. The classicists on the one hand boasted of following in their literary productions, the rules of the ancient Greek and Roman writers whose works they regarded as models both of form and style. The romanticists, on the other, pretended to depict, in their poetry, the spirit of medieval chivalry, to which they afterwards blended the antique lays of their respective nations, enlivened by the imagination and brought into the regions of the ideal.

At the head of the classicists from the sixteenth century, stood the revered John Kochanowski rightly surnamed the *Father of Polish Poetry*. Classicism had extended its influence far and wide over the land and to oppose it was to exhibit a narrow mind and a want of real patriotism; it was to trample upon the most sacred relics of the past, it was to travel far away from home into an unknown and unexplored country where death was certain. The fear of encountering a crisis similar to that in the seventeenth century when Morsztyn and Twardowski, through lack of artistic skill, failed in making the romances of the Middle Age a success, caused now the classicists to wage a deadly war against the innovators of romanticism. And, indeed, there is no study in Polish literature more interesting than of the conflict between the ancient classicists and the modern romanticists.

When in 1822 Mickiewicz issued his first volume of poems entitled: "Ballads and Romances," he was met by a storm of opposition. John Sniadecki, a master in style and a scholar of world-wide repute criticised him severely. The chief leader of the classicists, Osinski, gashed him with bitterest sarcasms. Thus, for instance, a couplet of Mickiewicz's "Dziady" (Grandfathers), he turned to ridicule, crying out:

> All is dark and all is dull,
> Folly came and folly 'll come to null."

But Mickiewicz found many sympathizers, especially among his own fellow students at the University of Wilno, before whom he was accustomed to read his poems. Indeed, he was their idol, playing upon their hearts as a musician on his instrument. Although sensitive to the wounds inflicted on him, he was by no means deterred from pursuing the course he had already chosen. And to vindicate himself from the many false accusations which were brought against him, he, like Byron, replied to his adversaries by an essay on "Warsaw's Critics and Reviewers." The opening words taken from Niemcewicz's comedy "An Envoy's Return": "*They shouted: I forbid! and fled to the Prague*," contain in

substance the drift of the whole argument. He ends by comparing them to "district politicians who, not reading foreign periodicals, decide as to the secrets of cabinets and doings of chieftains." This essay, in effect, brought the tide of victory on the side of the romanticists.

Emboldened by the success, Mickiewicz now committed to print two poems: the "Princess Grazyna" and "Konrad Wallenrod." The former is a story of a noble Lithuanian woman who, not being able to dissuade her husband from employing the Teutonic knights against his own compatriots, goes out herself at the head of a powerful array, meets and defeats the enemy; but, mortally wounded, she expires immediately after the victory, to the great sorrow of her people and especially of the prince who, throwing himself into the fire, perishes in its flames together with the corpse. Mickewicz's Grazyna is a half masterpiece. The latter is, artistically speaking, a work of genius. From the point of view of ethics, it is abnormal.

Konrad is a Lithuanian who has a good young wife, smiling fields of corn, extensive pastures, droves of cattle. But his heart is rending at the thought of the outrages and depredations done to his country and to his countrymen by the unbridled Teutons. Accordingly he forms a plan to ruin the order forever. He joins their ranks, behaves well and by his many accomplishments wins the hearts of all. The Grandmaster dies and while the knights are deliberating whom they should choose, a voice from the tower is heard whispering: Konrad. The knights take it for a good omen, and unanimously proclaim Konrad their Grandmaster. But in the meantime Konrad is secretly plotting their destruction. Having a good understanding with the prince of the Lithuanian forces, Witold, he leads the Teutons, in the dead of winter against them. Thereupon the natives issuing from their ambushes, surround the Teutons and kill them all, with the exception of the Grandmaster and some few others. On his return home he was accounted for a wretched traitor and sentenced to death.

Konrad's work was now accomplished and his mission fulfilled. The woman in the tower was apprised of the disaster and told to leave her abode for the land of her birth there to live in justice and peace, no more molested by the cries of the savage and warlike Teutons. But she, a vain woman, thinking her beauty had faded, resolved to commit suicide, which she carried into effect, in unison with the Grandmaster who was about to have been executed.

The poem was written in St. Petersburg where Mickiewicz was detained as a prisoner and it was dedicated to the Czar himself, at that time, Nicholas. A veil of mystery seemed at first to have surrounded the poem. It was discovered, however, that it had another meaning besides the literal: the Teutonic knights symbolized Russia, Lithuania Poland. Mickiewicz having received a passport was just crossing the boundary when news reached him that Russian officials were in search of him. All Russia boiled with indignation. The works of Mickiewicz were straightway prohibited to be read or even to be spoken of. By this action, however, the value of the poem was only the more enhanced. A great many even attribute to it the revolt of the Poles in 1830. But the work on which his fame as Prince of the Polish

poets rests, is "*Sir Thadeus*" (Pan Tadeusz.)

At the instigation of his friends, he accepted the proffered chair of Slavonic languages in the *Collège de France*. No one could better fill that position. Yet, strange to say, he marred his concluding lectures by an aerial sort of mysticism. Towianski's gospel of the migration of souls, etc., won his heart and he became its follower and chief promoter, at least for a time. This caused his deposition from the post of Lecturer. Other events, too, not the least among them being the death of his wife and the unsuccessful termination of the second Polish uprising, added fresh weight to his already heavy burden. It is, however, gratifying to know that, shortly before his death, which occurred on the 28th of November, 1855, he returned to the Church and thus happily ended his mortal career.

We have devoted these few pages to the memory of Adam Mickiewicz — and devoted them the more willingly, because he was the first great luminary who, after a lapse of more than a hundred years, ascended to the height of that sphere of poetic inspiration which characterized the so called "golden period" of Polish literary activity — a period in which lived Rey, Wujek, Skarga and Kochanowski.

The two other eminent poets who approach nearest to Adam are Stowacki and Krasinski. Professor Matecki, a very able critic, in his work "On Stowacki" tells us that the latter's sole ambition was to be a poet. For this he prayed, to this end he sacrificed everything. He remained unmarried, that he might entirely devote himself to poetry. Yet Matecki and Tarnowski in their critical studies on Stowacki's tragic poetry declare it to be well conceived, but not properly executed, Hence in his "Mary Stuart," "Balladyna," "Auhelli," we find some passages which are truly Shakesperean, and others which are devoid of everything, save a poetic fancy. "Omne tulit punctum, qui miscuit utile dulci" said Horace of old. This is precisely what Stowacki seems to have followed in the composition of his dramas. To charm continually would be a severe strain on the mind; he relieves it, therefore, by something less abstruse. But this kind of writing evidently did not suit the taste of his friend, Krasinski, who bids him to be an "angel of light and harmony, and to leave experiments to old Willy (Shakespere) and to the anatomists."

Krasinski was, as we have already hinted, a deeper thinker and a keener observer than Stowacki, and in one thing alone was he inferior to him — in invention, Walter Scott and Schiller were, according to Spasowicz, his chief favorites.

His father was a general in the Polish army, but made himself unpopular by siding with the detestable Russian government. It was probably owing to this that young Sigismund published his early poems under an assumed name. But their worth and excellence were such that the name of the author could no longer be kept in secret. As soon, therefore, as his name was divulged, he was ranked among the foremost poets of Poland. And he confirmed the public in this belief by producing works of a first order. His style is always stately, rich and sonorous, and especially is this true when we consider his prose. As an

apt illustration of this we may take his *Irydyon*.

He, like Mickiewicz, like Stowacki, indulges in mysticism; but while they are endeavoring to explain the catastrophe that befell Poland by merely natural causes, he has recourse to history and religion. Hence his poetry is optimistic. No one can deny that, who reads his three psalms on *Faith*, *Hope and Charity*. He closes very befittingly the romantic period of Polish literature (1822–1848), otherwise called Mickiewicz's, with a beautiful, soul-inspiring piece of poetry — "The Psalm of Good Will."

The picture, however, would be incomplete if we would not touch on the three bards of Ukraine, who are the offspring of that state of Polish literary activity which characterized the first quarter of the present century. Ukraine, as we know, is pre-eminently historic. The cruel and bloody wars of the seventeenth century which, by the way, furnish the material for Sienkiewicz's incomparable novel; "By Fire and Sword," have made that province of Poland immortal in song. Malczewski in his inimitable poem *Maria* delineates the character of its lords. Bohdan Zaleski depicts the habits and manners of its country people, and Goszczyniski by exhibiting the hatred and feud that existed between its peasants and nobility produced a work which, in spite of its defects, recalls vividly Shakespere's tragedy of Macbeth.

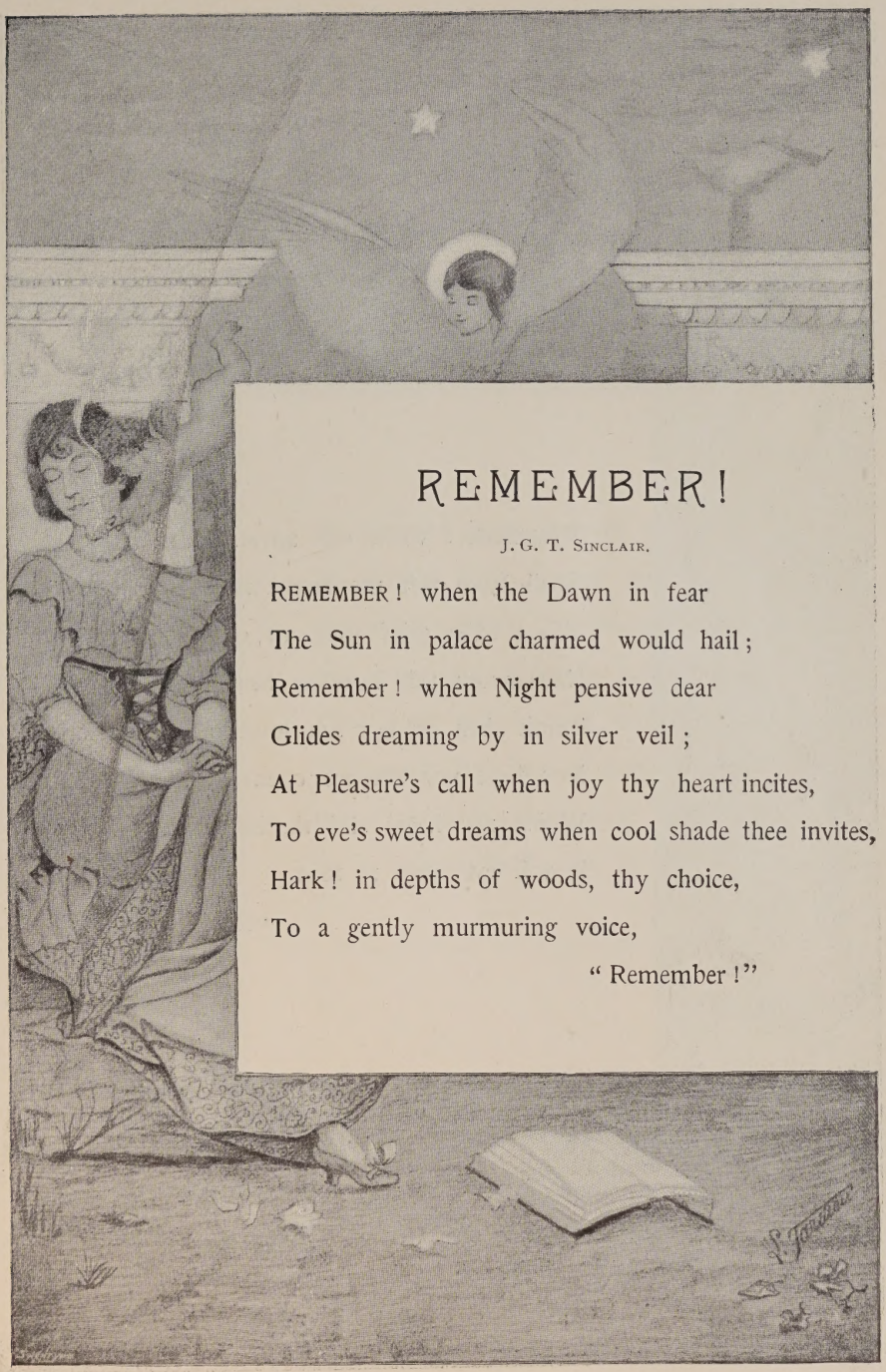
SHAKESPERE.

Rev. P. A. Wright, S. M.

Say, Bard divine, sweet singer of all time!
Who filled thy soul with such ethereal flame,
Conceiving thoughts thine ardor could not tame —
So rugged, rough, so noble and sublime?

It was the genius of thy sea-girt clime,
Unskilled in lofty soaring till thou came,
Though now forever wedded unto fame.
Thou wert the muses cherished and their prime.

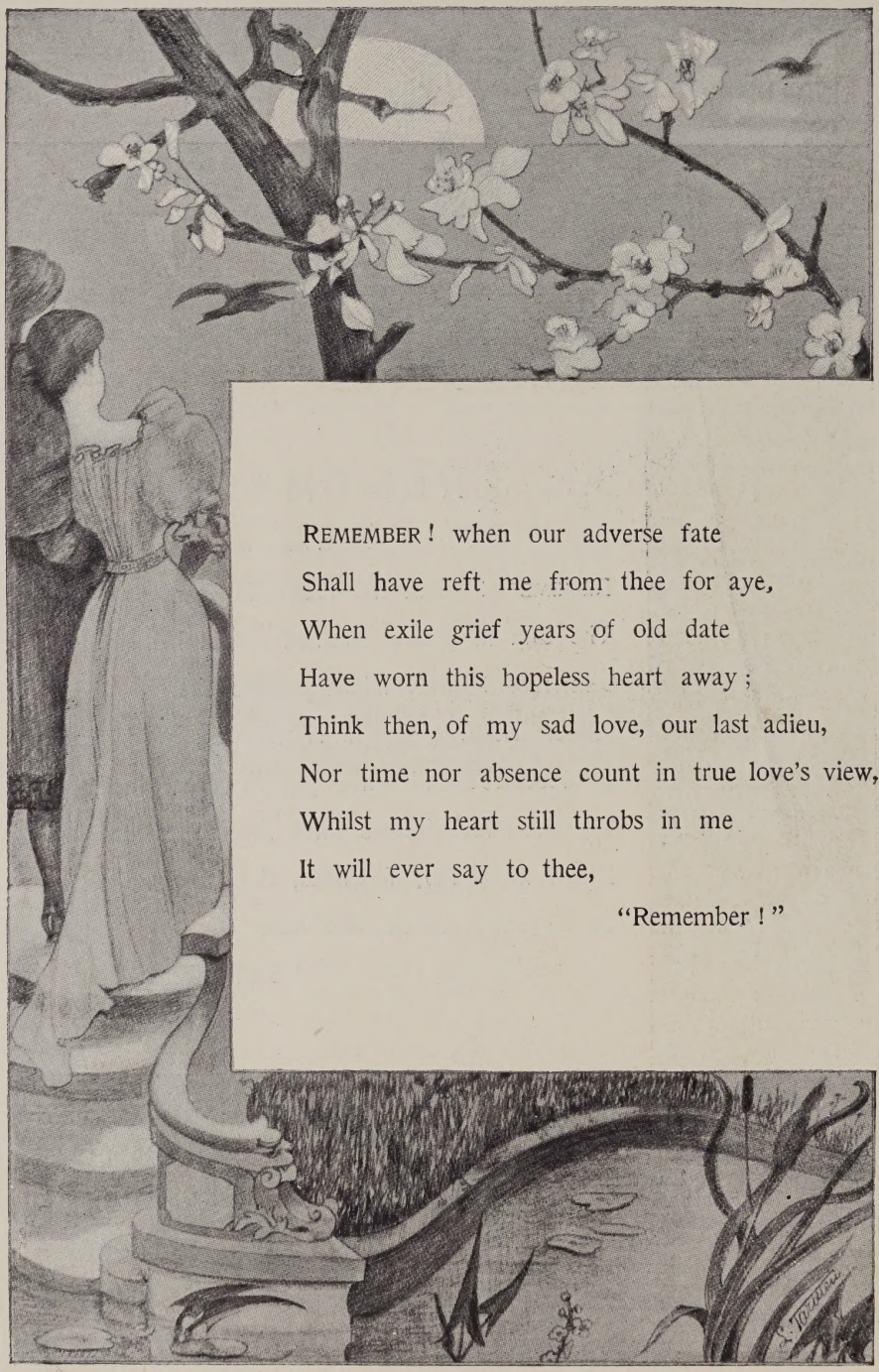
Inspired Magician of a mighty pen!
The heart's affections in thy numbers sang —
The storm of passions in thy verses rang —
Thou wert of life th' interpreter to men.
Albion's Bard! when time shall disappear,
Then shall thy laurel-wreath grow rank and sere.



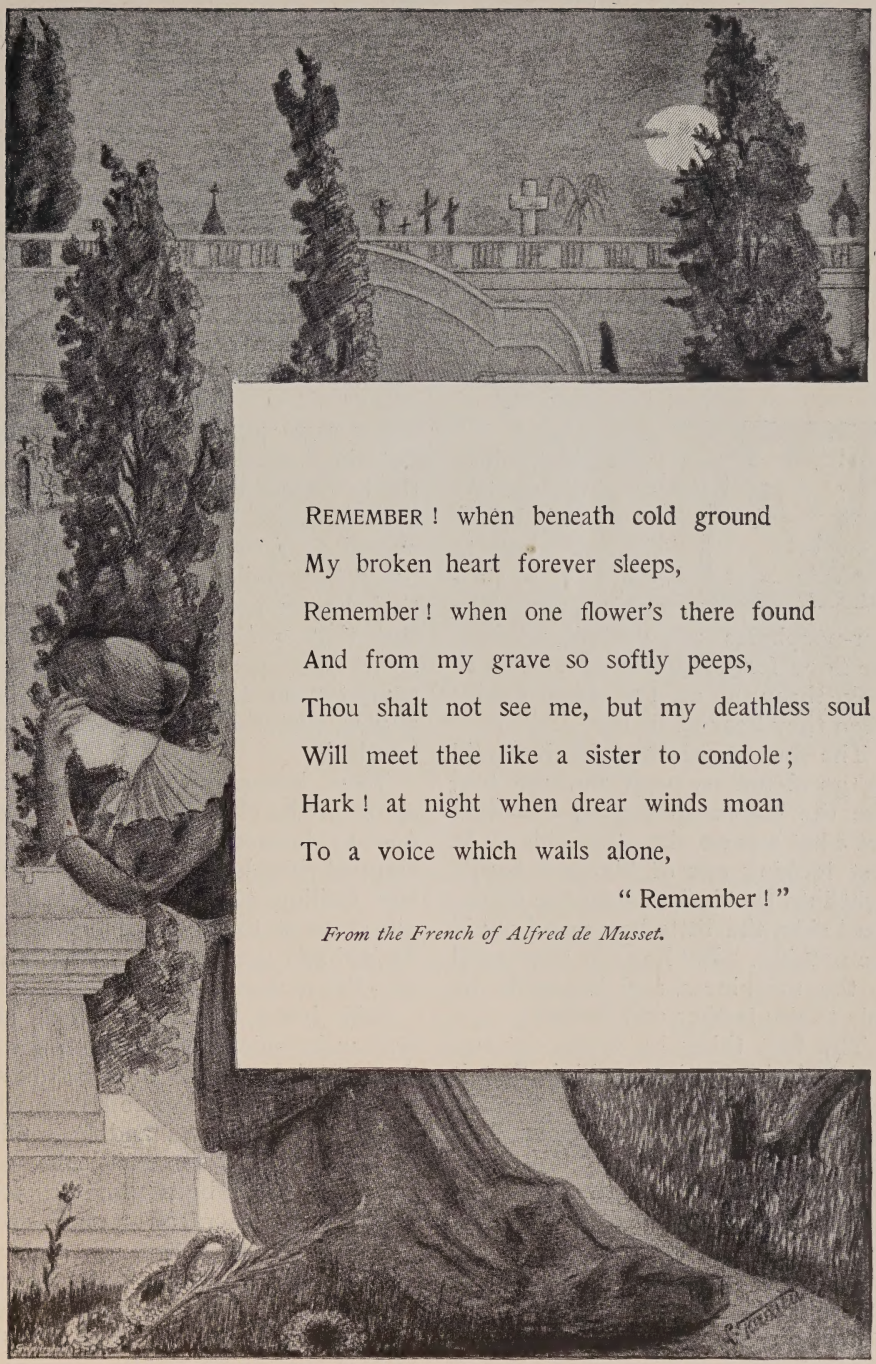
REMEMBER!

J. G. T. Sinclair.

REMEMBER! when the Dawn in fear
The Sun in palace charmed would hail;
Remember! when Night pensive dear
Glides dreaming by in silver veil;
At Pleasure's call when joy thy heart incites,
To eve's sweet dreams when cool shade thee invites,
Hark! in depths of woods, thy choice,
To a gently murmuring voice,
"Remember!"



REMEMBER! when our adverse fate
Shall have reft me from thee for aye,
When exile grief years of old date
Have worn this hopeless heart away;
Think then, of my sad love, our last adieu,
Nor time nor absence count in true love's view,
Whilst my heart still throbs in me
It will ever say to thee,
"Remember!"



REMEMBER! when beneath cold ground
My broken heart forever sleeps,
Remember! when one flower's there found
And from my grave so softly peeps,
Thou shalt not see me, but my deathless soul
Will meet thee like a sister to condole;
Hark! at night when drear winds moan
To a voice which wails alone,
"Remember!"

From the French of Alfred de Musset.

THE BOY-ANGEL.

MARION ELLISTON.

A BOY-ANGEL lay flat on the golden floor of heaven trying to fit his bright little eyes close to one of the star-peepholes. The star-peepholes are dotted all over the floor for the guardian angels to look through at the earth-babies when they hear them cry.

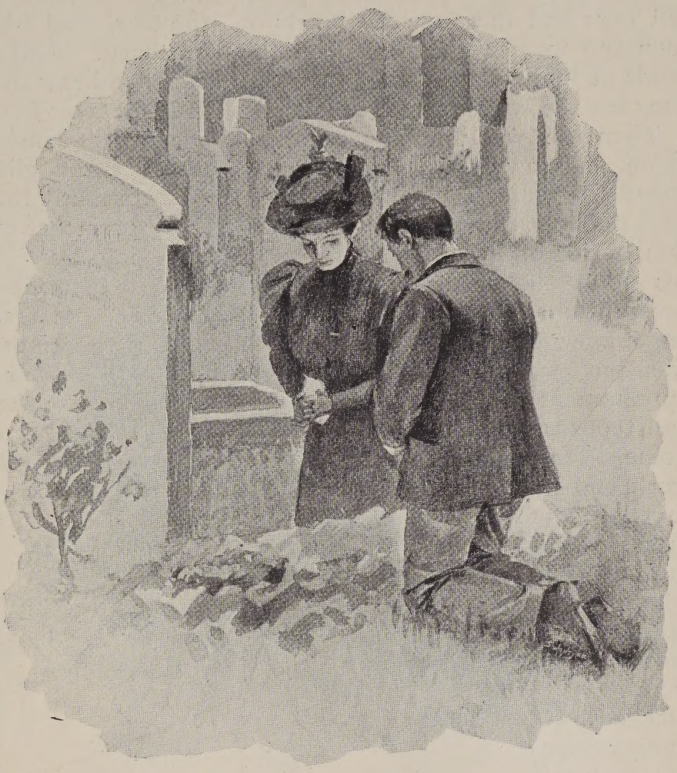
The boy-angel thought it would be good fun to peep through too, like the grown-up angels, and find out what was on the other side. At first looking out of his own happy light into the darkness on the downward side, the little boy-angel could see nothing. But he soon grew used to the murkiness, and began to be able to see farther and farther.

The first thing he made out was a tiny lark, soaring so high that it seemed coming quite near to him and heaven, and singing a song as it came that the little boy-angel thought as sweet as the hymn he was listening to. Then he put his lips closer down to his star-peephole and sang back to it — little bits of the angels' song. And the lark rested on its wings to listen, and thought the song so sweet that it never sang again without warbling out the fragments it had caught of the boy-angel's singing. And, often afterward, as the lark sang, men stayed to listen. And as they listened they smiled, and as they smiled their hearts grew lighter and purer. But they never guessed that the sweet joyousness of the song was caught from the Te Deum of the angels, that the wee boy-angel had taught it.

Then lower down he saw the spires of the churches pointing every one to heaven, and he smiled and clapped his hands. And while he was smiling, a sunbeam glinted the gilt cross at the point of one, and it flashed and sparkled the light of hope into the soul of a weary climber.

Still lower he saw a man and woman kneeling by a tiny mound in the churchyard, and the woman was weeping. Then the wee boy-angel's face grew sorrowful, and he pulled all the petals off some little heaven-daisies he had been playing with; and, kissing them all "good-bye," he squeezed them through his star-peephole, and told them to fall just where the father and mother were crying. And as they fell on the little grave their tender fragrance

cheered the weepers; and taking root, they grew and bloomed — bloomed into a flower so sweet and strange that every one said, "Surely God must have sent baby's guardian angel to plant it, and surely guardian angels must tend it every night while we are sleeping." But not all of them fell so close, for the wind caught some and hurried them away, and two stray sunbeams caught others and coaxed them out of their course. But wherever they fell, they rooted and bloomed, and earth grew sweeter with their fragrance.

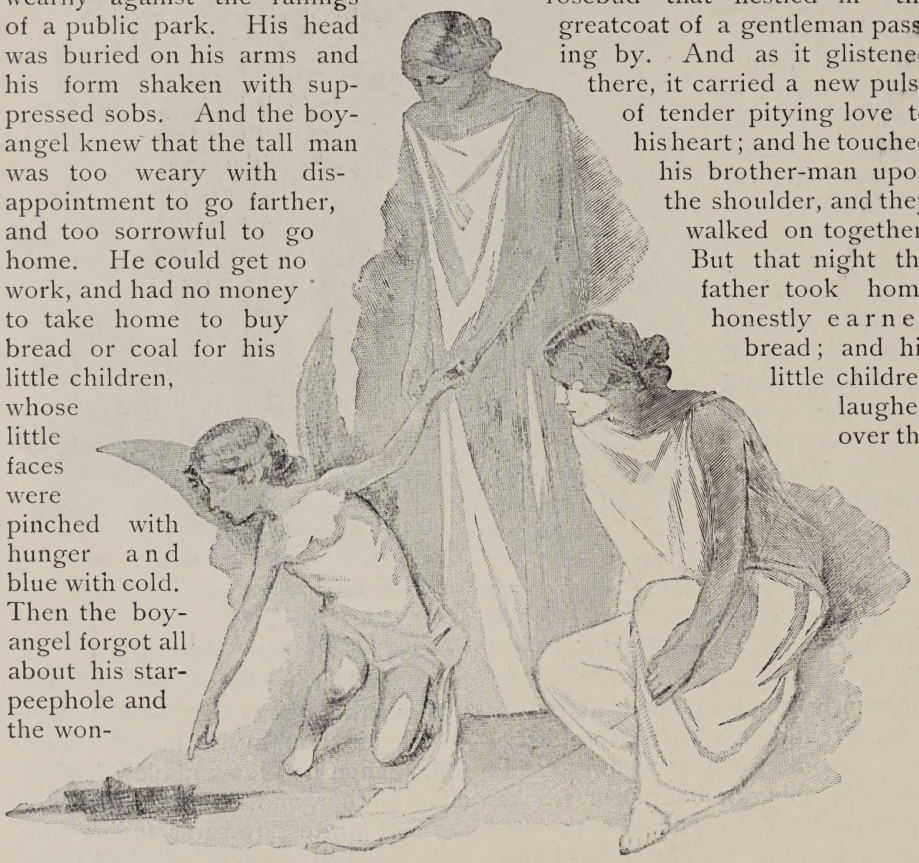


"He saw a man and woman kneeling by a tiny mound."

Presently, as he watched, he saw a group of children playing in a dirty street. Some with bare toes, and little or nothing of bonnet or frock, were playing jolly games with the mud in the gutter. But two of the little midgets, too forlorn even to enjoy the mud, were sitting on the curbstone, crying with the cold. Little boy-angel pulled at his own pretty white robes, in the hope that perhaps they too might be rumpled through the star-peephole. But it wouldn't do — he couldn't struggle himself out of them anyhow. Then he thought of his own little shoulders and wings, with their fluffy feathers and their soft white down. So he tugged away with all his might — without thought or care how it hurt — till his chubby little fists were full. Then he blew and blew feather after feather, and fluff after fluff, till the soft white down was falling like snow. And some fell straight upon the group of little children, and they stopped both tears and playing to catch the soft white "snow" as it fell, and to wonder over its soft downiness. And as it fell on them, they grew warm and glad again, and fell to singing nursery rhymes and telling each other wonderful fairy tales. And the wind and the sunbeams joined in again to catch the fluttering feather-flakes as they fell.

And as they whirled them away, they fell here and there on the hearts of men and women shivering with the chills of life, and wherever they fell they left the cosy warmth of love.

Then the wee boy-angel looked again, and saw a tall man leaning wearily against the railings of a public park. His head was buried on his arms and his form shaken with suppressed sobs. And the boy-angel knew that the tall man was too weary with disappointment to go farther, and too sorrowful to go home. He could get no work, and had no money to take home to buy bread or coal for his little children, whose little faces were pinched with hunger and blue with cold. Then the boy-angel forgot all about his star-peephole and the wonderful new world he had been looking at, and buried his head on his fat little arms and began to cry too, as if his very heart would break, for pitiful sympathy. And the big tears rolled down, and followed the way of the flowers and feathers through the star-peephole. And one fell where the man was standing, and rested on his coat-sleeve. A sunbeam kissed the tear, and shone into it, till it glistened. And when he raised his head, and saw the rainbow gleaming in it, he took fresh heart, and hoped again for sunshine. And another tear fell, and glistened on a winter rosebud that nestled in the greatcoat of a gentleman passing by. And as it glistened there, it carried a new pulse of tender pitying love to his heart; and he touched his brother-man upon the shoulder, and they walked on together. But that night the father took home honestly earned bread; and his little children laughed over the happy supper, and went to sleep, to dream happy dreams.

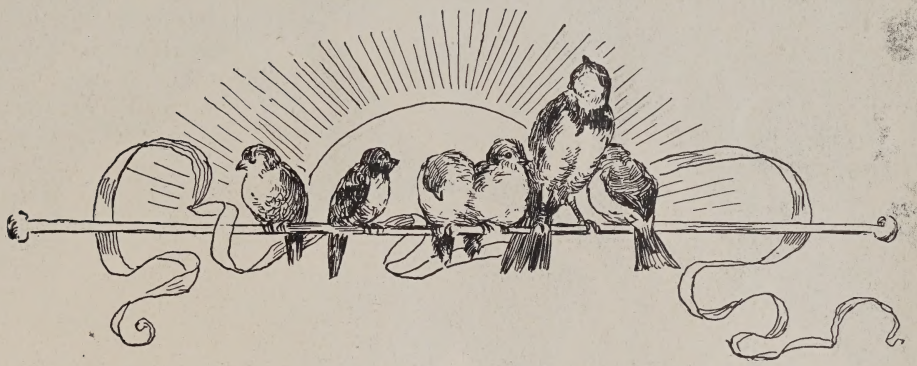


"She helped him to his little feet."

But when the boy-angel cried so, the grown-up angels who were practising the new Te Deum close by, stopped, and one of them ran off to comfort him at once. She helped him on to his little feet again, and asked him where his flowers and

toys had gone, and what had hurt his shoulders and rumpled his robes? And he sobbed out all about the star-peephole and what he had seen through it. And she took him in her arms to carry him away and wipe away all his tears. And as she looked at him, she thought, "How like to the Christmas-Love-Angel he has grown!" And as she passed the other angels, one of them said, "How like he grows to the Holy Christ-Child!" And another whispered: "Yes, even as the Son of God is ever the express image of the Father of Love."

But when she brought him to the King of Heaven, He took the wee boy-angel in His arms and said, "And Love is of God, for God is Love."



CHRIST IN THE TEMPLE.

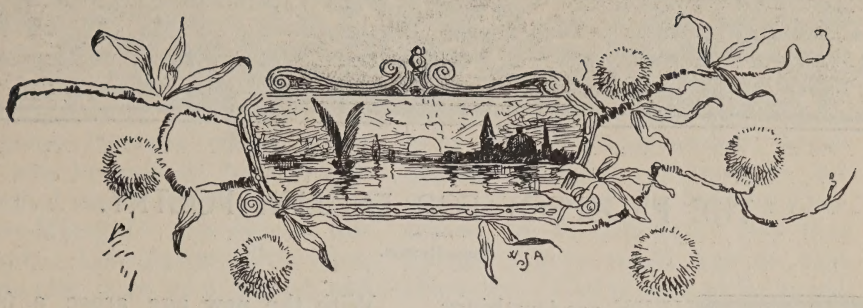
Rev. John Jos. Mallon.

Fling off the masks! for gowns and placards fail,
Proud temple paragons, both scribe and sage,
Who trace with guilty hand the sacred page;
Words strong as Truth's o'erweening quail
When speaks Judea's all-wise Son. O frail
And meek-eyed truant Boy to rank and age,
Thy ministry's calm arguments still wage
A storm of wonder. Does naught else prevail?

Wide gaped long since its portal, and the wall
Battered and crumbling ruined lies, whereto
In youth's white livery Thou didst fulfil
What time destroys not, nor can words undo;
Thou, whom the ages yet to be shall call,
Young thought-provoker, seer inscrutable.

HAPPY CHILDHOOD.

E. Munier.



COURAGE!

A. H. Begbie.

Wounded! I know it, my brother,
The sword hath pierced thy heart;
Courage! in silent endurance
Play thou the hero's part.

Make no sad plaint or moaning,
Smile as in days before;
Wrap thy mantle around thee,
Cover the bleeding sore.

Fight! yea, fight with God-weapons,
Give blow no blow — but smile;
Head up! step out! march steady!
Tramping along the life-mile.

Brother, the road thou'rt treading
Thy Captain Himself trod;
Shrink not, if His order come ringing,
"Forward! the City for God!"

Flinch not, though comrades be falling,
Though loudly death-drums beat;
The buglers of God are sounding
"Forward! and no retreat."

Pledged to follow thy Captain,
Through good report or ill;
With a cheer, take the post set thee,
Rejoice to do His will.

Rejoice, if He think thee worthy
To front the fiercest foe;
And wrap thy cloak around thee,
Thy wound let no man know.

THE PROSPECT FOR ENGLISH POETRY.

JOHN DENNIS.

THERE are few things more remarkable in the history of our literature than the splendor of song which brightened the early years of this century. The last age, indeed, was not without its poets; but, for the most part, these poets were not singers, and lacked the noble imagination and wealth of melody that distinguished an earlier and a later period. Pope's consummate gift as a satirist, his skill as an artificer in verse, and the dainty fancy that produced a "Rape of the Lock," place him at the head of the second order of poets, unless, indeed, Dryden may claim precedence.

It may be true, as Mr. Ruskin says, that we have nothing else in its range so perfect; but into the highest regions of song Pope cannot soar. The note of inspiration is lacking — the note that is to be found in almost every page of Spenser, of Milton, and of many of the minor Elizabethan poets. In this respect Thomson comes nearer to them than Pope; there are flashes of "the light that never was on sea or land" in Collins and Gray, mixed with much that is conventional, but it was not until the later years of the century that we see indications of a revivifying power in the poems of Cowper and of Burns.

With the new age arose a fresh spring-time of poetry, to be followed by a lovely summer. It was as though every bud was bursting into blossom, every bird into song, every flower in meadow and wood opening its eyes in the sunshine. Wordsworth writes of Burns as having "walked in glory and in joy, following his plough along the mountain-side," and it was the same gladness of song that distinguished Wordsworth himself, the greatest poet of our century. He was not understood at first — a great imaginative thinker seldom is; and it must be admitted that his own perversity, combined with a want of humor well-nigh portentous, considerably delayed his fame. But he had done enough by the very earliest days of the century to show that those days had brought with them one of the rarest of gifts — a poet of the highest originality.

In the brooding thoughts born of imagination Wordsworth is the profoundest poet since Shakespere; in the music of song he is surpassed by his friend Coleridge, with whom he began his political career in 1798. It is strange to think, by the way, that the first volume of the "Lyrical Ballads" might have been read by Cowper. Like Wordsworth, Coleridge is one of the chief poetical glories of the age, chiefly because he had an ear for harmony

which, except by Milton, has never been surpassed. His lines are music, and like a lovely strain of music we cannot listen to them too often.

In 1805 Walter Scott, who had made some tentative efforts previously, may be said to have begun his poetical career with the "Lay of the Last Minstrel." Its success was enormous. Like Byron a little later, he leapt into fame at a bound, and was accounted the most popular poet of the time. "Marmion" and "The Lady of the Lake" sent his reputation up still higher; and it was not ill-deserved. We must judge of a poet by the qualities he has, and not by those in which he is lacking. Scott saw things vividly, and painted them with a simplicity and force unsurpassed in modern literature. His verse lays hold of the memory; and while careless about felicities of expression, the rapid strokes with which he draws his scenes are masterly and precise.

The greatest of all story-tellers in prose, he knew also how to tell a tale in verse, where the fiction should be subordinate to the poetical emotion. The manliness of Scott's poetry is, I think, a feature especially attractive in this day, when among our minor versemen every curious subtlety of expression is preferred to directness. And no poet since the days of Homer has described battle-scenes with such power. In his sentiment he is sometimes a little commonplace; in scenes that require vigorous action, never. And what a wholesome writer he is! The breezes of the mountains are not more invigorating.

Far otherwise was the poetry of Lord Byron, who followed closely upon Scott in the publication of his poems, and who, with the modesty natural to him, Scott considerably overrated. For a time his poetry created a fever of admiration, and while Wordsworth was not receiving money enough for his verse to pay, as he said, for shoe-leather, Byron gained thousands of pounds for meretricious work that has long since ceased to be admired. Not that Byron's entire work was of that character. Had it been so he would never have brought some of the largest of modern intellects under his spell. But his most striking literary qualities were not distinctly poetical. His wit and satire are more conspicuous than his imagination, and these gifts are unfortunately exhibited in poems which display at the same time whatever in his character was basest and most depraved.

In these later years his power has lessened in as great a degree perhaps as that of Wordsworth has increased; and a living poet who has earned ample laurels as a critic of poetry does not scruple to place Byron, save for the qualities we have mentioned, in the third order of poets. At the same time he extols Shelley, whose melancholy and most painful story shall not be touched on here. For music, it may be admitted, Shelley's chief modern rival is Coleridge, but the heart and intellect claim to be satisfied as well as the ear, and to these the poetry of Shelley does not greatly minister. Neither, indeed, does that of Keats, who has written poems unsurpassed for richness of imagery and enchanting felicity of expression. He seems to have had every poetical gift with the exception of spiritual insight, and that might have come with the "years that bring the philosophic mind." There was fulfilment in

Keats as well as promise, and no reader of his poetry should forget that he died at the early age of twenty-six.

This slight sketch of the poets who have forever made memorable the first thirty or forty years of the century will at least serve, superficial though it be, to remind the reader how for forty years longer the community of poetic fame has been preserved. Keats died in 1821, Lord Tennyson's earliest poems appeared in 1827, and from that day to the date of his death (for "Rizpah" and "Crossing the Bar" are worthy of the laureate in his prime) this delightful poet proved his right to a royal place in the "realms of gold."

To attempt to criticise Tennyson's work in this rapid glance over a wide field of poetry would be an impertinence, neither is it needful to do more than refer to his noble rival and friend who preceded him in death. But it may be pointed out that the two greatest poets since Wordsworth died in 1850 are alike distinguished for reverence, for purity, for a lofty ideal, for a chivalric estimate, which is ever the true estimate, of woman, and for a sincerity of purpose without which no work of lasting value has ever been achieved. They have never, like too many of our poets,

> Profaned the God-given strength, and marred the lofty line.

In this respect, too, the highest praise is due to several living poets, who, although less distinguished than the two giants we have mentioned, have an honored place among the singers of the age. Mr. Coventry Patmore, whose theme throughout his most popular verse is love, writes of it with manly ardor and at the same time with virginal purity. There is not a line in his "Angel in the House" that has a taint of earthiness, and Mr. Aubrey de Vere's high-souled muse may find fit companionship with that of Keble himself.

It is something to live in an age when poets such as these are our friends and teachers; and our obligation is enlarged when we remember what Longfellow and Bryant, Whittier and Lowell, have done for us.

> Blessings be with them, and eternal praise,
> Who gave us nobler loves and nobler cares —
> The Poets, who on earth have made us heirs
> Of truth and pure delight by heavenly lays!

And now at the end of the century the question arises: — What is to be the future of English poetry? Has the race of giants died out? and are we threatened with pigmies? Looking back upon the past — and it is only through what we know of the past that we are able to prophesy, however timidly, of the future — we find that poetry, the finest of the arts, is also the rarest, and that there has been many a barren period in which the voice of song was feeble or altogether mute. Versemen there may have been, but they are sorry substitutes for poets. Chaucer — the father of English poetry, as Dryden called him — died in 1400, and if it cannot be truly said that he left no poetical children, yet although interesting to students, they have no permanent standing in the line of poets; and it was not until the advent of Spenser, who was born about 1552, that Chaucer had a successor and an equal. During the greater portion, then, of two centuries the English world lacked a poet worthy of being called a classic. A period

followed in which the whole air, so to speak, was full of song. Even the minor Elizabethan poets had a lovely note of their own which distinguished them from mocking-birds. Indeed each of these mellifluous lyrists might have said, in the words of Tennyson,

> I do but sing because I must,
> And pipe but as the linnets sing.

In a poetical sense, Milton may be described as the last of the Elizabethans. He clasps hands with Chaucer, Shakespere, and Spenser, but who was there when Milton died worthy to carry on the poetical succession? Dryden and Pope are great names, but they belong, as I have said, to a lower order of greatness, and their imitators, the minor versifiers of the age, mistook the art of stringing couplets for poetry. It is significant of the absence of poetic life through long periods of the eighteenth century that it numbered among its laureates such insignificant versifiers as Nahum Tate, Eusden, Colley Cibber, Whitehead, and Pye.

It is possible, then, that the joyous spring, the brilliant summer and golden autumn of poetry, which have given such glory to our age, may be followed by a winter in which natural growth under the eye of Heaven will be suspended and the tender flowers of song raised by artificial heat. In other words, and to drop metaphor, the verse of the coming years may owe more to Art than Nature. "After a certain period," said Warton, "in every age and in every country, men grow weary of the natural and search after the singular." This was the case with Donne and Cowley in the seventeenth century. Both were poets of rare genius, who have marred their fame by eccentricities and conceits, and their extravagances misled several smaller poets, who outdid them in fantastic turns of expression. Readers who by accident or vocation have gained a considerable acquaintance with the minor poets of our day, whose volumes are as numerous (would that they were also as beautiful!) as spring flowers, may have frequently noticed a straining after effect and an endeavor to conceal the commonplace by verbal subtleties and by the adoption of metres alien to the genius of the language. "Never," says an able critic, "were there so many capable of polishing measures quite unexceptionable as to form and structure; never fewer whose efforts have lifted them above what is, to be sure, an unprecedented level, but still a level."

No doubt the verse that is due to culture and not to genius has its momentary attractions. Ingenuity and knowledge may produce something agreeable in form, and with even the semblance of life, but if the vital principle — creative imagination — be wanting, the popularity of the hour will not save it from corruption.

At the same time it is well to remember that it is not always poetry of the highest order which satisfies the heart most fully. Some of the lines we recall with the greatest delight are due to singers whose place in the Temple of Fame is comparatively obscure. They came from the heart of the writers probably in some hour of strong emotion, and the warm life with which they glow thrills the heart of the reader also. And there are times when these "simple and heartfelt lays" give us more pleasure than the finest efforts of genius, just as there are times when a voice like that of Wordsworth's "Highland

Reaper," singing perhaps of

> old unhappy far-off things,
> And battles long ago,

is a sweeter sound to us than the voice of the most accomplished singer. Indeed, we have only to open any popular selection of verse to see how many of the poems most dear and most familiar come from the pen of writers who, judging critically, do not perhaps merit the high name of poets.

It is as unnecessary as it would be impertinent to pass an off hand judgment on the claims of any conspicuous living versifier to a place in the brotherhood of poets, but this at least may be maintained without presumption, that the poetical imagination seeks its choicest food in faith and hope, and that when these are lacking poetry must decline.

That, we mean to say, is the *tendency* of all poetry which has its source in doubt, though there have been, and may be in the future, poets who, like Matthew Arnold, find in vagueness and uncertainty a stimulus to the imagination.

These, however, are exceptions, and the rule holds good that joy is the element in which a poet lives, while pessimism is for the most part the grave of noble verse. With what voice will he sing who holds "this goodly frame the earth" to be a "sterile promontory," and "this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, no other thing than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapors?" For to the man who has lost his faith in God and immortality nature herself is no longer a temple of beauty, but

> The spheres eternal are a grand illusion;
> The empyrean is a void abyss.

The poetry of despair, or even of indifference, will not, we may trust, be the poetry of the future, but it is sufficiently exemplified by the smaller poets of our day to call for comment and regret. Happily there are poets whose estimate of the meaning and worth of life has been unaffected by the pessimist and the Comtist—poets who, whether their distinction be great or small, are at one in their belief in the government of the world by a Being perfect in holiness and in love.

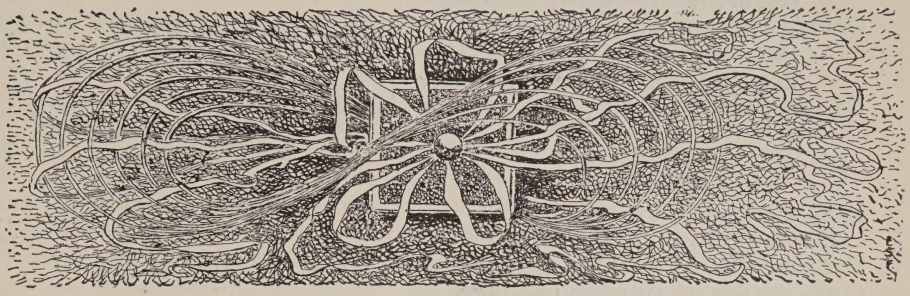
Matthew Arnold, it must be admitted, by his extravagant praise of poetry has done as much as the weight of his authority is worth to depreciate its value. It is not true, nothing indeed can be more untrue than his assertion that as the facts on which Christianity is based are failing us, we shall find an ever surer and surer stay in poetry. We need a firmer ground for our faith than ideas, and we might as well expect to find in poetry the future religion of the world as to find in Mr. Arnold's "stream of tendency that makes for righteousness" a substitute for the Christ of the New Testament.

Milton understood better than Mr. Arnold the real service rendered by poetry, which is designed "to imbreed and cherish in a great nation the seeds of virtue and civility," This is what the noblest verse of the past has done, and this is what one hopes for in the poetry of the future. It is, therefore, of no small moment to observe the poetical tendencies of our day as represented by its youthful poets, as well as by the more mature successors of Lord Tennyson and Browning. The outlook is not, I think, cheerful.

Poetry is an exacting mistress, and demands before greatness can

be achieved the devotion of a life.

Genius of the poetical order steals into the world with no sound of trumpet or public acclamation; and there may be living now some newly fledged poet whose power, at present hidden from the world, will make itself acknowledged. Even then, however, the claims of older men are not likely to be put aside in favor of a stripling, even though he may be a David, and can slay a giant with a sling and a stone.



SORROWS.

JULIAN E. JOHNSTONE.

I.

Out of hopes like jewels shattered,
Out of rosy wishes scattered
Like the bloomy buds of crimson deflowered by the breeze;
Out of tears, and out of sorrow
Rise the splendors of the morrow
Rise the purple-tinted promises of purer things than these.

II.

Not until the sapphire splendid,
From the rock of granite rended,
'Neath the hand is chipped and chiseled comes the perfect jewel bright;
Not until the shark is daunted
In the waters devil-haunted
Comes the diver with his pearl-stones gleaming like the stars of night.

III.

Not until his heart is breaking
Sings the nightingale, awaking
All the wondering world with music such as heaven's self might claim ;
Not until the fiery flowers
Of the heavens fall in showers
Shine the skies in all the rushing and the flushing of their flame.

IV.

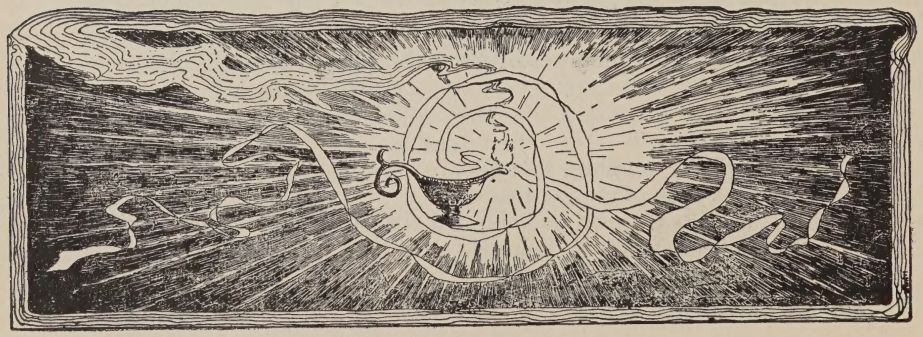
Out of toiling cometh treasure
Out of grieving cometh pleasure
Out of winter cometh springtime with its blossoms and its birds ;
Out of darkness and of glooming
Cometh beauty, cometh blooming,
Cometh poesy, perfuming all the garden with her words.

V.

From the camp of dark disaster
Comes the conqueror, the master ;
From the training-school of sorrow comes the genius and the sage ;
Come the mighty men who find them
Noble names to leave behind them,
Come the men who make the nation and illuminate her page.

VI.

Grieve not then that thou dost sorrow,
For 'tis given thee to borrow
Strength to fight upon the morrow in the everlasting press
Disappointments, sad and sadder,
Are but rounds unto the ladder
That is ever reaching upward to the turrets of success.



EDITOR'S REVIEW.

THE departure of Cardinal Satolli from America brings to mind the sum of what his mission to this country has accomplished in the few years of his residence among us. The results have been great and important and have tended in several directions. The establishment of the legation at Washington has wrought much good in the expeditious settlement of Church questions which would otherwise have dragged but slowly along at Rome, and has helped quickly to remove alleged grievances and settle disputes which are seemingly inevitable in the vast mechanism of Church government and progress in a country like ours. It is certain also that his coming has given an onward and upward impulse to Catholicism in the United States, and in many ways gained for it a consideration and recognition, which were before either denied it or at least not so palpably manifested. From criticism and misunderstanding in the press and other sources of the making of public opinion, his course of action has won decided favor among a great portion of the non-Catholics of the republic, has caused the Catholic Church to be better understood, and therefore, his elevation to the Cardinalate while a resident among us, was very generally regarded as an honor to the country among all classes of Americans. The friendly relations he has cultivated with the foremost representatives of the secular press, have attracted considerable more editorial attention to Catholic matters as a feature in the national life, and his individual learning and ability have gained respect not only for himself, but for the Church which sent him as a representative of her erudition and her ecclesiastical polity. A third result, and a great and beneficial one from every standpoint, is the knowledge of America and American conditions the ex-delegate brings back to Rome. In the rapid growth and expanding interests of the Church in the United States, the more this country, its life, system and tendencies are understood by the head of the Church and his advisers, the better will be the judgments formed on the means of advancing Catholicism in America. For all these things American Catholics have reason to be thankful for the appointment of the Washington delegation, and for its first head, by reason of the success of his administration, his personal attractions and attainments, and the honor he has been to the Church, they will ever entertain a high affection and esteem. The new delegate, Archbishop Martinelli, assumes office under more favorable circumstances than did his predecessor, who had no precedents in this country for the course he was to mark out for himself. Archbishop Martinelli finds the delegation already well established and regulated and will escape the difficulties which beset Cardinal Satolli upon his arrival here. The new delegate who is a prelate of great ability and zeal, as well as of rare executive power, tact, and gentleness of character, will not fail to sustain the delegation's influence and will develop its usefulness to the Church in America.

* * *

SOME three hundred delegates from various Young Men's Catholic societies throughout the country met in New York City towards the close of last month. They formed the annual convention of the Young Men's National Union, an organization just completing its twenty-first year of organized effort for the intellectual, social and moral improvement of the Catholic young men of America. The proceedings were inspiriting and edifying and full of good augury. Beginning with a pontifical Mass celebrated by the auxiliary bishop of New York and attended by the Archbishop of the diocese and many priests, the convention was inaugurated with the blessing of the Church, and encouraged by the most fervent words of welcome and God-speed from the ecclesiastical and civil authorities of the city. It was an object lesson in high and noble endeavor to witness the delegates in procession from the Cathedral to the Convention Hall, bearing aloft the motto of their association: "For God and Our Neighbor." The work of the two days' session consisted in reports of progress from the affiliated societies, in the reading and discussion of papers looking to the Union's greater usefulness and

success, electing officers, and in devising methods of raising the necessary financial strength to solidify and develop its many Catholic projects. The convention was closed with a public mass meeting presided over by the Archbishop of New York and attended by thousands of young men from the various archdiocesan associations. The enthusiasm for the Union was earnest and repeatedly expressed, from the platform in the addresses of the speakers, and from the floor in the responsive plaudits of the immense audience. So much depends upon American Catholic young men for the future of the Church in the Republic, that a society like this of the National Union should be fostered and encouraged in every way possible. With America's Catholic young men imbued with earnestness, zeal, and energy in its behalf, the cause of Catholicism cannot help expanding into greater and greater prestige, and its benefits to the moral tone of the nation must necessarily increase and magnify. The numbers of the Union's membership should be doubled before another convention assembles; and the future of the organization should be replete with blessings of a social and religious character. This is easy of achievement if every Catholic society in the United States will but give the assistance it can, and the Union deserves.

* * *

Archbishop Ireland's open and emphatic espousal of the Republican presidential nominees and his denunciation of the Chicago platform puts that outspoken prelate again before the public in a manner to divide popular opinion on his action, a faculty the archbishop possesses more than any other member of the American hierarchy. The gold advocates of all classes hail his pronouncement with satisfaction, because of its supposed helpfulness to their cause, while the adherents of the platform criticized bitterly denounce what is called this clerical interference in political matters. A few weeks ago the Methodist Bishop Newman and other Protestant ministers were assailed for venturing to urge a certain mode of action on the questions before the country, and they were nowhere more severely condemned than in Catholic newspapers, which raised the question as to what would be thought and said if a Catholic prelate should publicly advocate the claims of either party. Yet here is one of the foremost Catholic dignitaries boldly urging the people to support one party and bury the agitation provoked by the other "out of sight."

While we are not of those who deny an ecclesiastic's right, under proper restrictions, to advocate conscientiously one side or the other of any political measures the country may be considering, and while we personally believe as Doctor Ireland believes, we confess that Catholics and the public generally are justified in looking askance upon the attitude taken at the present time by this eminent Catholic archbishop. We do not hesitate to accord any member of the hierarchy or clergy his full rights as a citizen or a thinker upon the issues of the day. But where the active participation or published statements of Catholic clergymen are susceptible of so much misinterpretation, and are to a certain extent unavoidably regarded as an exercise of an ecclesiastical position for a purely political end, the greatest prudence and reserve should be employed. The republic is not hanging in the balance, and may yet be saved without partisan utterances on the part of the ministers of religion. The response of Cardinal Gibbons to similiar inquiries is the model worthy of sequence by all Catholic church authorities in the present crisis. Of course Monsignor Ireland is here as elsewhere a law unto himself, but it is to be hoped that the public will waive his prominence in the Church in their estimate of his published opinions. These are entitled to such weight as his knowledge of the questions and his character and ability as a citizen can give them, and should not influence men's votes from any other consideration. This is presumably also the archbishop's own view.

* * *

We should be loath to believe that the Catholic University at Washington is to become an element in what is known as Church politics. The sudden resignation of Bishop Keane from the rectorship, the sadness environing the ceremonies of his quick departure, his declining the higher ecclesiastical honor offered by the Pope, the reported expressions of Archbishop Ireland on the matter, and the rumors and conjectures since afloat in Catholic circles have caused the secular press to indicate that the unexpected request of His Holiness to the University's Rector, is not satisfactorily explained to all concerned by the expressed desire of the Pontiff

for rotation in office. Coincident with the arrival of the new papal delegate in this country, the unlooked for resignation of Bishop Keane would naturally excite some surmising and inquiry, but the other circumstances connected with this precipitous happening have led many unduly to accentuate its probable significance beneath the surface, and to give to it all the character of a movement the real springs of which do not at present clearly appear.

By a great portion of the public, Bishop Keane's retirement is somewhat gratuitously regarded as an incident in the ramifications of the accepted differences of the archbishops of New York and St. Paul, as these are supposed to develop and vary in influence at the Vatican. Proof of this fact would not be a welcome denouement to those who have watched the progress of the University from its inception to its present great prospect of good to the cause of Catholic education in America. It would seem as if the University can best fulfil its destined place and attain the commanding influence expected of it, aloof from the mutations and vicissitudes of hierarchical differences and antagonisms; and its entanglement in this wise could not but be earnestly deprecated by all who are interested in its success.

Meanwhile the attitude of Bishop Keane in what must be a trying ordeal to him is most edifying. With a dignity and loyalty characteristic of his entire course as the head of the University, he goes into retirement humbly and gladly, leaving the institution he directed for nine years perpetually his debtor for magnificent services rendered, and for the financial resources his personal efforts drew to it. For the sake of the University itself and what it means to the Church's cause in America it is fervently to be hoped that Monsignor Ireland's prophecy that it had received its death blow will not be realized. No one outside the ranks of the sensationalists seriously believes it has.

* * *

LORD ROSEBERY is finally out. His resignation fulfils the signs visible in his course of action for a long time past, but the impelling motive does him less credit than would any other event of his halting and ineffective leadership. He disagrees with his party on the Armenian question, upon which there is sincere unanimity in all Christian minds in England as elsewhere. Mr. Gladstone made what is considered one of the greatest speeches of his life but a few weeks ago in behalf of the persecuted Armenians and the indications have been growing in Europe for some time past, that Turkey's royal butcher would, metaphorically speaking, soon be led to his own block. It is to this desirable consummation that Lord Rosebery practically demurs; and he surrenders his party's command rather than raise his voice in behalf of England's initiative in putting an end to the execrable Turkish dominion in Europe. One who can take such a position on the Armenian atrocities has assuredly little to offer a less pressing cause, and therefore, from his lordship's present attitude, a good deal of light is thrown on his weakly bearing and slender help in the past towards Ireland's movement for Home Rule. It was high time for him to give up a position he filled so feebly; his party cannot be worse off under any other leader.

* * *

GEORGE DU MAURIER, by the expeditious process of cremation, has reached the earthly end of man some years before the time allotted for the return of deceased mortals to their native dust. All that remains of him who captured two continents by a brilliant effort of the imagination is a handful of ashes in a mortuary urn. The story of his life and sudden accession to fame and riches has been given a prominent page in the literary history of the century and will furnish themes for thought and writing during many generations to come. Few men have passed from the terrestrial stage amid so many evidences of the earth's adulation and favors, and none ever furnished a more striking example of the essential nothingness of these same emoluments. Du Maurier wrote "Trilby," and, through that wonderful book, by a species of literary hypnotism, as powerful over the readers' minds as the influence that dominated the pathetic life of his heroine, he drew the attention and delighted the senses of the entire reading world. By a stroke of mortal destiny, singularly recalling the fate of the beautiful creature of his brain, he has been stricken down at the zenith of his power and success, passing into the great beyond, where the echoes of worldly fame and praise are as nothing. It were well for Du Maurier's fame if "Trilby" were a better book. Charming it is in literary

grace, uniqueness of expression, power of narrative, the strong human qualities of its leading personages, the weirdness of the force that rules its heroine, and the pathos with which that strange, wayward, lovable character is invested. Yet for all that "Trilby" was not a good book either for faith or morals; no more so from being altogether fascinating in every other way. Let us hope that the successor of this epoch-making novel, which begins publication so pleasingly at the moment of its author's lamentable taking away will prove spiritually of a more uplifting type. If it possesses this element, with Du Maurier's conceded power of winning his readers' hearts, it will prove of more substantial benefit to his fame with posterity.

* * *

THE expected has happened in the Anglican Orders question. After an exhaustive examination by the commission appointed to consider the whole subject historically and from the point of view of the form or ceremonial of ordination, the Pope has pronounced the Anglican rite sacramentally null and void. The Encyclical declaring this conclusion is kindly and charitably phrased, but it is none the less convincing and absolute. It but reaffirms former decisions of the Holy See on the same matter, but there are special reasons why the pronouncement of Leo XIII will be regarded as the final word on this oft mooted question. If there were ever a time when the Holy See could be inclined to deal tolerantly with the opinion of Anglican validity, it were the present, when the incumbent of the Pontifical office has emphatically declared his desire for the reunion of the two churches in the bosom of Catholicism, and when vast numbers of Anglicans, cleric and lay, would be flattered into amalgamation by a decision favorable to their claims. In spite of these considerations, however, the Pope has firmly and irrevocably set aside the contention that Episcopal bishops and priests have the sacramental powers conferred by Christ upon the apostles, and their successors; and by so doing unmistakably demonstrates to all men that the ceremonies and sacraments of the Episcopal church are but the outward imitations of Catholic forms without the substance or power transmitted to the latter by the founder of Christianity.

This is without doubt a terrible blow to the pretensions of the Anglican communion, and will cause pain to many and anger to many more. The ultimate effect however cannot fail to be good. It will open the eyes of thousands now in doubt or hesitancy, and sooner or later cause them to abandon the via media for the road of certainty and conviction. While it was previously thought that the Church's sanction of English Orders would be the surest method of conciliating the English Church, the appearance of the Encyclical absolutely denying the claims put forth, changes that view, and strengthens the opposite belief that the Pontiff's course will in the end prove to be the surest and most enduring basis of fusion. If the Anglican church as a body remain recalcitrant, those individual members of it who enter the Church will do so from the only motive that makes conversion sincere and lasting, the belief that the Catholic Church alone possesses the full truth and all the sacraments instituted by Christ for the world's salvation.

Pope Leo's Pontificate has been studded with many lustrous acts; but perhaps the future will prove that none of all his brilliant movements has been more productive of solid good to the Church than this final clearing away of the disputed Anglican question.

* * *

Bishop Keane is one of the prelates of the *Roman* Catholic Church in this country who have most attracted the attention and gained the sympathy of *Americans*. In this respect he stands with Archbishop Ireland and Bishop Spaulding, etc. . . . Whatever may be the personal reason for Bishop Keane's removal, *he has gained the favor and the sympathies of the American people* to a remarkable degree, and steps which look to his discomfiture are pretty certain to be regarded *with suspicion*, etc.

We have taken this extract anent the resignation of the rector of the Catholic University from a recent *Boston Herald* editorial. We picked it out above others on account of the prominent standing of this paper among the journals of the country and because it represents the animus of certain self-considered patronizers of the Catholic Church among the influential dailies. There is a class of editorial writers on the secular press, who bring every Catholic movement to the bar of what they are pleased to denominate as Americanism, and they pass judgment in approval or condemnation according as a Catholic event of importance

strikes their fancy for or against their own myopic ideas of the Church's position in the republic. No doubt the writer of the above regarded his verdict as the highest compliment to Bishop Keane, and felt it to be a very magnanimous utterance. It stands in reality as one of the most stupid comments we have seen on the bishop's retirement. The Catholic Church stands on her own intrinsic worth under the American Constitution, and has to ask of no class of men favor or approbation of the kind insinuated by this sort of writer. Her mission and those appointed to carry it out in this nation are in the truest sense American, and if Bishop Keane has gained the favor and the sympathies of the so-called "American" people it could only have been because he was at the head of a great Catholic institution and directed a great Catholic movement before the eyes of the public in a lofty Catholic way. He has done nothing else. To make it appear that he occupies a different position from other prelates towards *true* and *sound* American ideas, or that he is one of a section of the hierarchy holding such views is to betray the shallowest understanding of either Catholicism or Americanism. The antithesis above drawn between "Roman" Catholicism and "American" sympathy is absurd. Secular papers should consign such editorial twaddle to the waste-basket.

WOMEN'S DEPARTMENT.

St. Cecilia.

On the 22nd day of November we celebrate the festival of Saint Cecilia, who has been an object of veneration in the church ever since the second century. Her story is so well known that I shall recall its few details very briefly.

It was in the reign of the Emperor Alexander Severus that a noble Roman maiden named Cecilia was promised in marriage, against her will, to a Pagan nobleman named Valerian. Her parents were secretly Christian and had educated their child in the true faith, but they married her to Valerian and she went to the heathen temple, wearing haircloth beneath her bridal robes, and renewing in her heart the vow by which she had bound herself to God alone. She sent Valerian to the aged Saint Urban, who lived concealed in the Catacombs, and his soul, all ready for conversion, yielded to the arguments of the Pope. When he returned to his wife, a baptized Christian, he heard enchanting music, and entering her room saw an angel holding two crowns made of roses from Paradise, — roses white and red, unfading in beauty and perfume, but visible only to believers. With these wreaths the angel crowned Valerian and Cecilia. Then he promised to grant the heart's desire of Valerian, who asked and obtained the conversion of his brother Tiburtius. The brothers were put to death by Almachius, a prefect of Rome, and Cecilia, convicted of burying their bodies and distributing their goods among the poor, was condemned to death. After various vain attempts to kill her, the executioner left her to die of the wounds made on her neck with his axe. She lived three days, giving away all that she possessed, and leaving her house to Saint

Urban for a place of worship for the hunted Christians.

Cecilia's body was laid beside Valerian in the Catacomb of Saint Calixtus. There is mention made of a council held by Pope Symmachus, in the year 500, in St. Cecilia's church, the house where she died. It fell into ruin and was rebuilt by Paschal I in the ninth century. He found the body in the catacomb wrapped in gold tissue. Nearby were Valerian, Tiburtius, and their jailer, Maximus, converted by them and sharer of their fate. All were laid in the church of Saint Cecilia "beyond the Tiber," where the little room where she died is even now preserved as a chapel. The church was again repaired in the sixteenth century, at its very close. The body of the saint was again exhumed and, as it was the age of art, the impression made by the sight of her lovely, graceful form was fruitful of results. Stefano Maderno made the beautiful statue of Saint Cecilia familiar to all in these days of photography. It lies under the high altar of her church, and once when I visited her shrine, there shone and trembled in her raptured palm a large diamond; — a votive offering, I liked to believe, of some singer whose voice had been restored through the intercession of Saint Cecilia.

For this fair, young saint has been in all Christian ages the patroness of music. They say that she composed beautiful hymns and sang them with angels for listeners. To her is attributed the invention of the organ in its first form of graduated pipes. Raphael makes her stand holding the organ, with the ground at her feet covered with musical instruments.

Domenichino was at Rome, when Saint Cecilia's body was exhumed for the second time, and he led the way in celebrating her beautiful life. He decorated a chapel in her honor at Saint Louis des Français on the Piazza Madama at Rome. I. Cecilia gives her goods to the poor. II. An angel crowns Cecilia and Valerian. III. She refuses to sacrifice to idols. IV. Martyrdom, — her figure lies wounded on some steps of marble; Pope Urban looks on in sorrow. V. The apotheosis of the saint. It would be too long to show the influence of the saint upon art, for many great painters have tried to do her honor.

There is a practical lesson for musicians to be drawn from the saint who sang with angels for listeners. I do not ask them to sing only for heavenly hearers, or to be indifferent to success; — if we do not care to succeed, the word would stand still. But the tendency of the age is to showy and effective declamation and the great laws of art are forgotten for the sake of personal display. The disciples of Saint Cecilia will think of the music they are singing and playing, and not of themselves. Then angels, too, may listen.

A Great Lady of the Sixth Century.

On the way from Paris to Lourdes pilgrims often pause to do homage at the tomb of Saint Radegonde, and sometimes sufferers are healed there and go on to Lourdes to give thanks for the cure already granted. I think to most of us Saint Radegonde is better known through the pages of history than through the "Lives of the Saints." Duruy and Thierry tell in glowing words the story of her sorrows and her virtues.

Radegonde was a daughter of Bertaire, King of Thuringia who was slain by Clotaire, King of Gaul. She was part of the conqueror's booty, and was guarded in one of the royal houses of Neustria. There Clotaire had her educated to be his wife, not after the simple fashion of German maidens, but according to the refined standard of education for the noble ladies of Gaul. To the graces of civilized life she added a thorough knowledge of Greek and Latin classics, profane and patristic. Her beauty and intelligence fitted her, so thought the king, to be his wife; but she loathed the union, seeing in him the murderer of her father and ravager of her native land. Her consolation was in study and religion, and the only use she cared to make of her royal position was to relieve the sufferings of the poor. "She is no queen, she is only a nun," said Clotaire, roughly; and it was indeed for the cloister that this exquisite being was fitted.

One day when the king slew the one brother she had left, Radegonde went to Noyon and found the bishop Saint Médard, at the altar; "I implore you, holy father, to consecrate me to God," she said. Médard hesitated, for the church was full of soldiers who threatened him with vengeance. But the queen put on a religious habit and called on him to give to God

one who had broken with the world, and he made her a deaconess by the laying on of hands.

The king, though at first enraged, finally granted permission to Radegonde to found a monastery of women at Poitiers. She entered it in the year 555 and only left its walls on her bier in 587. All those years she gave to study and prayer, and works of charity. Though very ascetic in her personal conduct like the nuns under her direction, Radegonde had to receive many distinguished visitors, both prelates and laymen. At the delicate banquets served to them she neither ate nor drank, but by courtesy presided over the collation.

Radegonde "the young barbarian," as Thierry calls her, lived through middle life and up to the day of her death, a stranger in the land of her captivity. Now she receives strangers at her tomb, pilgrims from lands over the seas unknown to the scholars of her day

---

A New Opening.

There is in New York a young woman who used to earn $6.00 a week by twelve hours of daily work. She bethought herself that hosts of working people fared ill for a mid-day meal, and she went from one store to another promising to deliver ten cent luncheons to the clerks and saleswomen. In the course of a year or so her business assumed large porportions, and soon she will need a cart and horse to deliver the "orders." This is the treat which has suited so many customers. In a cardboard box, wrapped in tissue paper, are two sandwiches, some fruit and a tart or piece of cake. No two days in succession are the same articles of food served; and no credit is given. Punctuality, variety, neatness and cash payment are the methods of this clever and useful young woman.

Bostonians know of a lunch counter which is crowded with men at the hours when meals are served. Sometimes ladies in smart carriages wait humbly at the door, for a loaf of excellent bread or a dozen rolls, but none but men are admitted to this paradise of sandwiches and "temperance drinks."

There is no such place kept by a woman for women in Boston, though there are many comfortless resorts for the hungry shopper, where people elbow each other to get at a high price what they don't want.

The wise woman in New York and the wise man in Boston have a mission in the world.

Caste.

The pride of caste is easy to ridicule and impossible to eradicate. It exists in this country in a form more tyrannical and exasperating than are the legal privileges of aristocracy in Europe; and this because it is more shifting and capricious. See the hedge of cactus which surrounds societies that represent revolutionary or pre-revolutionary fame; it would seem that the aim is to mortify outsiders rather than exalt the members. Notice the illnatured neglect of old acquaintances in making out lists for a general ball or reception; try to classify sets of working people for a day's amusement or a vacation, and it becomes plain that the spirit of caste is everywhere, that the love of personal dignity is stronger than the love of comfort or the longing for happiness.

When a ticket to "Almack's" was the one thing desirable in London, admission was refused to a Duchess of Northumberland, on the ground that rank could not by right claim all the privileges of fashion. In the memoirs of Prince Albert we find that Queen Victoria took the humiliation deeply to heart when an uncle of the Emperor of Austria took precedence of the Prince Consort on some great occasion at Berlin. So no position is too high or too low to protect us from the wounds of self-love or of too partial love for our own kin.

Now and then an individual lives within his limitations without wincing. I knew once and valued an excellent man who was the factotum of a wide circle — in plain language he was a chore man. He married one day, and his sister was congratulated on the happy event. "Why, yes'm," she replied; "I think Mary will make a good wife, and you know'm, I never expected Gregory to make a fashionable marriage." Here at last we find philosophy and will close our argument with the confession that some chosen souls arise above the tyranny of caste.

At the Commencement Exercises of Radcliffe College, the President said in the course of her short address to the graduating class:

I think sometimes, that in the discussions concerning woman's higher education, we hear too much of the claims

of women, too little of the responsibilities involved therein. We are always making a claim — do we always remember that we are also giving a pledge? Granted that the whole field of literature and science shall be open to women educationally, as it is to men, and that it shall form part of their training for life, the question then comes: What added service shall they bring in acknowledgment of the larger and more complete outfit?

We have to show that the wider scope of knowledge and the severer training of the intellect may strengthen and enrich a woman's life, and help her in her appointed or chosen work, whatever that may prove to be, as much as it helps a man in his career.

Wherever her future path may turn, whether she be the head of a house, or hold some official position in a school, college or hospital (I only name things with which she is so often associated), wherever, in short, she may rule or serve, her rule and her service should be the wiser, more steady, gentle and beautiful, because she has been trained to clear and logical methods of thinking, because her powers of concentration and observation have been cultivated.

This advice applies to all the work in the world now done by women and formerly supposed to belong exclusively to men. We are still upon trial, and can only prove our fitness to win wider privileges, by a wise use of those we already possess. EMMA FORBES CARY.

A Recipe.

MAURICE W. CASEY.

The old desire their youth long fled
And days of leisured joy,
The young wish to be grown and wed,
We all for changes sigh.

The poor bemoan their wearing toil,
Their rags and scanty store,
The rich gloat o'er their golden pile,
But ever long for more.

While in the vale we wish in vain
For flowerets up the hill,
But when their hue-lit home we gain
Unreached see flowerets still.

We welter in the heat of noon
And grumble for the night,
Yet shudder when the frigid moon
Lets down her chilly light.

The years that bring us noble gifts
But cause desire for new:
'Tis thus our daily acts and shifts
Win sorrow as their due.

Wouldst thou from discontent be freed?
Take duty for thy mate;
Lift those who droop, aid all who bleed,
The prey of adverse fate.

The *Spectator* gives a review of a book by Miss Georgiana Hill, called "WOMEN IN ENGLISH LIFE."

"We search in vain through Miss Hill's pages," says the reviewer, "for any grateful recognition of what woman, above all other classes of mankind, owes to the Church. Where would home life be without the persistent protests, and efforts of the Church in the past; who else raised a voice in the days of the Roman Empire against female degradation, and the exposure of female children? The same writer also marks the fact that though Miss Hill dwells much on the work of education "nowhere in her volumes is there any recognition, or even, we may say, allusion to woman's natural vocation." A book on Woman which repudiates grace and ignores nature, will not go far towards settling our difficulties. Miss Hill's book will be generally read, and the comments of a critic so kindly and so competent as the *Spectator* will be useful. Forewarned is forearmed.

Timely Advice.

In most of our large cities there are Cooking Schools and they are all managed on the same plan, with normal classes, demonstration lectures for experienced cooks, and practical courses of cooking for students of varied degrees of ignorance and proficiency. Twelve lessons will enable an intelligent housekeeper to instruct an ignorant cook. Twenty-four lessons will enable the same housewife to see her cook depart without a sigh

A luncheon table for eight ladies can be prettily arranged without great expense, and the number eight makes a company large enough for general conversation, and not too large. Good taste in the choice of an embroidered centrepiece on the white damask cloth, and in the arrangement of low dishes of fruit and flowers, does what a vast expenditure without judgment cannot accomplish. If we give our best to our friends they have no right to exact more.

Fruit Salad in Half Oranges.

Cut the oranges across. Take out the fruit neatly, cut in pieces and mix with banana and grapes or strawberries. Serve in the orange skins with plenty of sugar, which should be added early in the morning.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

Reflections on the Children's Contest.

In reading over our young folks' essays in the prize contest which closed last month, some very interesting facts came to light, and also many little indications of individual character.

There were letters from the really helpful girls who knew just what to do to help at home, and the thoroughness of their knowledge made us fear that some of them carried too great burdens on their young shoulders. Some of our girls are not only mothers' helps, but are practically filling the mother's place. Ah, well! those brave little women are doing noble work, and they have our loving sympathy, but we wish they did not have quite so much to bear. The other children will be men and women grown before they begin to realize what the elder sister did for the home, how she offered up her childish rights and privileges that they might enjoy theirs in fuller measure.

There were letters from other girls, who evidently were not at home in their subject, or wandered off so vaguely into general statements on home duties that their essays were set aside as impractical; and there were essays from happy mothers' darlings, who seemed to fully appreciate the love that sheltered their lives, and evidently tried their very best to make some fitting return.

All those essays were interesting reading, and we are very glad indeed that not one girl wrote in a selfish spirit. All seemed imbued with the desire to help as much as possible, each one according to her understanding of what help meant, and we trust that many mothers will be benefited by the coming together of so many growing daughters to discuss their home opportunities, and aid one another by pointing out just what each one was capable of doing to lighten the mother's toil.

And our boys? We are proud to say that we received many manly letters telling of many ways of earning a dollar, and that only one boy counted "tips" as personal earnings. This boy troubled us, he gloried so in getting tips, and made us feel as mean as if we too had stood around waiting to be paid for something we hadn't done. We must confess to a decided aversion for that "what am I going to get" spirit that actuates some people, old as well as young, when they perform a service or offer timely help. This is one of the things to be guarded against, an undue regard for rewards.

Just in the opposite spirit was a letter from a boy out west, the son of a reform editor, a brave little lad, who advocates his father's cause in the most convincing manner, and in his earnest way tells of the sacrifices all have to make.

An East Boston boy gave such practical advice on building up a newspaper route that we have decided to give all our boys the benefit of it, and therefore print the letter in this number. It came too late to be considered for the prize, but is good enough to be given on its own merits.

The newspaper boys are such wide-awake lads and so good-tempered and helpful that we always like to meet them, and learn just how they are getting along.

We want to talk with the little girl who wrote us about writing stories for a living, but there is so much to say that we shall have to wait for the next number. We feel sure that the girls will be willing to let the boys have their work discussed first. Our boys will appreciate the privilege, and we trust that our impulsive young friend who takes the violin lesson every Tuesday will freely forgive us for that "calling down" of which he complains, and also that he will cease to worry about the girls getting ahead of the boys, in which case he says "it will be hard to tell what might happen."

A Way to Earn Money.

One of the best ways to earn money outside of school hours is with a paper route. Three years ago I started in the paper business with four or five customers; the greater part of them were relations and when some would laugh at the large paper route I had, I thought it was better than hanging around the corners.

By leaving these papers and selling a few I made almost fifty cents the first week, and, what made me feel better, was the fact that I was in

business for myself. Every time I sold a paper I would say "Want it left regularly?" and slowly but surely my route began to grow. I was soon taking out twelve to sixteen papers a night, picking up customers and making a dollar a week. I took good care that cranky ones didn't have much to find fault with, and I felt it in the way my paper route was increasing.

I suppose when you asked for the best way to earn money you would not care if I tell you some other benefits I received from papers besides money. First, when I got through a little before six my appetite was greater than usual, and in that way I became stronger. I got acquainted with all kinds of people and learned actual business from the start. I wore out a little more shoe leather, but it makes a person healthy to be out. It gave me something to think about, and I soon learned to take care of the pennies. In a year I had sixty or seventy customers and I was a little busier then when I started. It wasn't hard work; boys six or eight years old, if they try, could take care of a route as well as one fourteen or fifteen.

The Hotel and Railroad News brings the papers over; they get in East Boston about 4.15 and as school lets out at four, that allows me plenty of time to get there, and I get through between half past five and six, and if I want to go anywhere I can get through earlier. I've had a paper route almost three years and make as much as a great many boys that work in the stores in the city from eight in the morning until six at night. In the city where it is harder to get a route, they sell on corners, strictly cash sales, and make a great deal. When I read in DONAHOE'S a few months ago of your offer, I didn't think I'd stand a very good show, but at last I thought I'd try. I will be fifteen in December.

WM. H. NELSON, E. Boston, Mass.

War Dogs.

That sounds fierce, but war dogs are trained to be gentle and are never allowed to bite, — a biting dog cannot be used in war. The German army, has troops of dogs trained to carry messages, to watch with a sentinel and growl at the distant sound of footsteps, and to seek missing soldiers. Poodles, shepherd dogs, and the dogs used in hunting birds, are the three kinds most easily trained to military duty. Officers who understand dog nature are appointed to choose dogs, rear puppies, and train them as carefully as children and soldiers are trained. Kindness is more powerful than severity in training dogs for military service, as well as for other things. Punishments should be very rare, and never given for dulness, because fear would confuse a dog and lesson his quickness of sense and instinct. The training is of this kind: a dog is taught at first to search a small piece of ground where a man is concealed by trees; when he finds the man lying on the ground (or perhaps a stuffed figure) he is patted and praised. But he is taught to bark when he finds his man, and to go on barking until the officer comes up The skill acquired is so great that in future many a missing soldier, sick or wounded, will be rescued by war dogs. By the same gentle means dogs are taught to act as messengers on certain roads and between certain points.

The German war dog wears a collar with a metal plate giving the name of his battery and company. A report pouch made of canvas hangs from it, and carries the messages he is to deliver. The kennels of these animals are cleaned every day, and their food is given with method and neatness. In short, three intelligent kinds of dogs are used for a work which trains to the highest perfection instinct and the senses of sight, hearing and smell.

It is said that war dogs may be trained to serve in our army. As our army is very small, not many dogs would be needed, but they would be useful in the regions bordering on the great Indian reservations.

The use of pigeons in war is an old story now. The kind of bird used is the homing pigeon which will return to the place where it has been bred and fed, even from a great distance. The pigeon has one advantage over dogs, that it can fly through the air, but its instinct only carries it one way, back to its home. The dogs can be trained to conscious performance of duty; the bird has but one idea, to return to its friends.

Rebus.

Ghost Fairies.

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

When the open fire is lit,
In the evening after tea,
Then I like to come and sit
Where the fire can talk to me.

Fairy stories it can tell,
Tales of a forgotten race,—
Of the fairy ghosts that dwell
In the ancient chimney place.

They are quite the strangest folk
Anybody ever knew,
Shapes of shadow and of smoke
Living in the chimney flue.

"Once," the fire said, "long ago,
With the wind they used to rove,
Gipsy fairies, to and fro,
Camping in the field and grove.

"Hither with the trees they came
Hidden in the logs; and here,
Hovering above the flame,
Often some of them appear."

So I watch, and, sure enough,
I can see the fairies! Then
Suddenly there comes a puff —
Whish — and they are gone again!

Youth's Companion.

Dulce Domum.

Sacher Marosch tells a beautiful story of three brothers who went to search for happiness.

The first rode boldly forth in all the glory of scarlet and gold, and became a great warrior, fighting bravely for many kings in strange countries. But although he was famous and admired, he died alone and sad because he had never found happiness.

The second brother journeyed far and wide, over strange seas, in curious lands, searching for happiness like Ponce de Leon for the fountain of youth. He wrote many books of his travels and when he passed, men whispered, "See! there is the great traveller," yet with all his fame and through all his voyages, he never found happiness.

The youngest brother was a youth of only twenty years, fair and supple and strong, with a form like Antinous or the young Apollo. He started like his brothers to seek happiness, and as the shadows fell at the close of his first day's journey, he paused to rest at the edge of a wood.

Then there came to him the memory of his home and of duties left undone at the family fireside and he said to himself: "I cannot go on. My brothers will find happiness but I will return home and do the duty there. When that is finished, I will start again." He hastened homeward, reaching the simple cottage as the morning sun clothed the meadows in beauty. He lifted the latch and entered, when lo! by the fireside sat a radiant figure whose sweet, true eyes smiled welcome to him, and whose gentle hands reached out and pressed his own. It was Happiness waiting for him upon his own hearthstone.

So it is through life. Not in fame, nor "the world's loud peals of praise" is found tranquility, but at home where duty — the twin-sister of happiness — sits by her side.

To some may come duties which lead them away for a time, but culture and travel and all the charms of the world can never equal the genuine joy of a true home.

The Spaniards call their wives, "Ama" or "keepers of the home" and the "new woman" too often forgets in masculine occupations the gracious duties of home-making and keeping. To reign a queen in her own castle is the birthright of every woman, but she too often sells it for a mess of pottage. MARY F. NIXON.

Hunting a Bear.

In his study of birds, Audubon spent much of his life with the Indians, and he often joined them in their sport. His journal contains accounts of many an adventure with his savage friends. The bear-hunt which he describes was made near the Mississippi, in Arkansas or Missouri.

"I was invited by three hunters to a bear-hunt. A tall, robust, well-shaped fellow assured me that we should have some sport that day, for he had discovered the haunt of a bear of large size and he wanted to meet him face to face. We four started to see how the man would fulfil his boast.

"About half a mile from the camp he said he

perceived the tracks of the bear, though I could see nothing; and we rambled on through the canebrake until we came to an immense decayed log, in which he said the bear was.

"I saw the man's eye sparkle with joy. His rusty blanket was thrown off his shoulders, and his brawny arms swelled with blood as he drew his scalping-knife from his belt with a flourish which showed that fighting was his delight.

"The hunter told me to climb a small sapling, because a bear cannot climb this, while it can go up a large tree with the nimbleness of a squirrel. The two other Indians seated themselves at the entrance, and the hero went in boldly.

"All was silent for a few moments, when he came out and said the bear was dead, and I might come down. The Indians cut a long vine, went into the hollow tree, fastened it to the animal, and with their united force dragged the bear out. I really thought that this was an exploit."

Flower Puzzle.

SUPPLY THE NAME.

The hour before my English cousin's tea.
A very gay and ferocious animal.
My first is often sought for my second.
A young man's farewell to his sweetheart.
Her reply to him.
Its own doctor.
My first is as sharp as needles, my second is as soft as down.
My first is a country in Asia, my second is the name of a prominent New York family.
My first is the name of a bird, my second is worn by cavalrymen.
A church official.
A very precise lady.
A tattered songster.
My first is sly but cannot wear my second.
The color of a horse.
My first is an implement of war, my second is a place where money is coined.
A disrespectful name for a physician.
Fragrant letters.
My first is a white wood, my second is the name of a yellowish Rhenish wine.
What the father said to his son in the morning.
My first is a facial expression of pleasure, my second a woodman's means of livelihood.
An animal of the jungle is my first, my second is the name of a tall, fair lady.
My first is made in a dairy but is seldom served in my second.
My first wears my second on his head.

Ladies' Home Journal.

Mercy.

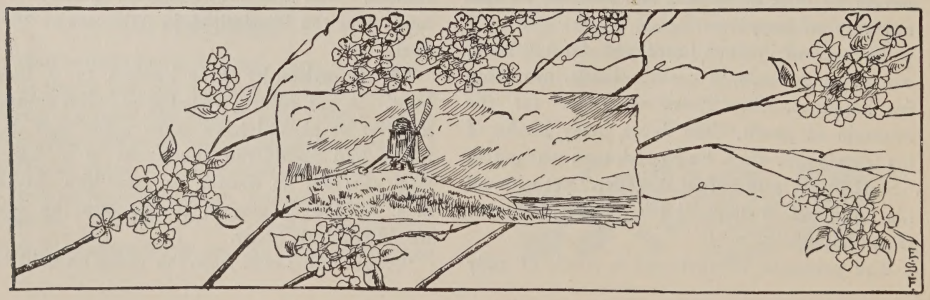
D. O'KELLY BRANDON.

I would not crush with wanton foot
The lowliest work of gracious Heaven!
But hand Omnipotent alone
That tiny life could e'er have given!

Alike from heaven's mightiest orb,
That rolleth proud through space unbounded:
Alike from tiniest mite that crawls
To nature's Lord hath praise resounded.

Yet oft man's cruel heart exclaims
"To me belongeth power, dominion."—
"To God far higher right remains!
What if He crushed *thee*, worthless minion?"

Then learn from Heaven's kindlier ruth,
To spare, as God in mercy spareth.
Here use but well the power He gives,
On high a mightier power He shareth,



CATHOLIC QUESTION BOX.

[There is much that even Catholics do not know regarding the Church of Christ, its history, its services, its ceremonials. To an intelligent man, believer or unbeliever, there can be no more interesting subjects. The story of the Church is a romance of fact, human and divine. The significance of the ceremonials, by which it commemorates Christ's acts and impresses His truths, are vital with reason and with beauty, when understood. To the work of spreading this information, this Department is devoted. Readers are invited to ask any questions regarding the Church upon which they are not fully informed. We desire every reader of DONAHOE'S to be prepared to answer any question about his faith that may arise in his experiences in the world. Inquiries must reach this office before the first of the month to be answered in the next issue. Questions asked later than that date cannot be answered until the second month following. Address all letters to "Editor, Catholic Question Box, DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, 611 Washington Street, Boston, Mass." As a guarantee of good faith, every letter must give the full name and address of the writer, which will not be published. In future no unsigned letters will be answered.]

N. B. inquires: Are Catholics allowed to sing in Protestant Churches?

No. Catholics are not allowed to sing or play the organ in Protestant Churches. To do so is to cooperate formally in heresy. Besides, there is danger of loss of faith together with scandal.

Aloysius asks: 1. Does the word Purgatory occur in the Bible?

2. Do not Catholics pay for the release of their friends from Purgatory? 3. How can Indulgences benefit the suffering souls? 4. What are the best Indulgences? 5. What is the Heroic Act of Charity?

1. No, but the idea does. The word signifies a cleaning, a purifying. And our Divine Lord speaks of a prison from which the inmates shall not go out, until they have paid the last farthing, (Matt. V, 26.) and of a sin that shall not be forgiven in this world or the world to come, (Matt. xii, 32.) Hence, some sins shall be forgiven in the other world; in Purgatory. Then in Macchabees, Second Book, (xii, 40-46,) there is a clear statement of the Catholic doctrine of Purgatory. Some of the Jews had died in battle against the heathen, and there were grounds for fearing they had sinned before their death, more or less grievously. Their grievous sins — if such they had — could only be pardoned by their personal repentance while on earth. But, their greater sins forgiven, lesser sins might still be on their souls, or punishment still unpaid. So sacrifices were offered for these men, on the ground that it is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead, that they may be loosed from their sins. This is the Catholic doctrine of Purgatory. Many persons, and many sects outside the Church deny the existence of eternal punishment, but accord a place of punishment that will cease. They understand Purgatory. The Catholic, however, says that only small sins shall be forgiven there, while the others claim the remission and pardon of all sins after this life.

Again and again we should be willing to find out the idea expressed by a word, and often we will find that we can agree with our adversaries on an idea, when we would have only a useless discussion with them over the word.

2. No. They simply make an offering to the priest, who, receiving this is, bound in conscience to offer for the intentions of the donor the Sacrifice of the Mass, as requested by him.

3. By the mercy of God, a person in prayer gains an indulgence for himself. He can keep this benefit for himself, or he can give it away. If he give it to the souls in Purgatory, it is by asking God to kindly use it in their behalf. There is no certainty as to what disposition God may wish to make of such a favor. He knows best how to use it. But while we cannot say that in such and such particular case, such and such particular benefit is conferred on a soul, we are sure that the suffering souls are helped by our prayers. This is an article of belief formulated by the Councils of Florence and of Trent, which have defined, "that there is a Purgatory, and that the souls detained are helped by the prayers of the faithful, and, above all, by the acceptable sacrifice of the altar."

4. The "Raccolta" is a book that contains a list of the indulgences granted by the Church, with the prayers and works to which indulgences are attached. Perhaps the Stations of the Cross may be considered as the one work enriched with the most indulgences. But, as the Councils say, the sacrifice of the Mass helps more than anything else those souls in Purgatory.

5. This is an act by which one makes an of-

fering of all his works of satisfaction in favor of the souls detained in Purgatory.

Father writes us: The priest objected to the name I wished to give my child at baptism, and suggested another name. Why is this? Also, he refused to let my brother — who is a Protestant — be godfather for the child. I am a Protestant and would like to know the reasons for these things.

The priest was desirous that you should give your child a name of a saint, who should be the child's intercessor in heaven, and whose example might incline him to the practice of virtue.

A Protestant cannot act as sponsor at baptism. The sponsor has to make promises for the child, and only a Catholic can promise for a child who is by baptism received into the Catholic Church, and who is to be trained in that religion. In default of the parents doing their duty, the sponsor is expected to see that the child shall be instructed in his faith. A Protestant can scarcely do this.

Reader says: I notice frequently in the papers accounts of blessings and consecration of churches and altars. Will you explain to me about these things?

All things belong to Almighty God, because He is the Creator; they but the creatures. But persons, places and things are in special way and with special ceremonies dedicated or consecrated to His service. Persons are consecrated to the divine service by a vow of chastity, as priests and religious of both sexes. Places are so consecrated by special prayers and rites, which render them holy, as churches, chapels, shrines and cemeteries. Things are so consecrated by being set apart from things profane, and entirely given to the service of the Lord. God himself has so decreed, and in the Old Law we find the persons of the tribe of Levi and of the family of Aaron separated from their brethren, with no portion in the division of the Promised Land, as the Lord their God was their portion. The tabernacle and the temple were places set apart for the service of the Lord by grand ceremonies. The holy vessels of the tabernacle and temple, the instruments used in the sacrifices, were consecrated to God. And so in the New Law, the clergy are separated from the people, the Lord their God is their portion, and their place is in the sanctuary. Places are set apart for the grand ceremonies and mysteries of religion, that in them God may be duly honored, and our devotion excited more than in profane or common places. The things to be used in the service of God are solely for that service, and are not destined for ordinary use.

Religious inquires: 1. What are the colors of the vestments and their meaning? 2. The meaning of the words: Catechumen, cemetery, monstrance, S. P. Q. R?

1. The vestments are of five colors: White, black, red, green and violet. White signifies joy, holiness, innocence and purity. Black is the sign of mourning, and is used in masses for the dead. Red is the color of blood, and red vestments are used when we celebrate the feast of one who has shed his blood for Christ. Red is also used on Pentecost Sunday to remind the faithful of the coming of the Holy Ghost in tongues of fire.

Green is the sign of perpetual and everlasting life.

Violet is the sign of penance, and so is used on Sundays of Advent and of Lent.

Gold cloth, or imitation of gold is sometimes used in place of white or red vestments. In the Old Law, the vestments of the tabernacle were of gold twisted and interwoven into the cloth.

2. Catechumen is a word coming down to us from the early Church. It signified one who was receiving instruction, but was not yet admitted into the Church.

Cemetery is from a Greek word, signifying a dormitory, or sleeping-place. Death was not mentioned among the early Christians. Those who died were "asleep in the Lord," awaiting the trumpet of the Archangel to awake them from slumber. Throughout the Scriptures this comparing of death to sleep is frequent: "he slept with his fathers;" "he was gathered to his fathers" are expressions often found.

Monstrance is what is used at the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. It is made so as to look like the rays of the sun, for it holds the "Sun of Justice," "the light that enlighteneth every man that cometh into this world;" and thus He who ages ago was said to have "placed His tabernacle in the sun," now takes up His residence in the monstrance for the adoration of His people at Benediction, and at the procession of the Blessed Sacrament. The host is first placed in the lunette, like two rings with glass, to hold the Blessed Sacrament.

S. P. Q. R. were letters seen on the banners of the Roman soldiers around the crucifixion scene. These letters mean the Senate and the Roman People, and were the initials of the Latin words: *Senatus Populusque Romanus.*

BOOK REVIEWS, ETC.

The memory of Brother Azarias will always be a tender possession of those who knew him personally, or were made acquainted with his richly endowed mind and heart through the medium of his rare lectures and essays. Cut off all too soon from the cause of American Catholic education and literature, those spreading movements suffered an irreparable loss in his death a few years ago. It is a satisfaction, however, that much of the result of his years of thought and study has not been wholly lost, but is preserved in a form to produce effective good for the culture of the generation deprived of his living direction and inspiration. The two volumes that have come to us containing his essays on "BOOKS AND READING" and his "ESSAYS EDUCATIONAL" are a welcome reminder of his still abiding influence, and a refreshing stimulus amid so much that is barren in the books and booklets of the day. In style and thought Brother Azarias was a delightful and cultured writer, and these editions of his works will be a treat and a help to those who will peruse them for the first time in these pages. They contain a large part of the sum of his reflections and literary attainments, and come happily at a time when the widely diffused impulse towards Catholic culture cannot but bring them into great demand. The first named volume, an enlarged fifth edition, is issued by the Catholic Library Association of New York and the second, prefaced with a commendatory tribute from Cardinal Gibbons, is published by D. H. McBride & Co., Chicago.

"IN SHELTERED WAYS" is the happy title of a modest book of poems, that breathe the spirit of one who thinks well on various themes and delights to commune with the quieter phases of nature. The author is Judge D. J. Donahoe of Connecticut, whose poems are well known in the publications of the day, and through preceding volumes of verse. There is a genuine faculty of poetically descriptive expression in such poems as "The Rescue of the Princess," and "The Slain Christ," a fine note of patriotic fervor in the lines to Old Glory, and a depth of true sentiment in the poem entitled "Benedicta." The poet is best, however, in the shorter verses of nature's suggestion, which reveal a personal sympathy and pleasure in reading his own heart themes in the aspect of flowers, the songs of birds, and the changing moods of earth and sky. "IN SHELTERED WAYS" is published by Charles Wells Moulton of Buffalo.

"THE SODALISTS' VADE MECUM," is another of the manuals published by Benziger Bros. which combines with the special exercises in use by sodalities of the Blessed Virgin Mary, the prayers and devotions in widest general practice by Catholics. This excellent compilation is the work of a priest of the diocese of Chicago, whose name does not appear, but who shows a close appreciation of what in the abundance of printed prayers and exercises of piety will quickest appeal to the greatest number of men and women. The type and binding of the book will add to its attractiveness.

What has interested priests and people more than anything else lately is the New Movement of Missions to non-Catholics, which bids fair to become one of the most important works in which the diocesan clergy will be called upon to take part. The Holy Father approves of it by special letter, and the remarkable success already achieved by those missions commends them.

Just now this movement necessitates an official exponent in the public press, and so the periodical called *The Missionary: A Record of the Progress of Christian Unity* is being issued as the organ of the Missionary Union, a society established for the purpose of gathering funds to push on the work. The funds of this society, like those of the PROPAGATION OF THE FAITH, will be spent in paying the expenses of missionaries in sections of the country where Catholics are too few to support them, and in supplying them with necessary literature to prosecute their work.

Every subscriber to *The Missionary* becomes a member of the Missionary Union, and participates in all its spiritual privileges.

For the present *The Missionary* will be issued quarterly, and edited by the Paulist Fathers of New York. The subscription is $1.00 a year.

THE AMERICAN LEGION OF HONOR.

A SUCCESSFUL FRATERNAL SOCIETY.

In December, 1878, thirty-four Boston people formed the first council of the American Legion of Honor. In March following, the society having been shown to contain the elements of success, it was incorporated under Massachusetts laws. Councils were formed in rapid succession, embracing representative people in all desirable sections of the country. It possessed many features which recommended it to the American public, its principal objects being to unite fraternally all persons of sound bodily health and good moral character between the ages of eighteen and forty-nine years; to establish a fund for the relief of sick and distressed members; to establish a benefit fund from which on satisfactory evidence of the death of a member a sum should be paid to the family, orphans, or dependents, as the member might direct, in compliance with the statutes of this Commonwealth.

In the eighteen years following the organization of the order, it has attained a membership of 52,100 people, eighty per cent. of whom are men, and twenty per cent. women. Its thousand councils are located in nearly every state in the Union, but the majority of its membership is in New England, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Maryland

Once in each two years the Supreme Council of the Order, composed of representatives from the different States having Grand Councils, meets in convention, elects officers, amends the laws as experience may show it is necessary, and transacts other business for the welfare of the whole Order. Its Grand Councils, from whom these representatives are elected, are made up of representatives elected from the local councils, and these Grand Councils recommend the legislation to the Supreme Council.

There has been collected and disbursed to members of the American Legion of Honor $34,292,841.21, representing the claims filed upon the death of 11,526 members. The Order issues its November assessment call showing a list of all claims filed to and including October 5th, and publishes therewith a financial statement of its receipts and expenditures, showing that all claims, of every nature, up to and including that date, have been paid. In addition to this statement there is published a statement of its assets, showing it to have above every possible liability quick cash assets of $648.000

This society differs in one important particular from any other fraternal society doing business in this country. It recognizes the fact that an association like an individual may need a sinking fund as years advance, and has accumulated an emergency fund which at the present time amounts to $513,-393.29. Four hundred thousand dollars of this fund, invested in gilt edge municipal bonds, is deposited with the Treasurer of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts and is to be held by the State to guarantee that every benefit which occurs in the Order shall be paid in full, even though an assessment should bring in less than the benefit certificate held by a deceased member. The investments which the State Treasurer holds are the city and town bonds of New England, and the cities of Boston, Newton, Cambridge, Lynn, and many of the larger towns, are included in the list of securities owned by this Order and held by the State. Upon the financial statement issued by the Order the bonds are listed at par, but they would command in the market, even in the present depression of business, $20,000 above what they are listed for. There is also in the Order's assets a piece of real estate, located on Huntington Avenue, Boston, which is used by the Order for its headquarters, which represents an investment of upwards of $100,000, and listed at $90,000. It is assessed for nearly that amount by the City of Boston. The property is in a restricted residential section of the city, and a section where values are steadily increasing.

The Order has recently had considerable advertising in the newspapers in different sections of the country by reason of its having levied two assessments in the months of August and September. These assessments were levied to pay the claims which were proven and to be proven, and the wisdom of the Executive Committee in promptly meeting the emergency is to be seen in the fact that the assessments accomplished what they were intended to accomplish, have enabled the Order to pay every one of its claims as they have been filed, and at this date to put it in a position where it has no unpaid claims and assets above all its liabilities, of $648,000. The assessments of the Order are called to pay death benefits, and are called for that purpose alone. Once in each month the Executive Committee meets at the headquarters of the Order, examines the death claims and applications for death claims, and decides how many assessments will be necessary to honorably and promptly meet these claims, and the assessments are levied accordingly. The Executive Committee, like the Supreme Council, is a representative body, selected for that purpose from among the representatives.

Members admitted to the Order are issued membership certificates for the amount which they select at the time of making application for admission, and are restricted in amounts of $1000, $2000, or $3000. The table of rates is graded according to the age and amount of benefit which each member selects, and membership in the organization is obtained through subordinate councils.

The American Legion of Honor is unquestionably a leader in its class, and is one of those fraternal societies which has been instrumental in giving the best of protection to a very large class of people who otherwise would have very little to leave their families at the time of their death.

The Supreme Commander of the Order is John M. Grinnell, Newark, N.J.; Supreme Vice Commander, Wm. N. Davenport, Marlboro Mass.; Supreme Secretary, Adam Warnock, Boston, Mass.; Supreme Treasurer, Geo. W, Kendrick, Jr., Philadelphia, Pa.; Medical Examiner-in-Chief, J. Foster Bush, M.D., Boston, Mass.

BARBOUR'S Prize Needlework Series, No. 5

JUST ISSUED
110 PAGES
PROFUSELY
ILLUSTRATED

Barbour and **Progress** are synonymous. **Barbour's Prize Needlework Series No. 5** is a thoroughly artistic and practical book from cover to cover, surpassing any previous publication. It not only embraces a great variety of new designs in Lace-Making and Embroidery, but possesses an educational value. "The Antiquity of the Linen Industry," with illustrations of the stone whorls and ancient flax embroidery, is of especial interest; and the cover design is a beautiful and correct representation of the ancient method of spinning. There are color-plates of embroidery made with Ulster Floss, original and charming designs, which ladies will delight in reproducing.

Also, a new book entitled "**Lace Book, a Hand-Book Illustrated,**" giving special instructions for making Torchon or Bobbin Lace.

Book No. 5,
Illustrated Hand-Book,
Books, Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4,
} **By Mail 10c. each.**

Barbour's Ulster Flosses, 80 Shades, for Art Embroidery.

Fine White Spool Threads, Nos. 100, 120, 150, 250.

White Flossette.

See ☞

That all your Linen Thread carries this Trade-Mark.

THE BARBOUR BROTHERS COMPANY.

New York. Boston. Philadelphia. Chicago. Cincinnati. St. Louis. San Francisco.
Montreal Agents — Thomas Samuel & Son.

THE NUNS' CHRISTMAS MORNING.

A Popular Place
To Buy Your
DRY GOODS
—IS—
J. C. ABBOTT'S,
202 Essex Street, Salem.

J. L. LOUGEE,
FURNITURE DEALER, 259 Essex St.
The place to buy Holiday gifts. An endless variety of useful and ornamental articles.
Come in and see us.

Bull's Eye, Cameras,
And Photographic Supplies at
T. B. NICHOLS' PHARMACY
180 Essex Street, Salem.

Witch Cream
For Rough Skin, Chaps,
Soreness, Burns,
And all Toilet Purposes.
C. H. & J. PRICE

JOHN D. O'CONNOR,
Printer and Stationer,
286 Washington St., Boston.

A SKETCH OF SALEM.

By John McCarthy.

CATHOLIC colonization in any land means poverty, toil and sacrifice. Add to these persecution, and a fair idea is obtained of the struggles of Catholicism to obtain a foothold in Salem.

This now smiling town stands out in history as the spot where rampant superstition, the dread of witchcraft, drove people to horrible deeds of cruelty, from the bare recital of which, we, of an enlightened age, shrink back appalled.

Here in 1692, a poor old Irishwoman, whose tongue could not adapt itself to the stranger's language, was accused of muttering incantations, and was hanged as a witch.

This was only one instance of many furnished by the sufferings of the early Catholic settlers. Their faith was openly derided, antipathy of creed and race was ever evident, and those they were taught to revere were burned in effigy in the public square amid the execrations of the mob.

The first change in this sentiment, the dawn of a more liberal spirit, was evinced when a band of exiled Acadians was permitted to settle near the town, and to recite Catholic prayers in their homes, and also to assemble under one roof for general devotional exercises. To the staunch Catholicity of these Acadian exiles, Catholic Salem of to-day owes much. They withstood every effort to make them renounce their faith, but harassed and restricted on every side, they grew weary of the struggle, and after spending ten years in Salem, one hundred and forty again went forth, wayfarers seeking a place where religious freedom might not be denied them. The few remaining kept the faith alive in Salem, and with the advent of other settlers, Catholics of other races, Catholic rights and privileges were gradually conceded, a concession largely due to the fact that among their opponents there had grown up the conviction that Catholicism was a blessing to the community. We, therefore, find that in 1790, through a Quaker chairman, the selectmen of Salem graciously accorded their permission to allow a priest to enter the town. Shortly after this the novel sight was witnessed of an Orthodox minister accompanying a Catholic priest through the streets in search of Catholics.

So poor were these children of the Church that none among them could offer suitable shelter to their welcome visitor, Father Thayer; so his brother of different belief took him home and harbored him. Surely, grace had worked a marvellous change in Salem.

Father Thayer remained for some days, and came again at varying intervals till 1791, when Fathers John de Cheverus and Matignon took up the charge, in turn visiting the little flock. In 1811 Father Cheverus became Bishop of Boston, and Father Matignon continued his ministrations unaided. Catholic interests progressed rapidly, and in 1813 the site for a church was purchased, but the outbreak of the war the previous year, and the poverty of the people prevented the accomplishment of the desire of their hearts, and finally the land was sold to William Roberts, whose heirs still retain the estate.

Despite their poverty, the Catholic population rapidly increased till the community numbered more than one hundred souls, and Bishop Cheverus, recognizing the urgent need of providing for them a place to worship in, purchased a tract of land and began the erection of a church. The congregation gave all it could afford, the labor of hands in hours taken from scant rest, and slowly the humble temple was reared to receive the Most High.

Unpainted and unplastered, rich only in the zeal of its people, the first Catholic Church in Salem opened wide its

door. Bishop Cheverus blessed it in 1821, and the town of Puritan prejudices, of bigotry and superstition, guarded within its gates, a tabernacle of the Catholic faith.

To have a resident pastor in their midst was now the ardent desire of the people, and after some years their prayer was granted. In 1826, Rev. John Mahoney, born in Kerry, Ireland, took up his mission as first resident pastor of St. Mary's.

The gradual growth of the parish, the completion and dedication of the church, the erection of a pastoral residence, the influx of Catholic emigrants, and the labors of the devoted pastors, who, one by one, assumed control of Catholic interests in Salem, form interesting chapters in the history of the town's development.

The passage of those years of zealous

IMMACULATE CONCEPTION CHURCH, SALEM.

effort brought no more convincing proof of the change of spirit in Puritan Salem than that afforded by the reception accorded Father Matthew, the Irish apostle of temperance, who, on the occasion of his visit to America, was received in

ST. JAMES' CHURCH, SALEM.

Salem by the Mayor, and tendered every honor as the city's guest. It is a commentary on the growth of enlightenment that this town, once so benighted, was the first in America to honor the Irish apostle by erecting a statue to his memory.

It is one of the prominent features of the town, this magnificent statue, erected in the public square on the site granted by the city government.

ST. JOSEPH'S CHURCH, SALEM.

Catholicism is ever marked by progress, and so it came to pass that the little Church erected by the manual efforts of the early congregation could no longer harbor all its children. The parish of St. Mary's had grown to such proportions that a division was decreed upon, and effected in 1849, when Father Conway began the erection of St. James Church on Federal Street, and on Christmas Day, 1850, Mass was celebrated on its altar. For some time Father Conway ministered to both congregations, but the task was beyond the strength of one man, and Father Shahan was subsequently placed in charge.

No sooner was the parish of St. James established than it became evident that the Church of pioneer effort, St. Mary's, having nobly done its part, must be abandoned. The years had told upon its strength, and its yielding timbers warned the fold to seek another refuge.

A site was chosen and upon it was reared the Immaculate Conception. The blessing of the corner-stone was a memorable event in Salem. The year that brought this joy to Catholic hearts brought them also bitter sorrow. Their beloved pastor, whose ardent desire had been to see the completion of the Church,

was called to his reward. The story of his life-work is graven in stone above his remains. The simple inscription makes known all when it tells us that: "He was a good soldier of Christ, who died in the battlefield in the midst of his labors and usefulness."

Owing to the inadequate number of priests in the diocese at that time, Father Shahan was obliged to assume control of both churches, and the parishes were reunited.

The Immaculate Conception was solemnly dedicated in 1858. Its subsequent enlargement, internal improvements, and exterior adornment; the building of parochial schools, establishment of convents, organization of missions in Beverly and Manchester, the formation of sodalities, and other important details of parish work mark the advancement of this parish to its present prosperous condition.

The history of St. James parish is closely interwoven with that of the Immaculate Conception, and its growth has been on similar lines. For some years the same pastor, Father Shahan, ministered to both, but the labor was too great even for such a worker as was this devoted priest, so, in 1861, his religious superior permitted him to return to St. James, where he labored unceasingly till, his aim accomplished, church, convent, and schools established, all united in perpetuating his work, his missionary spirit urged him to begin anew elsewhere.

That his labor was blessed, a benediction that rested also upon his successors, is manifested by the erection in recent years of a new St. James, a magnificent temple, built to receive the ever-increasing numbers of the faithful.

It has already been stated that Salem owes much to the exiled Acadians who kept alive the faith. It is therefore meet that in the town where those of their race had borne so much for Catholic belief, the French-Canadians should have a Church of their own.

These devoted people, ever active in the practice of their religion, availed themselves eagerly of the spiritual advantages offered them; and when it was proposed to build a church for their special benefit, they labored arduously to defray the necessary expenses.

Their zeal was rewarded. In 1884 St. Joseph's was formally opened, and their temporary refuge was abandoned.

St. Joseph's is a wooden structure, approached by a stairway that leads to triple doors opening into the vestibule. The interior reflects the devotion of the Canadian people for St. Anne and the Sacred Heart. Our Lady of Lourdes is specially honored by having a chapel in the basement dedicated to her.

Under the zealous guidance of the pastor, Rev. Joseph O. Gadoury, St. Joseph's has grown rapidly—the parochial residence, the convent of the Grey Nuns, the large brick school on Harbor Square, are visible evidences of his progressive spirit, a dominant influence for the elevation of humanity.

In summing up the Catholic history of Salem one is powerfully impressed by the remarkable growth of Catholicity amid such untoward circumstances.

In the town where, little more than one hundred years ago, a Catholic priest was not allowed to enter, there stand to-day three Catholic churches, each forming the centre of a group of Catholic institutions, and over twelve hundred Catholic children troop to school through the streets traversed by Father Thayer and Dr. Bentley, the noble orthodox minister, in their search for Catholic families. Nine Catholic priests, Revs. Michael J. McCall, Daniel J. Collins, James W. Dolan, of St. James parish; Revs. John J. Tierney, Michael F. Crowley, David J. Murphy, Immaculate Conception, and Revs. Joseph O. Gadoury, Joseph L. M. Lévesque, Joseph A Pelletier, St. Joseph's, minister to the spiritual needs of their many parishioners.

What matters it that St. Mary's has disappeared from mortal ken? Her mission is accomplished: the spiritual life nurtured from her humble altar, growing ever more fruitful and beneficent with the passage of the years, animates to-day thousands of Catholic homes in Salem.

Donahoe's Magazine.

VOL. XXXVI. BOSTON, DECEMBER, 1896. No. 6.

ELECTION ETHICS PAST AND PRESENT.

JOHN J. O'SHEA.

AS from the sublime to the ludicrous is but a step, so it may be found, on the ultimate analysis, that between electoral purity and electoral corruption the difference is but one of degree. This might be the judgment of Timon of Athens, were that eminent cynic privileged to look on at one of our great electoral battles of modern days.

Representative government is, after all, but the high expression of an enlightened selfishness. In casting their votes for this candidate or that, men act in conformity with what they believe to be their own best interests for the time being. Because the individual interest happens to be identical with the prevalent view of a large mass of the community, electors plume themselves on their integrity as patriots in their decision at the polling booths.

No doubt there are periods when a great thrill of noble sentiment pervades the whole community, when they make such a decision; but in the vast majority of cases the choice is made after a careful weighing of the pros and cons of such material issues as present themselves for immediate determination. The underlying motive is the hope of material benefit, and so far a species of corruption. The endeavors of a certain section of the community to induce others to record their votes for candidates, representing class interests, differ from it only in degree. The larger selfishness is allowed to go free, on the principle that it is impossible to frame a bill of indictment against a whole nation; the smaller is made penal because it is tangible and because it conflicts with the great maxim of modern enlightenment — the greatest good of the greatest number — or rather because it appears for the time being to be in antagonism with that euphuistic figure of speech.

In these practical commercial days with the ballot free to all, it may perhaps be conceded that the man or clique of men who resort to corruption by means of bribery, direct or indirect, do so for purposes of personal aggrandizement or collective commercial gain. But it may be questioned that all those who resorted to bribery in the past were always actuated by such sordid motives. When the ballot was the

privilege of the few, there were many who honestly believed that the best interests of society were served by the maintenance of a class supremacy and the perpetuation of particular lines of national policy.

In Great Britain, for instance, it was honestly held by many politicians, in the old days, that the national safety depended on the retention of certain principles of public policy; hence it was deemed not only excusable, but positively virtuous, to secure the return to Parliament of men pledged to those principles, no matter by what means. This belief made it necessary to inaugurate a change in constitutional usage. The questions of national defence and foreign policy are no longer regarded as coming within the purview of party obligations. Parliament at large maintains its control over ministerial action when the time is ripe for submitting the policy of the government to the judgment of the assembled wisdom, and the power of the purse, retained by the House of Commons, gives the majority of the popular representatives a pretty effective curb on the daring or the unscrupulousness of the ministry.

When public questions come to the momentous stage, they are generally discussed irrespective of party considerations, and then the principle of enlightened selfishness is transformed into the virtue of wise regard for the general safety, there are, of course, exceptions to this salutary rule of modern constitutional government; but on really great occasions the foregoing is the method in which the course of public affairs is determined.

The ancestor of our American political "boss" was the British squire. The only notable difference between the types lay in the patriarchal character of the squire's rule, as compared with the business methods of his transatlantic imitator. Men liked to patronize in the old days, "across the water," and voters liked to be patronized. Here we scorn the imputation of patronage, yet we accept its substance just as waiters accept "tips" inside hotels, and assume the demeanor of equals in the streets and at political gatherings.

The inverse process took place in England at election times, then the condition of equality was affected by the squires. They went to the electors' houses, joked with their wives, and dandled their babies upon their knees. When the situation was strained they sent out their own wives — if they were bonnie — to win votes by their graciousness and smiling condescension. What masculine voter could resist the blandishments of a Duchess of Newcastle especially when her ivory teeth were closed upon a golden guinea, and a voter could have it as the price of a kiss — and his vote? Those were halcyon days for the "free and independent."

One of the first victims of the Ballot Act in the British Islands is now a member of the House of Peers. He is a man of whose genuine philanthropy many noble monuments testify. His munificence has been always on a princely scale, and there is no doubt that when he sought the suffrages of the electors of a great city, he did so with an honest desire to serve the whole community of that city, and not his own party merely. But if he had depended on the unbought votes of his own party, he would have lost the election. It was impossible to carry the day without the help of some thousands of the class called "freemen." From

time immemorial it was the good old rule with this element *Pas d'argent, point de Suisse*. They held back to the penultimate hour and then his agent surrendered, unconditionally. They were paid five pounds each for their votes, and then they marched in a body to the polling booth and carried the positon by assault.

After the victory, according to the subsequent testimony, five-pound notes were flying "as thickly as snowflakes" over all the circumjacent saloons, and Bacchus smiled gaily on the victors of the day. It was magnificent, but it was not war, as the French general remarked of Lord Gough's campaign in the Sutlej. For, to the consternation of all, it was determined to inaugurate the new law by making a memorable example of the first offender caught, and the evidence in this case was only too plain. The candidate himself swore he knew nothing of the bribery, and everybody credited the declaration. But, as the principal is, under the election law, responsible for the acts of his agents, he was convicted of bribery, disfranchised for seven years, and deemed himself fortunate in that he was not sent to prison in addition. As it was, he had lost as many pounds as Suwaroff did men at the taking of Ismailea, and the coveted seat into the bargain.

This galling defeat would have soured any one man in a million others, but in this case it effected no change in the disposition of the unlucky candidate towards the city. He continued to bestow upon it many generous proofs of his goodwill for years after the event. In the days of the "pocket boroughs" this was very often the relation between the town, which was called rotten, and the local squirearchy.

Were we to select such a period in English history as that immediately preceding the Reform Act of 1830, or before the passage of the Corn Laws, and search for instances of bribery and intimidation, on which side should we lay the blame? On the one side were men like the Duke of Wellington, Peel, and Cobden holding out the pleasing hope of material relief, with the frightful alternative of civil war; on the other the stubborn upholders of the *status quo* bribing away and intimidating away, according to inveterate custom, but on a much more restricted scale and in an entirely furtive plan, and with the king to back them in the last resort. The Moralist, called upon to decide the point of high public virtue in these delicate circumstances, might be excused if he faltered somewhat over his function.

There is another aspect of this question of constitutional ethics which was much debated in earlier days, but which no one nowadays thinks of resurrecting. It belongs purely to the domain of ethics. This is the demoralizing tendency of the ballot system. The keepers of the public conscience professed alarm for the morals of the community when the system of secret voting should take the place of the old but not venerable open method. It would lead to the practice of deception, and increase the vice of hypocrisy, it was predicted.

Of course the rigid moralists who gloomily ratiocinated thus, overlooked the *à priori* supposition of undue influence and intimidation on the other side. To pretend to the lord of the soil or the employer that he might rely on the vote which, in his secret heart, the voter intended should be cast against him was regarded as

frightfully dangerous to a healthy state of society. Here again the moralist finds himself on the horns of a dilemma. He has to choose between the iniquity of deception, which, no doubt, is widely practised, and the evil of a system of indirect coercion which no less undoubtedly is often resorted to.

It appears to be the inevitable concomitant of an advancing civilization that as we progress we are compelled to alter, often to lower our moral standards, not only for public virtue but for social conduct. Our political morality keeps pace with the bicycle habit among women, and we grow accustomed to the flaunting of things which in our callow days would have produced nervous shock.

Many of our leading newspapers recently referred, with evident gratification, to this feature of the ballot system, and commended the course of those who availed themselves of the money of one party and shouted for its candidates while secretly determined to vote against them when the day came to do so. It does not appear to occur to many popular guides that there is any depravity in this species of deception. It is not much consolation to reflect that those who attempt to seduce or coerce people to cast their votes against their own convictions are equally tainted with moral turpitude.

Where evils of this kind impair the whole social frame, from head to foot, it is hardly in the power of any physician to effect a cure. We are swept on as in a vortex, unable to help ourselves or stem the rush of those behind us, and ignorant of the goal towards which we are being hurried. Before we had the ballot and manhood suffrage every reformer indulged his fancy in picturing the paradise which the removal of restrictions on the electoral body must produce. In this country especially the ballot is a mighty engine and the system of short presidential periods most salutary in checking abuses of power and enabling the people to punish those who are guilty of such political perfidy.

But little can we plume ourselves on our advance toward national ideals until both those who aspire to lead the people and the people themselves have learned something nobler than that it is permissible to bribe on the one hand, and laudable to deceive, on the other. We cannot look to legislative enactments to do this. Barbed fences are useless to keep out the Atlantic. It is to our schools we must look for the only hope of safety. When the boy is taught, and the lesson impressed on him indelibly, that lying, deception and the giving or taking bribes incompatible with honor and manly dignity, he will hardly forget it when he reaches manhood. It is much more important that these things should be implanted in the mind of youth than that honors should be gained in logic or classics.

In one respect the ballot has been productive of a vast improvement in public life. This is in the removal of provocation to violence and disorder. It is not easy to exaggerate the benefit which modern society derives from this feature of the system. Only those who remember the scenes witnessed in many parts of the British Islands, in times long past, can convey any adequate idea of the state of lawlessness and terror into which the whole country was plunged at election times. The fact that the voting lasted for three days, as a rule, added immensely to the danger

of the situation. But the reign of the Lord of Misrule practically commenced with the opening of the hustings' campaign, and did not close until the thanks of both candidates, in each case, were voted to the sheriff.

These exciting times were costly. To begin with, there were mobs to be hired on both sides, and these mobs were to be supplied with drink and victuals. They usually provided themselves with munitions of war — clubs, brickbats and rotten eggs. Not the least secrecy was ever attempted about this hiring; it was openly done everywhere. It was not merely for rowdyism that these dangerous auxiliaries were enlisted. They wrecked houses and fought each other to their hearts' content, but they did infinitely more useful work at times. They visited stubborn voters whom they thought should be on their side, but suspected their fidelity. These they dragged from their hiding places and by main force, often hatless and coatless, bore them off to the polling place of their employer, and woe betide the luckless wight if he did not vote as they desired.

This was the process which went on without interruption for three days in a principal Irish city, under the writer's eyes, sometime before the system of open voting was abolished. When the election was over that city looked more like a place which had been taken by military assault than a peaceful commercial centre. Not a whole pane of glass was visible in the main streets, and the doors and shutters bore marks of terrible fusillades. Troops of cavalry and police charged the mobs again and again, and the fighting at times was as fierce as at Badages, for the rioters climbed to the roofs and showered missiles down upon the troops with deadly effect. Several voters, rather than yield to mob intimidation, barricaded their houses and fired from the windows, and many people, often innocent lookers-on, lost their lives. The fighting in the streets at night time with the drunken mobs was simply terrific. And this was the sort of pandemonium which was enacted regularly, in very many parts of Great Britain and Ireland, at every general election.

In still earlier times, when the duello was the *lex non scripta* almost everywhere, the election contest was the fruitful source of "affairs of honor." In Barrington's entertaining "Personal Recollections" we find mention of a frightful tragedy of this kind. It arose in connection with a contest for the representation of Wexford county, and a circumstance which makes it peculiarly interesting is that Richard Brinsley Sheridan was one of the candidates on the occasion, although the fact has usually been overlooked in that eminent publicists' memoirs. He stood in conjunction with a Mr. Colclough, of Tintern Abbey. Vast bodies of the tenant-farmer electorate, fired with enthusiasm for their gifted countryman, broke away from the control of their usual leaders and voted for Colclough and Sheridan, although they knew their tenancy depended in many cases, on their action.

Maddened at the course of events, the representative of the landlord and government party, a Mr. Alcock, warned Mr. Colclough against receiving such votes, at his peril, and the language led to a hostile meeting on the ground and in the presence of thousands of spectators. Among

those who looked on at the gruesome business were a dozen justices of the peace — a fact which tells most eloquently of the overwhelming force of social usage in the days of our grandfathers. Only nine paces separated the combatants, and at the first fire Mr. Colclough was shot through the heart. Overwhelmed with grief and horror Sheridan withdrew from the contest, and the homicide was declared duly elected as the county representative in Parliament.

Subsequently he was put on trial on a charge of manslaughter, but was acquitted by the jury. The circumstance, however, preyed so powerfully on the mind of Mr. Alcock that he lost his reason, and, more melancholy still, his sister, whose lover the slain man had been, followed him to the mad-house, where both these unhappy victims of social barbarity ended their days. Nor was this yet the consummation of the deplorable election tragedy, for three other duels were fought over it on collateral issues.

Those "good old times," were a glorious era for printer and bill-poster. These were influential persons in their way, very frequently, and, as a rule, had votes of their own and could command more. When their bills came to be paid they were passed almost always without scrutiny, although it was well understood that where thousands of documents were charged for only hundreds had been supplied, while the prices charged for printing and bill-posting were almost invariably at least double what they would be to the general public. It was a woful day for the printer and the bill-sticker when the law of elections, and candidates' expenses particularly, passed the Houses of Parliament.

It is noteworthy that legislation has always been more effective in the repression of bribery, than intimidation — that is, ever since the public conscience began to be stirred over such matters. Venality was frightfully common in old times. We read of a judge who was hanged for taking bribes in Edward III's time — Chief Justice Morpe Bacon "the wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind," excused his acceptation of bribes by saying that the practice was general. Lord Chancellor Macclesfield, in 1728, was deprived of his office for having converted to his own use moneys deposited in his court in trust for minors and litigants. Previous to the passing of the first Reform Act in England the borough of Old Sarum was disfranchised because of the corruption of the voters. Since the second Reform Act the boroughs of Totness, Reigate, Great Yarmouth, Lancaster, Bridgewater, Beverley, Sligo and Cashel were disfranchised for a similar reason, after long judicial investigations. In many of the smaller English constituencies bribery still flourishes, as recent Parliamentary inquiries have shown, but it is most difficult to bring it home to the guilty parties, so wise are the precautions taken to prevent the secret from leaking out.

The art of bribery, in fine, has been elevated by modern skill to the highest plane, and from the nature of the thing, and the constitution of the human mind, it appears to be inseparable from human affairs so long as we have representative government or legal institutions. It necessitates an incessant vigilance; and this in itself may be regarded as an indirect benefit as were it not for the existence of the corrupt element, we

might become careless, to the public detriment, in other directions.

We may be thankful that here in the United States we are practically free from the baneful taint of corruption on the judicial bench, and the only form in which bribery can be safely indulged in, in electoral matters, is the indirect one. This, being an intangible form of the evil, we are powerless to deal with it by any force save that of public opinion. We need not despair of seeing a healthier tone spring up, if the better minds of the country — outside of the arena of political strife — take up the subject seriously. Money and commercial success are in themselves the foundations of great glory for nations, but they are not the things alone which make a nation great. Honor and purity in public life are the immediate jewels of our souls.

MY SHIPS.

AGNES HASKELL.

Long years ago, at morning's glow,
My ships sailed out to sea;
Through perfumed gales, with hope-filled sails,
They danced away from me.
"Oh, ocean wide!" I gladly cried,
"Oh sky! that bends so blue,
Let not a cloud their sails enshroud,
Oh wind and wave, be true!"

Through golden noons, through weary moons
I watched the faithless sea;
"Oh wind and tide!" I sadly cried,
"Bring back my ships to me!"
Nor white sails gleamed, nor pennon streamed,
Yet suns set brightly red;
The smiling wave nor answer gave,
And stars mocked overhead!

So day by day, I look away
Across life's fading lea;
In summer lands, on golden strands,
My ships are moored for me!

SAINT BENEDICT'S WARNING.

G. L. DE CIDONCHA.

PART I — THE INSULT.

PREVIOUS to the union of Aragon and Castile, under the "Catholic King," there dwelt in the former province a family whose many generations of ancestors had made their name highly honored, by deeds of valor in time of war, and enterprising improvement of their lands in time of peace.

On the eve of his coming of age, Hugo, the elder son of this illustrious house, paced one of the terraces, wrapt in profound meditation. The young Aragonese was not dreaming of his proud pedigree, nor of the glory it reflected upon himself, nor even of the honors the morrow would bring to him. He was picturing to himself a face blushing in fairest maidenliness, whose owner was to crown his gladdest natal day with her love.

The clank of spurs resounding on the flagged walk aroused him from his revery. He looked up to greet the new-comer, but his welcoming words were frozen on his lips, as he beheld his younger brother, his countenance in a convulsion of anger.

"What is the matter, my Giraldo?" he inquired anxiously.

The youth shook off the hand laid affectionately on his shoulder, and replied hotly, —

"What is the matter! And *thou* askest! *Thou!*"

Hugo's dark face flushed with indignation, but he restrained himself, for he had ever been indulgent to the moods and vagaries of his young brother, and he perceived that the boy's ungovernable spirit was chafing beneath some fancied injury. Before he could urge Giraldo's confidence, it found vent in a torrent of recriminations. "Yes, because thou art the elder, because thou art the heir, because thou art the favorite, and I but an insignificant ensign, a nobody, with nothing to call my own in all this knavish world — nothing but *her* — thou must needs wrest her from me, so that absolutely nothing, nothing, nothing be left me!"

The last words were almost a shriek in their vehemence, but the outburst was checked by a torrent of angry tears, that effectually impeded further utterance of the bitter emotions swelling the boy's heart.

A horrible suspicion entered Hugo's head, but he spoke calmly, —

"Whom meanest thou by 'her'?"

"As if there were anybody to mean but Adelaida!" retorted the youth in a new blaze of fury.

A brief pause of unfeigned astonishment on Hugo's part, was followed by a ringing laugh, and at the same time an expression of relief that did not escape Giraldo's notice, and did more to convince him of his error than arguments could have done.

"Adelaida! Adelaida!" repeated Hugo mirthfully. "Didst thou then think me a butterfly to be ensnared by that froward coquette?"

"Hold! or thou shalt eat thy words, with a taste of my blade!"

Realizing that it was indeed no laughing matter to the fiery young ensign, Hugo looked sober.

"Thou dost not really mean to seek Adelaida in marriage? Art thou mad, Giraldo? My dear brother, that my motives are wholly disinterested in begging thee to think seriously before staking thy happiness on this suit, thou canst readily believe, when I tell thee that Margarita hath long been the cherished object of my affections, and I wait but the morrow — the day on which our parents can refuse me naught — to ask their blessing on our betrothal."

"Is it then so?" stammered Giraldo. "Is it Margarita whom thou lovest? I am truly glad for thee, Hugo, for she is a sweet, modest child, and I have ever looked on her as a dear sister, though I foresaw not she would indeed be so one day. But" hesitatingly, "what will our parents say? Albeit educated and a lady, and beloved of our mother, she is but a poor orphan, and thou knowest our parents have long anticipated a brilliant match for thee."

"Our parents are just," was Hugo's grave reply, "and they know Margarita's worth; and then," he added in a lighter strain and with an air of assurance, "I have said on the morrow they can refuse me naught."

But Giraldo's brow was still clouded, and he said, with a renewal of distrust, —

"But — but — Adelaida favoreth thee. She hath only mocking words and jests for me, while to thee she is all honey and winsomeness."

"Wiles and coquetry, thou shouldst rather say," contemptuously replied Hugo. "It doth, indeed, grieve me, my brother, to see thee so blind to the truth. I like not to name her in the same breath with Margarita, but it behooveth thee to know that if Margarita be poor, then is Adelaida still poorer, for she lacketh not only fortune, but also the graces of true womanly dignity. She and her vain mother live upon their friends, making a ceaseless round of visits, forsooth, in a pertinacious endeavor to entangle some unwary eldest son into an alliance with the girl. Trust her not, dear Giraldo. Thou art good to look upon to eyes that love thee, and, doubt not, all I have is thine to use as freely as I do make use of it myself; but to the world thou art merely a second son, well-nigh portionless, and Adelaida doth but use thee as a stepping-stone to ingratiate herself with our parents, verily aspiring to wed with me. I speak plainly, but it is better so. She loves me not, but I am one of many on whom she placeth hope. I tell thee, beloved brother, she is an artful minx, designing and heartless."

"Thou meanest well, brother," was the haughty reply, "but thou

dost misjudge her. Thou shalt yet own my Adelaida is worthy, and can love as the best of Margaritas. I wish thee joy, dear Hugo, in thy choice, and I can gladly say thou hast selected wisely, and art deserving of all felicity."

Here the conversation ended, and Giraldo sought his lady-love, who was in no little consternation to find him in a state of determination that precluded all possibility of evasion, or postponement, of the decision he demanded. The time for subterfuge was past. To his reiterations that he would then and there be either accepted or refused, she answered,—

"But have I not said I love thee? and is not that enough?"

"Thou hast not said thou wilt marry me," was the blunt reply.

"We are both so young," sighed Adelaida (she was his elder by a year or two); "why press the matter now, my dearest one? Let us be happy in the present. Thou hast yet thy fame and fortune to make."

"To greater advantage shall I wield the sword, once assured that thy hand is to be my guerdon," boldly declared Giraldo.

"Whereas, if thou wilt not be mine, say the word, and thou shalt never look on my face more."

"Rash boy!" cried Adelaida, in alarm, lest in offending the son she should fall in the esteem of the parents, "wouldst thou quit thy home? Thou art headstrong, I fear; and still I cannot help but love thee. So have thy way, — in time I will be thine, but — mark the condition I impose — let our love be a secret till I give thee leave to make it known to others. Nay, turn not away, dear, good Giraldo, but give ear to thine Adelaida. What! must I already plead with thee to hearken to me?"

Adelaida's manœuvres carried the day, as usual. Her suppliant tones and coaxing words, and, above all, her pretty glances of entreaty, had due effect on her suitor, and he acceded to her desire for secrecy, which he believed was but another of her innumerable caprices.

At an auspicious moment of the festivities the following day, Hugo led Margarita to his parents, and, kneeling with her at their feet, besought their blessing upon his choice of a wife. If either the lord or lady of the castle felt a pang of disappointment at this unexpected proceeding, they dissembled successfully, and promptly and cordially accepted the charming and dowerless Margarita for their daughter.

Confounded and dismayed, and fearing to betray her mortification at the loss of the matrimonial prize on which she had reckoned, Adelaida prevailed on her mother to take her, that same evening, to visit for an indefinite period at a domain some distance from the scene of her defeat.

Giraldo was vexed and distressed at Adelaida's abrupt departure, and the futility of his remonstrances to prevent it. Her vows of love and constancy partly consoled him, but the shrewd young woman, under pretext of testing his oft-averred desire to please her at whatever cost to himself, forbade him to seek her until she should summon him, under pain of her breaking with him completely. Bitterly opposed as he was to this, she yet extorted from him a reluctant promise of compliance.

The marriage of Hugo and Margarita was soon effected, and the beautiful bride did indeed prove herself a sister to Giraldo. He, poor boy, torn with doubt and jealousy, poured out to her his grievances, to

which she listened sympathetically, even while deploring his bestowal of his heart on one so incapable of appreciating the boon as Adelaida. On one occasion, irritated by her attempts to reconcile him to the deprivation of Adelaida's society, he hurled all manner of invectives at his fate, and stalked away in high dudgeon.

"Our poor Giraldo!" she said later to Hugo. "That wretched Adelaida hath wrought a great change in him. He is no longer the sunny-tempered boy he was a short time ago."

"True," said Hugo, "our brother is not as was his wont; but rest assured that when he discovers Adelaida's perfidious nature, the force of the blow will rouse him to his better self, — 'twill make a man of him."

"Ay, perhaps a saint," assented Margarita, thoughtfully.

But Giraldo showed no symptoms of approaching saintliness; on the contrary, he grew more surly and morose from day to day. Quick to take offence at trifles, reproach and rebuke were unbearable to him, and when at last his mother felt called upon to chide him for his inexplicable conduct, the frown that marred his handsome face grew heavier, and, though he durst not reply with untoward words, he flung himself passionately out of her presence, and calling for his horse, galloped off to the house where Adelaida was visiting. One idea was uppermost in the vortex of passions that consumed him, — he would compel Adelaida's consent to open acknowledgment of their troth.

As he neared the house, he bethought him of her threat to reject his suit if he presented himself before her unsummoned. Undecided as to what course to pursue, he reined in his horse at the entrance, and to the lodge-keeper's inquiries as to his identity and bidding, he gave his name and inquired for Adelaida.

"As gay a young lady as is to be found in Aragon," volunteered the man, with the loquacity of an old and favored retainer, "and soon, they say, she will wed the fine stranger, he who is coming down the steps yonder, and is about to mount, for he doth leave these parts to-day."

Blinded with rage Giraldo sprang to the ground, and hastened to the house, which he would have entered unannounced, had not the stranger barred his way.

"How now, young sir, would you enter thus informally a house where to my certain knowledge you are no frequent guest?"

"Traitor! scoundrel! thief!" said Giraldo, "I'll teach you to have none of my Adelaida."

"Methinks she would have none of you," was the scornful retort. "Unruly boy! go back to your nurse, and venture not again into the world until you can account for your actions. And take *this* for your impudence," and with a swift stinging cut of his riding-whip across Giraldo's face, he was gone.

As the sound of his horse's hoofs receded, his adversary's gibing laugh floated back to the hapless ensign whose wrath and humiliation left him rooted to the spot. When he found speech it was but to mutter the words: —

"Dishonored! whipped like a dog! and by a wretch who hath flown, leaving me no chance of redress! Dishonored! Dishonored!" These were the words that came tumultuously through Giraldo's lips, as, with brain on fire, he slung himself into the saddle and rode madly

away, heedless of the direction he took, reckless even of death, if he could but encounter again the man who had inflicted the blemish on his honor. He rode onward in a frenzy of desperation; and when at last his horse slackened his pace through sheer fatigue, day was drawing to a close and he had seen naught of his insulter.

For the first time Giraldo now took note of the surrounding country. It was entirely unfamiliar to him, and before him loomed the massive walls of a Benedictine monastery. With sudden resolve, he knocked imperiously at the portal with the stock of his whip. The lay-brother who swung back the ponderous iron gate, learning that the young cavalier desired an interview with the abbot, informed him that the reverend father was not accessible at that hour.

"But exception must be made in my case," insisted Giraldo, "for it is of vast importance to me that I should see him now."

The lay-brother motioned him to enter the courtyard, and Giraldo dismounted, and followed the other to the locutory.

When the abbot entered, greeting his guest courteously, and solicitous to know his errand, Giraldo impetuously narrated his misfortunes; the abbot contemplating him keenly the while.

"Now," concluded Giraldo, "my one wish is to shun the sight of men."

"If in Aragon," suggested the abbot dispassionately, "you cannot raise your head before your fellows, why not go to Castile and there win a new name and renown among strangers."

"I can serve no king but my own. Even were that possible, I, myself, should be conscious of bearing the brand of an unavenged affront, though others were ignorant of my shame. Nay, let those who have loved me mourn me as dead, not as disgraced. I will bury myself from the world — immure myself in these sacred precincts; and favored by Heaven shall I be, indeed, if my maledictions avail to provoke its wrath upon my enemy!"

"Silence!"

The abbot's deep voice reverberated through the vaulted locutory like the roll of distant thunder. "This blessed abode is not a refuge for frustrated hopes, blighted passions, or vain schemes of vengeance. Those who enter here must come with chastened spirits, and hearts imbued with brotherly love and forbearance, with a yearning for higher and better things, with self-abnegation and humility, and a voluntary consecration to Heaven of earth's loftiest ambitions!"

The Angelus, ringing out from the monastery towers, interrupted the holy man.

"Kneel and pray!" he commanded; and, standing, he prayed aloud, while Giraldo, kneeling at his feet, made the responses.

The softening influence of prayer made itself felt on both. The abbot's features relaxed their severity, and at the Amen he looked down with a smile of ineffable compassion on Giraldo, whose face, upraised to his, was wet with tears.

"Father!" Giraldo's tremulous cry was fraught with mingled remorse and pleading.

"My son!" and the holy man raised him and folded him to his heart, "thou shalt rest with us and share our ways and duties for one year, and if, at the expiration of that

time, thou dost still crave to be one of us, thou shalt enter on thy novitiate. Meanwhile, thou shalt wear the gown of our order, but thy hair may not be shorn until the end of thy year's probation;" and he touched caressingly the abundant locks that fell loose on Giraldo's shoulders, according to the fashion of the times.

In mute and grateful reply, Giraldo reverently kissed the generous hand that had reached out to rescue him from a world of sin, and save him from his worst enemy, —himself.

PART II.— THE WARNING.

The months passed uneventfully at the ancient monastery, where Giraldo dwelt among the Benedictine brethren, striving to model his life after theirs. Time and again his thoughts strayed recreantly to the world outside, and he was filled with tempestuous yearnings for its din and strife. But, little by little, the firm though kindly restraint of monastic rule, the inflexible line of duty that it enforced, tempered by the great commandment of brotherly love, lulled the restless heart to a sense of security and repose, and gently and surely drew the fiery spirit toward the goal of religious ardor.

The abbot watched the development of Giraldo's inclinations to the religious life with the love of a father, and under his wise surveillance the young man's nature lost much of its former impetuosity.

The year of probation came to an end, and with faith and fervor Giraldo entered on his novitiate. After the solemn service that attended this step, he knelt in the solitude of his cell, his gaze fastened on one object that relieved the bareness of the whitewashed walls,—the cross, with its burden of undying love and eternal sacrifice,

The abbot, entering, looked tenderly on the kneeling figure, absorbed in devout aspiration, and drawing near laid his hand paternally on the novice's shoulder.

"My son, so, through renunciation of all that is worldly, shall thy footsteps tend onward and upward to His blest presence!"

"My father," and the fair young head leaned back lightly against the abbot's arm, "have I not renounced all things? Can I yet give more! Gladly would I give more to Him," the dark eyes turned again on the image of the Crucified, "but I know of naught that I have not already given."

"Take heed that thou perseverest in giving even that which thou hast already given, lest, by giving not, thou shouldst take back that which thou hast already bestowed," was the wise reply.

But Giraldo's novitiate was not what he had looked forward to. His health failed, and his strength waned so perceptibly that he was in great part exempt from arduous duties, and often, by orders of the abbot, he spent whole hours in the air and sunshine of the garden. There, seated on his favorite bench, he followed the movements of birds and insects, or pored over some carefully treasured spiritual book.

Here, one day, the abbot found him. The book lay open in Giraldo's hands, but he was not reading, nor occupied in anything around him. The young face wore an expression of deep thought, and the eyes had the intense strained and puzzled look of one who would fain penetrate the veil of the future.

"What troubleth thee, my son?"

With an air of relief Giraldo turned to the abbot, —

"My father, I am glad you are come. Tell me, I pray you, is it true, as 'tis said, that Saint Benedict, with three blows of his staff on the wall, warns his followers of the approach of death, that they may duly prepare themselves?"

"So runneth the legend, my son; but though tradition openeth to us the door of credence at our option, its mysteries are not sufficiently reliable to give it place in our full belief. Much that is unfathomable may be believed, however, even as much that is plausible may be gainsaid. But, now, my son, hearken to what I have come to say to thee. It will give thee joy.

"To begin with, thou art stronger, — is it not so?" Though he spoke thus encouragingly, the abbot's heart failed him as he marked the lassitude of the figure before him, and the unnatural brilliancy of Giraldo's eyes. "And we would give thee every incentive to grow strong. Therefore, as it is thy great wish to become one of us, we have resolved not to prolong thy novitiate, for thy year of probation stood thee in good stead. So be it; to-morrow thou shalt enter on a fortnight's retirement from contact or communication with others, to meditate upon the life thou art about to embrace in earnest, and to fortify thyself for it with prayer and resolutions. As thou knowest, to make the final vows of religious consecration, is, as it were, to receive a second baptism, in which the soul is left pure and undefiled, and exempt from responsibility of its past. In that moment one were as fit to enter the Kingdom of God as the babe at the font."

With a low cry of rapture, Giraldo threw himself at the abbot's feet and kissed the hem of his garment, but was instantly lifted and clasped in the arms of the venerable man of God.

"Verily, my beloved son, mayst thou prove worthy of this boon that heaven accordeth thee, for from those to whom such signal favor is extended, great things are expected." At this point of the colloquy, the abbot was summoned to the locutory, where a stranger sought speech with him.

Never had Giraldo's heart harbored holier counsels than that night, when, unable, at the hour of retiring, to compose himself in his state of exaltation, he determined to pour forth his soul in prayer at the foot of the altar. As he went down the dimly-lighted corridor leading from his cell, a stranger passed him and entered the chapel. It was he whose arrival had summoned the abbot from Giraldo's side that afternoon, and in the dim light the novice saw that his face was the hated face of the man who, months before, had dealt him the cruel blow, the unavenged insult, remembrance of which still rankled unsuspected in his bosom.

So are the toils of the tempter laid to ensnare our feet when we think ourselves most secure in grace.

At sight of his enemy, a complete metamorphosis occurred in Giraldo. Gasping for breath, he fell back against the wall, his bosom heaved, his features contracted, his hands twitched convulsively, a malignant purpose glittered in his eyes. In a mad impulse of returned hate he re-entered his cell and wrested from its place the iron bar that served to fasten the shutters of his casement. On into the chapel, without pause or

restraint, he glided like an evil spirit. The demon of revenge possessed him, and there was no room in his excited mind for any thought but that he was to wreak vengeance on his adversary.

In the gray gloom the stranger knelt in prayer. Giraldo stole near. A moment more, and his purpose would be accomplished. As the iron bar was about to descend upon the head of the unsuspecting victim, a heavy blow on the wall at Giraldo's side chilled the would-be assassin's blood in his veins. He stood as one petrified, his weapon poised in mid-air. Another mysterious blow on the wall, and yet another. With a loud cry, Giraldo loosed his hold, and the bar fell with a clang that brought the startled monks to the scene, just as the guilty novice, with an agonizing cry, dropped unconscious on the floor.

When Giraldo recovered his senses he lay on the rude couch of his cell. At his feet sat the abbot, silent and rigid, taking no notice as Giraldo moved. When the blankness of his stupor gave way to returning remembrance, the memory of his terrible deed rushed upon him over-poweringly.

"Father!" but his weak voice broke on the silence unanswered.

"Father! I am not a murderer! in mercy tell me I am not a murderer!" wailed the anguish-stricken youth.

The abbot turned toward him, his austerity unyielding, his accents cold and forbidding.

"By divine intervention your hand was delayed, but though your flesh be unstained, none the less doth the sin lie upon your soul."

The abbot resumed his stern attitude, and Giraldo, striving in vain to crawl from his couch to the abbot's feet, sank back on his pillow, moaning, —

"Father, I was mad, — I knew not what I was doing. My brain was turned, I was beside myself. I was crazed; oh, believe me."

"Even so; but though your murderous attempt was the fevered impulse of the moment, your sin was grievous. Though heaven in its infinite mercy stayed your hand, great and terrible should be your repentance. He whose life you would have taken is a Castilian like myself. He is my nephew, whom I have not seen for years. When, yesterday eve, he narrated to me his life, and told of his love for a woman who had beguiled the fancy of a boy, and how he had chastised the boy-lover for an unseemly and childish outbreak of rage, then, and not until then, did I recognize in him your enemy. He is now wedded to a noble dame of Castile, for he scorned the woman you both had loved, when he learned of her intriguing disposition. I did not enlighten him by betraying knowledge of you, but I pointed out to him to what extremes the hot-headedness of youth may lead, and he was filled with concern as to the fate of him he had struck for the sake of a woman who merited the love of neither. He went to the chapel to pray that he might not have been instrumental in ruining both your life and your soul, and, as he prayed for you, you crept upon him with dastardly intent!"

"Father, oh my father! I am no more worthy to be called thy son. Cast me not forth from your heart, my father! Let me work out my expiation. Turn not from me, my father. Look not on me thus! Nay, speak but one word to raise

me from the dust where I have fallen ! "

At this appeal the abbot's eyes grew moist, and, going to the side of the pallet, he took in his the burning hands of the sick novice, whose distracted mind grew calm and clear at the words, —

" My son, wilt thou tell me all thy rash doings? "

Holding fast to the strong hands, Giraldo made full confession of his insane desire for vengeance; but the abbot listened incredulously to the account of the blows that had arrested Giraldo in his attempt against the stranger's life.

" Father, Saint Benedict gave those blows! I feel it, I know it."

" My son," the abbot replied doubtfully, " to thy disordered brain the blows might well seem upon the chapel wall, when in reality 'twas but thy conscience called thee, for none heard them but thyself."

" Father, I am confident 'twas Saint Benedict did it, whether on the wall or on my conscience, for I both heard and felt the blows. And, father — " he hesitated, but continued, timidly, — " 'tis said that Saint Benedict only announces himself to those who are near death. I know that this is my punishment, — to die without making the final vows. 'Tis just! God's will be done ! "

His voice grew faint, and the abbot hastily pronounced the absolution over him, and hurried away, with anxiety depicted on his countenance. He returned immediately with the leech of the monastery, and investigation confirmed the fear that Giraldo was sinking rapidly. A brief consultation was held among the monks, and at once an altar was extemporized in Giraldo's cell, and a large painting of the patron of the order was placed on the wall at the foot of the bed.

The abbot gently aroused the half-conscious Giraldo.

" My son, before thou goest from our midst it is our wish to make thee one of us. So shall the great sin thou dost so repent of be washed away with all others thou hast committed in thy earthly existence, and, clad in spotless raiment, may'st thou enter on eternal life ! "

Giraldo's eyes grew bright with expectation, and, when the monks, who had supported him at the altar-foot, laid him, robed in the full dress of the order again on his bed, the blessed light of eternity already shone in the countenance that turned yet once more to the superior's in loving gratitude.

" Father, forgive — I am so happy — Saint Benedict! Jesus! Mary ! "

The chant of the monks was broken with weeping, and, with a mighty sob, the abbot bent over the newly professed, kissed the marble forehead, and closed the eyes from which the lustre had died out.

The ancient monastery is no longer tenanted by a holy order, but the *castellan* shows to-day to visitors the portrait of Saint Benedict, the seamed canvass of which is said to have been rent ages ago by three appalling blows, that sounded on the wall behind it, when the young monk, Giraldo, expired.

THE FIRST SNOW.

A FLORIDA CHRISTMAS.

Wm. Manning Connell.

CHRISTMAS is, by far, the most important festival in this part of the United States; much more, as it seems, than in the states of the North. It takes precedence over the Fourth of July and any of the other holidays that are celebrated with so much enthusiasm elsewhere. The negroes, as a general rule, stop work for the entire week and nothing but dire necessity will compel them to labor ever so little. It is the outcome of an old custom, for in slavery days their masters always gave them a week for merry-making at Christmas time.

For months before they will save their wages, denying themselves clothes, tobacco, and all save that which is necessary for their existence, only to spend the accumulation in one short week of jollification. Very little thought is given by them to the religious side of this solemn season, for, to the ordinary Florida darky, an ideal Christmas represents stimulants enough to keep them in a continuous state of intoxication, exhilaration, gambling unlimited and plenty to eat.

In the cities and towns, where such things are obtainable, they invest as much as possible in cannon-crackers, red lights and fire-works. With these accessories they manage to make the day and night noisy, in a manner that would make the Yankee small boy think that the world had turned upside down and Christmas had fallen on the Fourth of July. Through the streets, in the early morning, file straggling processions of ragged boys, beating tin pans, blowing horns, singing and marching with all the fantastic movements and comical gesticulation of which only a Southern darky is capable.

The white boys generally leave this street parading to their colored neighbors, amusing themselves by gathering in groups and obstructing them in unexpected quarters. Then occurs a battle royal, which leaves the race question still unsettled.

For the country colored people there are dances and barbecues innumerable, and for the whites the visiting from one house to another, where all are made welcome and treated with true Southern hospitality to the best the plantation affords.

Christmas Eve is memorable in the smaller cities for the many pleasant

customs attached to it. In the beginning of the evening the people gather at one another's houses, and while the elders tell stories of Christmas Eves gone by, the younger amuse themselves with the simple and jolly games, known the world over. Later, light refreshments, consisting of the many tropical fruits so plentiful here, cakes and ices are passed around. To pledge each other a Merry Christmas in Christmas egg-nog, a special beverage, is a time-honored custom and one that is never forgotten.

Now comes the best feature of all, for the glorious and romantic celebration of Midnight Mass is to occur in the old cathedral. Without, the streets are already crowded with happy people, and others are joining them from the houses. To one who remembers vividly the frosty, biting air and the snow-covered ground of a northern Christmas, it does not seem possible that this can indeed be Christmas Eve.

The soft, balmy-air, the lightly clad throngs, and the golden color of the oranges, revealed in the moonlight against the black green of the leaves, scarce seem the appurtenances of Christmas. Every one goes to Midnight Mass, not only all good Catholics but numbers of other denominations. For the finest singers in the city will be in the choir to-night, gathered from all other churches, and the sermon will be on a subject that lies within the under-

STREET IN A FLORIDA TOWN.

OLD CATHEDRAL, ST. AUGUSTINE'S, FLA.

standing of all creeds, the Nativity of our Lord.

Within the church the decorations are beautiful in the extreme. The altar and the shrine of the Blessed Virgin are ornamented with long tropical vines; palms and palmetto branches are everywhere; not the hot-house products of our northern cities, but those gathered from the fields and woods near by, for this is the "Land of Flowers" and perpetual summer. The pictures, representing the Stations of the Cross, are draped with festoons of gray Spanish moss, and bunches of holly leaves and mistletoe are fastened on the wall between. Nature is lavish beyond all comparison in this beautiful climate, and the results of her bounty are finer than an expenditure of hundreds of dollars would obtain in a colder land.

Among the occupants of the benches one may notice, with a slight degree of astonishment, the black, kinky heads of the colored people bowed in prayer. In all the South the Catholic is the only Church where white and black may worship together, and kneel in adoration of Him who made all men equal in the beginning, as they shall be in the end.

A peculiar solemnity and devotion seems to pervade the whole congregation, from the sombre looking nuns in the front pews to the negro boys kneeling in the furthermost corner of the gallery, with their big white eyes staring with awe. The feeling grows more intense as the midnight hour

approaches and the grandeur of the greatest event in the world's history comes home to every pious heart.

At the elevation, when all heads are bowed in humble supplication, simultaneously with the ringing of the altar bell, the great bell in the tower booms out its message of "Glory be to God on high, and on earth peace to men of good will." Out over the river, glittering in the moonlight, the sailors on the foreign vessels hear it and mutter a half forgotten prayer of Christmas and the Christ-child. It stirs the leaves of the giant live oaks and wakens the spirits of those Catholic cavaliers of old Spain who knelt beneath their branches in the dead centuries of long ago. And then the morning wind blows softly. The hush of the world's stillness hovers over all and the blessings of peace come down to earth, for this is another Christmas Day!

HAVE hope: though clouds environ round,
And gladness hides her face in scorn;
Put thou the shadow from thy brow;
No night but hath its morn: —

Schiller.

St. Anthony and the Christ-child.

A Distant View of Loreto.

A CITY ON A HILL.

A PILGRIMAGE TO THE HOLY HOUSE OF LORETO.

Marie Y. Donegan Walsh.

NAZARETH and Loreto — those two well-loved and familiar names! Around them cling a host of sacred memories dear to us from childhood, when we read in the Bible stories of the life of the Holy Family of Nazareth, so peacefully spent within the walls of the Holy House.

Side by side and inseparably connected in our recollections these two names ever linger — the city of Judea and the city of Italy; for as early almost as we learnt the story of Nazareth, our childish ears listened with astonishment to the recital of the miraculous Flight of the Holy House, from the soil of Palestine to the shores of the Adriatic Sea; from the neglect and contumely of the Moslem, to the homage and reverence of Christians through all succeeding ages.

To us, after the Holy Land, a pilgrimage to Loreto has been the object of our strongest desire; and when the long-looked for opportunity came at last, it was a happy band of pilgrims, who wended their way to the hillside of Loreto on a bright September morning of the present year.

It is a royal road, this high-road to Loreto; for along its mountain pathway kings and princes, ambassadors, cardinals and prelates have lowered their proud dignity, and cast

aside all earthly pomp to kneel as pilgrims under the roof of the humble Virgin of Nazareth; and kiss the walls forever hallowed by the presence of the Lord made Flesh!

The way is a particularly beautiful one, even in this favored land of so much beauty; for it runs along the coast-line of the Adriatic, close to the blue expanse of sparkling waters, and with a background of fair green hills, orchards and vineyards.

At last we reach "Porto Recanati," which is interesting as having been the second resting-place of the Holy House after its miraculous flight! The next halt proves to be Loreto, and we are all impatient to descend when the train steams slowly into the most primitive of country railway-stations, and the guard calls out "Loreto."

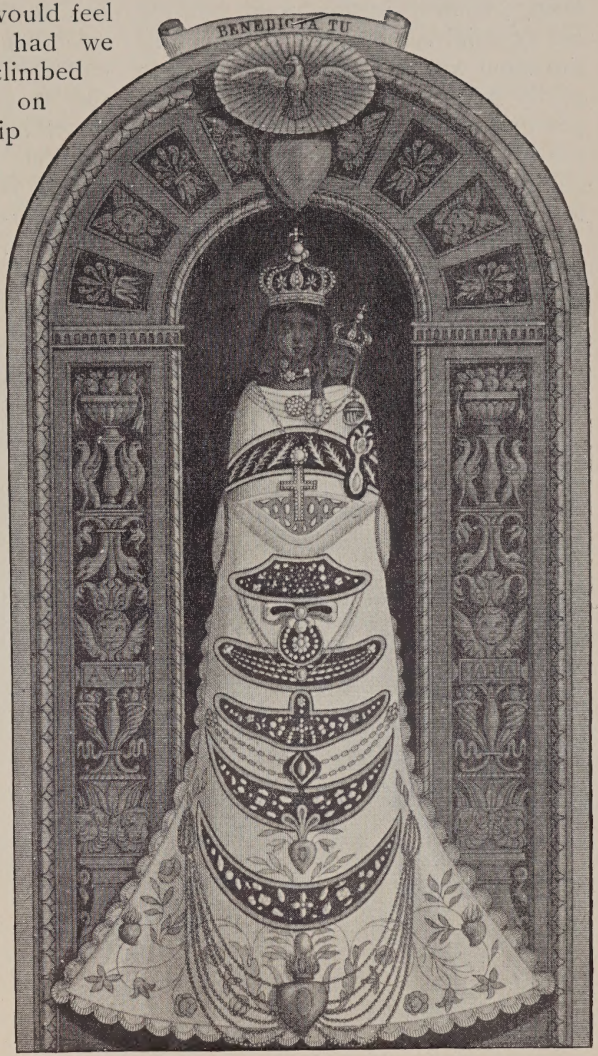
It is not all one's idea of a pilgrimage, this comfortable modern

EXTERIOR OF THE BASILICA OF LORETO AND FAÇADE OF THE APOSTOLIC PALACE.

railway travelling, and we would feel more like *real* pilgrims had we slowly and painfully climbed yonder blue Apennines on foot, with staff and scrip and sandalled feet; but our faith is none the less if we have come to Loreto in the railway, and not toiled along the high-road, or over the mountain passes.

It is never to be forgotten, that first glimpse of the green, smiling hillside of Loreto, rising up so majestically against the blue sky, crowned by the massive Church and Apostolic Palace, and walled by battlements which seem built to guard the precious treasure within their precincts.

Thoughts and feelings indescribable fill the heart as one gazes at Loreto, and strives to realize that under yon noble dome with its gold statue of the Madonna scintillating in the sunlight, stands the cottage of the lowly Carpenter of Nazareth — the greatest scene, save one, in the history of the World's Redemption.



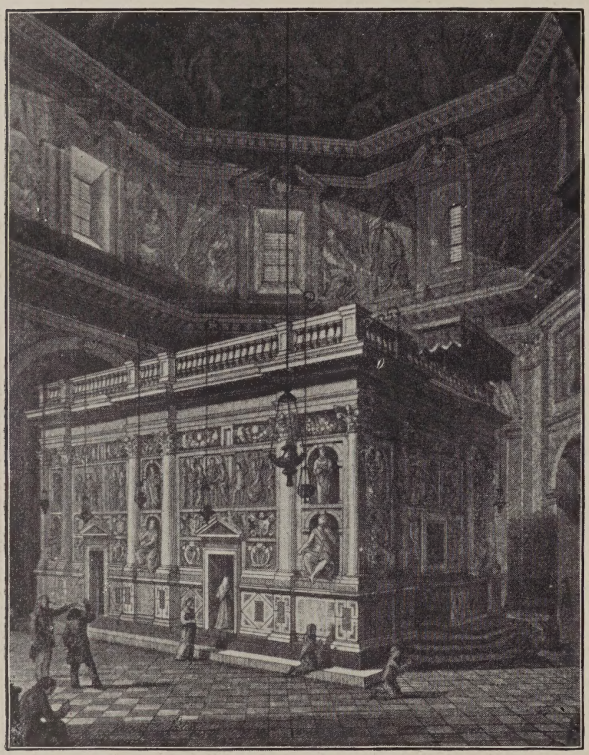
MIRACULOUS MADONNA OF THE HOLY HOUSE OF LORETO.

Fair indeed are the surroundings of this favored spot; — beauty of hill and valley, of mountain and plain, the ever-changing beauty of sea and sky are blended in one perfect whole; as if Nature had placed her rarest loveliness around the earthly home of Her who was "fair amongst the daughters of men."

But we must not linger at the foot of the hill; for there is much to be done in the day of pilgrimage, and we long to reach our goal — "Our Lady's House by the Adriatic shore," as Dante has it. There is a crowd of vehicles of every description waiting at the station to convey travellers up the steep ascent to the town; and their various drivers surround the pilgrims; vociferating and gesticu-

lating; each trying to secure you for his especial vehicle! . . . Our first intention was to climb the hill; but partly in despair of evading the importunities of the "vetturini" and partly to save time, we weakly succumb, and are whirled away at a rattling pace up the winding road.

Beautiful and more beautiful grows the view as we approach the summit; and more and more invigorating is the fresh clear mountain air as we come nearer the Basilica with its bastion walls of Pope Sixtus V.



THE EXTERIOR AND DOME OF THE HOLY HOUSE OF LORETO.

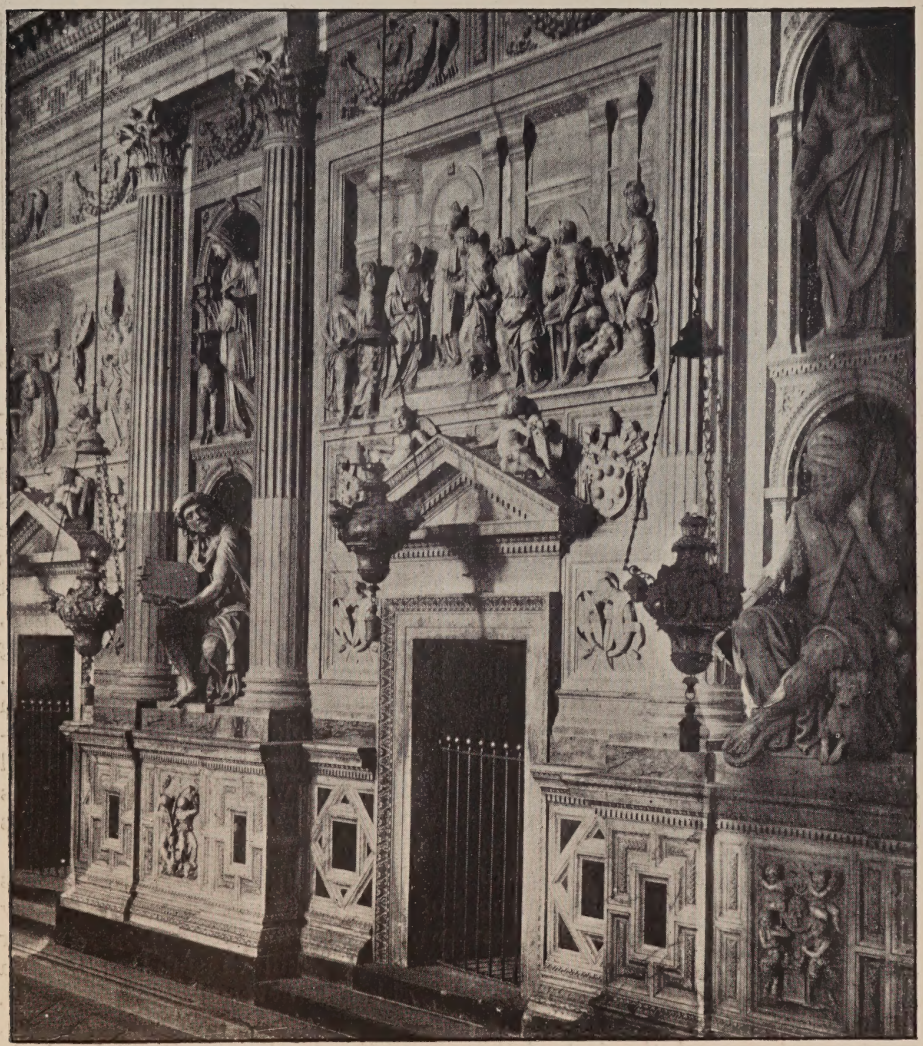
The town is soon reached, and we find ourselves passing under the arched gateway of the "Porta Romana" and rattling over the sharp stones of the narrow streets which lead to the "Santa Casa." The first street we come to is appropriately called "Via dei Coronari" (Street of the Rosaries) for every shop and booth along it is given up to the sale of pious objects, prominent among which is the representation of the Madonna of Loreto in every size and form. . . . These quaint little old world stalls make a pretty bit of local coloring against the old stone houses of the street; but we only have time for a passing glimpse before our carriage dashes up in grand style to the broad sunny Piazza; and we are before the portals of the Church of the Holy House.

The first sight is highly impressive; the group of massive buildings so closely built together, forms an imposing whole.

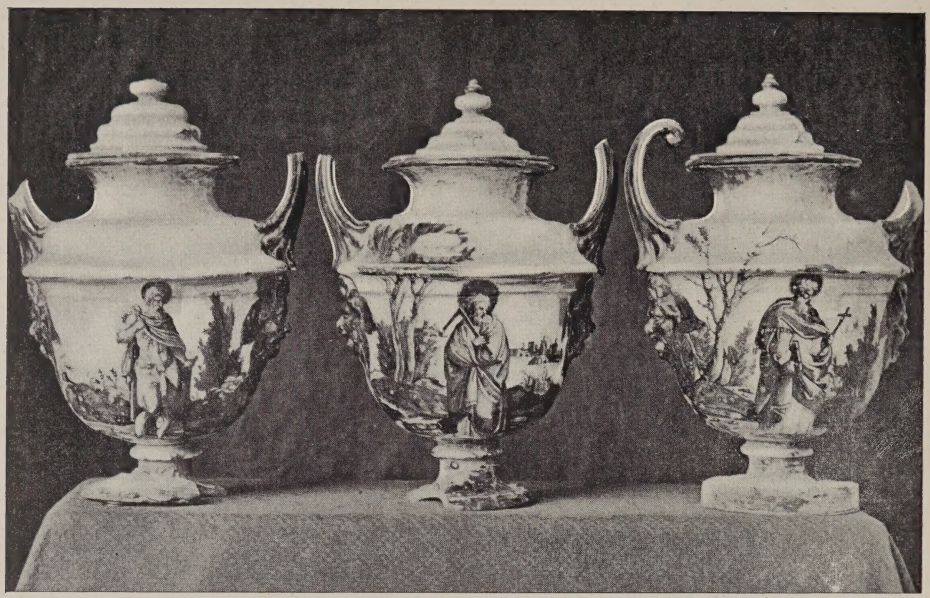
Directly before us rises the stately Basilica with its soaring dome and slender "campanile," and to the north and west sides of the Piazza stretch the long vistas of arched arcades of the Apostolic Palace; while the beautiful bronze fountain and the bronze statue of Pius V occupy the centre of the square. . . . This Basilica of Loreto was finished in the sixteenth century under the pontificate of the Borghese Pope, Paul V. Many architects of note were employed upon its vast fabric; the most famous of these being Giulio di San Gallo and the celebrated Beamante. It was left to Pope Sixtus V to finish the façade, and erect the marvellous bronze doors which form so

fitting an approach to Our Lady's shrine. Their exquisite and realistic work as we enter first attract our deepest admiration. These doors were executed by the sons of the sculptor Giolamo Lombardo, Tivurzio Vercelli, Calcagni Sebastiani and Tarquin Acometti; they represent scenes from the Old Testament beginning with the Creation on the central door; and continuing on the side doors mingled with scenes from the New Testament and events in the life of Our Blessed Lady.

Raising one's eyes from the matchless portals, another thing of beauty meets the gaze in an exquisite statue of the Madonna, which was erected by Pope Sixtus V, whose bronze effigy is in the Piazza, looking down majestically through the lapse of centuries, on the mighty fabric his de-



MARBLE CASING OF THE EXTERIOR OF THE HOLY HOUSE OF LORETO.



VASES DESIGNED BY RAPHAEL.

voted hands had helped to raise to the glory of God and the honor of His Blessed Mother.

With a thrill of anticipation we pass under the portal, over which is written the inscription, "The House of the Mother of God wherein the Lord was made Flesh." Within the Basilica the scene is singularly beautiful; rich in the spiritual atmosphere of prayer and the harmonies of light and color. Above, the sonorous organ sends forth its note of praise; before and around us stretches a vast perspective, with long lines of massive columns, marble altars, the graceful edifice of snowy sculptured marble, rising in the midst under the dome. It seems at first hard to realize this as the Cottage of Nazareth — the dwelling-place of the Son of God and His Virgin Mother for so many years.

At every altar, and there are many in this vast temple, Mass is being offered; and around the feet of the priest in his crimson vestments, each altar has its group of silent kneeling worshippers.

Touching and instinct with devotion as is the scene, we cannot linger near the threshold, for our footsteps draw us irresistibly forward towards the marble shrine under the dome — the object of our many desires and long miles of journeying. But pause we must, if only for a second, to gaze and wonder at the surpassing beauty of the outside of the Shrine.

Of rare grace and beauty of design are the marble sculptures, representing the whole life of the Blessed Virgin, with which the master-hands of old have decorated Our Lady's home.

They thought well; these artists of the ages of faith when they wrought the inspired vision of their love and skill in stainless Carrara marble; for never a color or jewel, not even a gem of richest gold-work, mars the dazzling purity of the virgin

white; fit emblem of the purity of the Mother-Maid who dwelt within and hearkened here to the angelic message.

Under the western window of the Holy House is a bas-relief of the Annunciation; commencing the series of scenes from Mary's life over the very spot where the Angel Gabriel stood. . . . So purely reverential is it in its devotion, that one gazes upon it spellbound.

Most of the pilgrims knew the history of the Flight of the Holy House, but before going in we stopped to read with redoubled interest the inscription written upon it, which relates that the Blessed Virgin was born in this house, saluted here by the Angel, and that here the Lord was made Flesh. Also that in the year 1291 angels bore the Holy House from Palestine; first to the town of Tersatto in Illyria, then three years later to the territory of Recanati, and finally to this hill-town of Loreto, where we now see and reverence it. Two doors give entrance to the shrine on either side; and all around it runs a step of marble, which has been literally worn away into two deep furrows by the knees of pious pilgrims making the circuit of the Holy House, and kneeling and chanting the praises of Mary.

By these furrows in the cold, hard marble we can judge a little of the pilgrims great devotion at Loreto; but the perfect holiness of the place is only realized fully, when one enters the narrow doorway, and finds oneself at the foot of Our Lady's Altar in her childhood's home.

We are no longer in the rich and stately fifteenth century chapel, it seemed outside; no longer the gorgeous shrine of medieval art; but under the roof of the Cottage of Nazareth in all its primitive simplicity.

A dim religious light pervades the interior; and after the glare of light outside our dazzled eyes can only catch a glimpse of rude walls of roughest workmanship, blackened in the lapse of centuries; of an arched roof above, and of countless lamps hanging from roof and walls, dimly illuminating the miraculous black Madonna over the altar; which flashes myriad rays of brightness from the jewels on Her robe. An utter stillness seems to linger on the air; and but for the low voice of the priest saying Mass at the altar one would fancy oneself alone in the Holy House;—alone but for the hallowed memories which people this spot with their sacred presence.

This is indeed an atmosphere of prayer; and naturally, almost involuntarily the "Hail! full of grace!" rises to the heart and lips, on the place where the Angel Gabriel saluted our Blessed Lady with the first "Ave Maria." . . . Surely such a brooding stillness must have dwelt in this House of Nazareth when Mary listened to the angel's greeting. Gradually our eyes have become accustomed to the dim light; we can distinguish our surroundings; and the first object we notice is the inscription written in letters of gold over the altar. "Hic Verbum caro factum est."

It is an appalling thought, and ever present in our meditations as with a fresh thrill of faith and reverence we look around the walls within which the great mystery was accomplished. . . . The Mass is finished now; and the pilgrims begin to disperse.— Representatives of many lands are here to-day; rich and poor, young and old, priests and laymen,

students and religious; peasants from the neighboring hill-towns in picturesque costume; but one and all united in a common aim, a loving reverence to their Blessed Mother. Masses follow each other in quick succession at Loreto; and every moment priests are waiting to say Mass in the Holy House; so we must make the best of the brief interval to see all the objects of interest it contains.

In size, the Holy House seems smaller than we had expected; but it is in reality 31 feet long by 13½ wide, and 14 feet high; but the altar reredos across the east end which divides the "Sacro Cammino" and the statue of the Madonna from the rest, takes from its apparent size. The walls are of a deep-red color; worn smooth in the lower part by the constant touch of pilgrims. Upon them are traces of ancient frescoes; faded into the dull coloring of the walls and now almost indistinguishable. It is said that these frescoes were first painted on the Holy House by order of Saint Helena, the Empress; but eminent archaeologists have declared that the layers of plaster on the walls show that different pictures were painted at different epochs.

The figures represent the Madonna and Child with several saints; prominent among them being Saint Louis, King of France, who made a pilgrimage here in thanksgiving for his deliverance from the Saracens; and caused his portrait to be painted at Our Lady's feet.

The large window at the west end of the Holy House, shows the depth and solidity of the walls; and it is at this identical window that the Angel Gabriel stood. Over the window hangs an antique almost life-size painting of the Crucifixion on a cross of cedar-wood; and tradition relates that it is of the greatest antiquity and came to Loreto with the Holy House, where it is held in the greatest veneration and regarded as miraculous. . . . Another object, which seems to us strangely incongruous, is a cannon-ball hung on the wall; but we no longer wonder at its presence when we hear that it was a thank-offering by Pope Julius II for his escape from death at the siege of Mirandola, when this self-same ball fell at his feet without harming him. On the other side of the wall is a large and heavy stone, secured to it by irons, and which also has a history attached to it. In the sixteenth century the Portugese Bishop of Coimbra, managed to carry away with him as a relic this stone of the Holy House; but being pursued by incessant ill-health all the time the stone was in his possession, he was obliged to send it back, when it regained its rightful place, his illness suddenly ceased; and the stone was placed in this prominent position in memory of the event.

The altar of the Holy House is very beautiful; adorned with many lamps and rich gilding, and the statue of the Madonna is seen above through the arched recess, standing out in grand relief amid jewels and starry lights! On either side of the altar are life-size bronze gilt busts of Saint Joseph and Saint Anne, the two saints, who after Jesus, were Mary's nearest and dearest on earth. This altar in the centre of the Holy House covers the original altar which, as tradition tells us, Saint Peter erected in the chamber of the Incarnation after Our Lord's Ascension; but we must pass out of the door in order to visit the east end,

which is behind the altar and divided off by it.

We enter by another smaller door and find ourselves at the "Santo Cammino," the chimney and hearth-stone of the Holy House, surmounted by the miraculous Madonna which we can now see and examine closely.

The Madonna, which came with the "Santa Casa" and is said to have been carved by Saint Luke, is made of dark cedar-wood of Lebanon; now perfectly black and more curious than beautiful in appearance. It is three feet in height and is covered with a long flowing robe to the feet; only the head of the Infant Jesus being visible under His Mother's mantle.

Many and varied are the vicissitudes and journeys through which this statue passed before it rested, finally, here in this quiet jewel-bedecked shrine. It was carried away to France in the end of the eighteenth century, pillaged of all its jewels and placed in a national library in Paris; only to be restored at the solicitation of Pope Pius VII, who after venerating it publicly and privately in the Eternal City, gave it back to Loreto, where all the populace came out to meet it, and carried it joyfully in procession to its resting-place in the Holy House. Truly regal are the blazing jewels with which Our Lady's robe is sewn; gifts of many a king and potentate; and near it our eyes are dazzled with the radiance flashing from its every fold.

This statue, however, cannot contain the thousands of costly tributes which grateful hearts have placed as thank-offerings at Mary's feet. The remainder are contained in a vast "Treasury" in the Sacristy which we shall see presently; there is one more object of interest contained in this part of the Holy House and that is the "Santa Scodella" (holy vessel) which is kept in a cupboard near the chimney. A priest in attendance opens this cupboard and presents the vessel for our veneration, and that we may touch our rosaries or other pious objects with it. It is a little basin or cup of common earthenware, out of which, pious tradition says, the Blessed Virgin was wont to feed the Infant Jesus.

It is now covered on the outside by a rich coating of pure gold, wrought in minutely beautiful bas-reliefs by the master-hand of Benvenuto Cellini! It is a tiny gem of richest art; but one looks with a still more tender and reverent interest at the cracked and discolored terra-cotta within, against which the rosy lips of the Christ-Child may so often have been pressed.

When we return to the other part of the Holy House, we find it thronged as before with pious pilgrims. Another Mass is going on; so we are fain to stay for a while in this holy spot, where every moment is precious, breathing tender piety and devotion.

The custodian tells us that Masses are celebrated daily in the Holy House till two o'clock; so that pilgrims to Loreto can hardly miss hearing Mass there; even if their visit is ever so short. When Mass is over we wander out into the Basilica; noting its many things of beauty.

Dazzled by their marble radiance we linger around the exquisite marble-casings of the Holy House; making their circuit and fascinated by their dream-like beauty. On each side of the House two mysteries of Our Lady's life are sculptured; —

the Annunciation, Visitation, Birth and Marriage of the Blessed Virgin, the Nativity, Death of Mary; and, finally, the flight of the Holy House from Palestine to its three stopping-places on Italian shores.

Flanking each mystery is placed the grand figure of a Sybil, and underneath the Sybil, a Prophet, twenty in all, who prophesied of the conception and birth of Our Lady. These figures are noble in form and design, and full of the inspired dignity of prophets and seers of the world's redemption — fit guardians for the portals of the home of the Mother of God.

These marvellous decorations of the Holy House are of the sixteenth century, designed by the architect Bramante; but many famous sculptors assisted in its completion; among them Lombardi, Sansovino, Francesco di San Gallo, Tribolo, and Domenico Aimo.

As a strong contrast to the snowy whiteness of these gems of art, the glorious modern frescoes in the dome above, look down in solemn grandeur on the marble shrine; throwing out by their rich and glowing coloring its dazzling purity. The frescoes are by the Sienese artist Maccari, one of the greatest living Italian painters. They are yet in process of completion; the artist at the time of our visit to Loreto being engaged on the work.

The design is singularly beautiful and appropriate in this place, for it represents the different titles and invocations of our Lady in the Litany of Loreto, wrought into a scene of surpassing beauty, somewhat resembling the mystic visions of paradise, painted by the artist monks of the middle ages.

In form the dome is octagonal, and the eight last titles of the Litany, beginning at "Queen of Patriarchs" and ending with "Queen of the most holy Rosary," are represented in noble pictures, framed as in arches. The figures of the blessed are grouped in various combinations, full of power and dignity and conceived in a spirit of religious mysticism, tender and reverent in touch and treatment, while the backgrounds and accessories of the pictures fairly glow with the rich and mellow coloring this artist has made his own.

Above the figures are seen representations of the mystical titles of the Litany, such as "Mirror of Justice," "Ark of the Covenant," etc., and between them stand angels with scrolls, singing the praises of their Queen under the remaining titles of the Litany of Loreto.

Richer and richer grows the coloring as it reaches the highest point of the dome; the ornamentations and arabesques of the design are wrought upon a ground of gold; culminating in a mass of golden splendor at the apex, where the dove of the Holy Ghost looks down, through an almost infinity of space, on the roof of the cottage of Nazareth.

It would need days, even weeks, to contemplate the works of art of this glorious Basilica of Loreto; but our time is all too short and we cannot linger, but to render them a passing tribute of sincerest admiration.

The complete history of the Flight of the Holy House, translated into several different languages, is placed on marble tablets all around the walls of the Church, so that every pilgrim can read it in his native tongue; the English version is compiled by Father Robert Corbington, a Jesuit,

in the year 1634. Confessionals for almost every language encircle the Basilica, and the "Conventuals" possess the office of "Penitentiaries" in Loreto, while the Capuchins have the complete charge of the Holy House and the direction of the "Universal Congregation of the Holy House" which is canonically erected here, and enriched by many spiritual favors by the Sovereign Pontiff.

Eight chapels stand in a semicircle at the back of the Holy House; several of them, monuments of the faith and piety of various nations, erected to commemorate the sixth centenary of the translation of the Holy House; and encircling our Blessed Lady's home like a girdle of gems.

First of these and nearest the Holy House is the chapel of Saint Joseph, the gift of the Italian nation and a perfect gem of modern art.

Statuary, sculpture, and wood-carving, wrought-iron work, painting, delicately-tinted stained glass, frescoes and bronze-work, gold and jewels — all that is beautiful and precious in this sunny land where art is queen and mistress, has been placed at Saint Joseph's feet. It is a purely national tribute too; for the design was by an Italian and every part of the decorations have been executed in Italy. In gazing upon this stupendous work one can only wonder at the present-day talk about the degeneracy of modern art; for the marble statue of Saint Joseph on the carved and traceried altar, rich with priceless wood-carving, the Tabernacle in faultless bronze-work and precious stones, the tender coloring of the frescoed walls, and above all the wrought-iron screen which encloses the chapel, are worthy of the art of any age.

Another beautiful chapel now in course of completion is that of the German nation. It is intended for the Choir of the Basilica, and, when finished, will be another fine specimen of pure modern art, in the Gothic Venetian style; and this time the design of a famous German artist Professor Seitz, who is working upon it at present. So far we could see but little of the Chapel; but as much as we could see appeared strikingly beautiful; for the walls are covered with frescoes representing the symbols and attributes of Mary and scenes from her life.

France also, has not failed to bring her tribute of devotion to the Holy House; for second to none in works of love and piety the "eldest daughter of the Church" has ever been; and in the days to come, when the modern decorations of Loreto are fully completed, the French Chapel of Saint Louis will be noticed as particularly beautiful, even amid surroundings of so much beauty as the Basilica of Loreto. It is to represent scenes in the life of Saint Louis, more especially those of his pilgrimage to the Holy House; for through the faith and piety of their royal and saintly countryman the French people seem to have a special claim on Loreto.

Next to it is another national chapel; that of the Slavs; which also promises to be, in time, a fit representative of the offerings and prayers of the Slavonian people Madonna's shrine. Altogether before many years have elapsed Loreto bids fair to be a treasure house of modern international art; where every race and nation will be represented at Our Lady's feet.

One more place of interest there is to visit yet; the "Treasury" in the

Sacristy adjoining the Holy House, where all the thank-offerings are kept — the accumulation of long centuries of gratitude to the Madonna of Loreto for favors received. It is a vast hall decorated with frescoes and lined all around with cupboards where one is shown a marvellous collection of precious objects; gold and silver, gems and jewelry of every description, church vessels, altar decorations. As we look, the flash of diamond flowers, Oriental pearls, rings and chains, and glittering necklaces of topaz and of amethyst, is fairly dazzling. One of the most curious of the offerings is the Holy Name of Mary, composed entirely of diamonds and rubies; and among all the royal gifts there is one from an humble donor which well-nigh surpasses them all in costliness. It is a pearl of gigantic size offered to the Madonna by a poor fisherman, who found it on the sea-shore, miraculously engraved with the figure of the Blessed Virgin.

Banners and time-worn trophies; relics of bygone victories, are also to be found among the thank-offerings of Loreto; as well as the standards of modern pilgrimages; and some simple country-people from the mountains who made the round of the "Treasury" with us and stood in speechless admiration of the jewels; called us with the greatest pride to see the banner *their* city, Macerata, had brought to Loreto two years ago. But later on *our* turn came to be proud; for in a case by the window, together with many another banner and costly gift its silken folds falling from the flag-staff in graceful draperies, stood the beloved flag of our native land; left there last year by the American Pilgrimage to Rome and Loreto.

The "mezzo-giorno" Angelus is ringing out from the "Campanile" of the Basilica as we pass out from its threshold at last on our way to the "Albergo Pellegrini" (Pilgrim's Hotel) where we mean to rest and refresh ourselves.

The little country hotel is clean and comfortable; and we take our lunch in company — or rather in the same room — for he is at a distant table in the window — with Professor Maccari, the artist of the frescoes of the dome. He is a quiet-mannered man of medium height, with an intelligent thoughtful face and dark eyes; and the thin nervous hands of the true artist.

Later in the afternoon we make the tour of the little town, and enjoy the peerless views over sea and country from its mountain heights. We find ourselves once more in the "Via dei Coronari," which reminds one so strangely of Lourdes, and now take time to examine all the little booths more closely.

Among the usual collection of pious objects we find one or two articles of the simplest workmanship which must surely be specialties of Loreto.

One of these is a little bowl and plate of earthenware made in exact imitation of the bowl of the Infant Jesus in the Holy House; and roughly painted with a picture of the Madonna, while around it is written "Con Poloere della Santa Casa" (made with the dust of the Holy House)! Others again are handkerchiefs with the Madonna printed on them and under it a little prayer and pious invocation in Italian.

Quaint and odd these simple pious objects seem to us; but not the least irreverence to the Madonna is intended by the country people who make and buy them; and they are

carried away as souvenirs of Loreto to many a mountain-home, there to be fondly treasured and kept with the greatest care and reverence.

The "Via dei Coronari" ends in the Roman Gate of the town; and at the corner we see a glimpse of an enchanting view, which makes us hasten to the Ramparts. Around us spreads a grand panorama of hill and country, of glittering sea and towering mountain-peak; while before us rises the green hill-slopes of Monreale (the royal mount). In the fair meadows towards the Adriatic Sea lies "Castelfidardo" — that battlefield of saddest memories, where on a September day of 1860, many a gallant soldier of the Pope-King made his last stand for God and his sovereign in the very sight of Loreto's shrine.

The morning loveliness of the day has somewhat departed now, and we wend our way back to the Basilica to pay it a farewell visit. The organ is again pealing out as we enter and vespers are going on in the choir. The shades of evening are falling over the vast edifice; the one spot of light in the gloom is the snowy marble of the Holy House — illuminated, in a clear steady radiance, by the light of the golden lamps which burn around it.

Silently, noiselessly, we enter the Holy House, for in this twilight stillness even the lightest footfall re-echoes on the marble floor! The interior is a blaze of light, from the lamps and candles on the altar, and the jewelled Madonna glows with a new and added lustre as the gems flash back the light.

Pilgrims are kneeling all about the House and on the altar steps; and their devotion and piety is beautiful to witness! A priest in stole and surplice kneels at the feet of the Madonna, reciting (as is the nightly custom at Loreto) the Litany of our Blessed Lady, to which the faithful respond with heartfelt piety. From time to time he touches and passes over the statue with a light feather brush — this curious custom taking place every night just before the Holy House is shut. Then follow various prayers and invocations; the "Salve Regina" being said repeatedly for different intentions; and every time, as it seems, with redoubled faith and fervor of supplication.

At last when all is over the priest descends, the lights are put out, and the pilgrims warned to take their departure, for the Holy House is about to be locked for the night. With mingled feelings of consolation and regret, we take a last look around the "Santa Casa"; consolation that we have been privileged to visit a spot where the memories of Jesus and Mary linger like a tender benediction; regret that we are forced to leave it all too soon.

Benediction is about to be given at the side altar of the "Addolorata"; so we join the throng making their way to the altar.

It has grown darker and darker while we knelt at Benediction; a sudden storm has come up, so we are forced to wait awhile in the peaceful shelter inside.

Gradually the rain and thunder grow less and less, the atmosphere lightens, and when we stand at the great bronze doors once more the sky is clear and golden. We find a conveyance, and start at once on our way to the station, with many a backward glance at the Basilica and its dome.

The hill-tops are aglow with

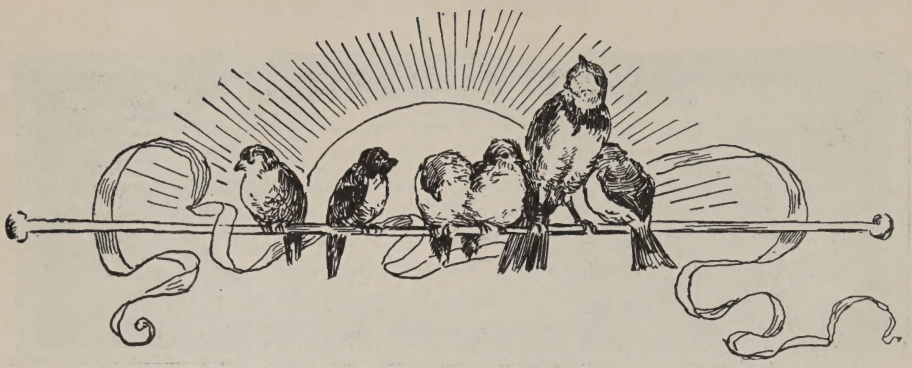
ruddy and purple coloring; against which the grand Basilica with its golden statues and warlike battlements stands out like some embodied vision of the "Tower of Ivory" and the "House of Gold." Towards the sea a double rainbow is slowly spreading its graceful arches across the heavens — a promise and harbinger of the lovely day to come. The tints of its delicate coloring linger in the sky above the Holy House, leaving it indelibly impressed upon our minds, as we are whirled away by the relentless steam-monster, as a last beautiful picture of our day of pilgrimage to Loreto's hallowed shrine!

SOMETIME, SOMEWHERE.

CHARLES S. O'NEILL.

Sometime, somewhere, in the eternal plan,
Will come a good to offset every ill,
As Nature's book is balanced; so to man
A balance perfect come there must and will;
This, then, our solace, when the way is dark
And only sorrows we are called to share;
As came God's sunshine to the storm-tost Ark
'Twill come to us sometime, somewhere.

Sometime, somewhere, in this world or the next,
And in some way, a perfect equipoise
Will come to souls by troubles now perplext,
And all our griefs find compensating joys;
Go on, brave heart! if doing what you can
Life's burdens, as they come, to fully bear —
Fear not! the justice that is due a man
Will all be yours sometime, somewhere.



ON THE WAY TO WORK.

M. B. O'S.

It wasn't much of an incident but it stopped the noontide travel and blocked the busy street. Car conductors muttered impatiently; and hurrying pedestrians, defeated in their efforts to reach their goal, grumbled loudly, and wedged their way through the crowd to seek the cause of delay.

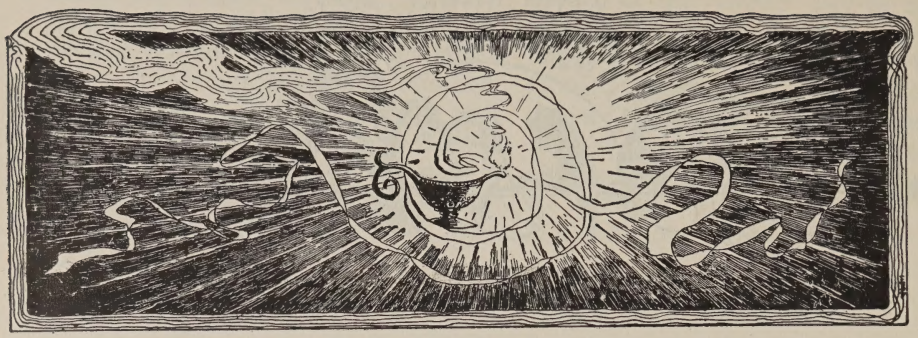
The cause was so little, so helpless, so pathetic in its infinite trust, that frowns changed to smiles, and impatient words gave place to terms of pity.

Lying between the rails of the track at the crossing was a weary baby; her stubby little shoes quite worn through at the toes, the red bonnet and tangled hair pushed back from a chubby face from which the blue eyes looked out, sleepily, at the curious throng.

She had wandered far, and overcome by fatigue sank down trustfully in the arms of death. She was too young to know how to pray, but her trust was prayer, and her shield was the wings of her guardian angel.

Providence took the form of a big policeman, who lifted the tot from her dangerous bed, raised her to his broad shoulder and carried her off to safety.

It was only an incident, a little wave of excitement in the monotony of the work-a-day world, but an artist, with a soul as well as brush, might have found an inspiration for a modern representation of our childhood's prayer "Now I lay me down to sleep."



A STAR-LED JOURNEY.

CAROLINE D. SWAN.

A LITTLE Maine poet had written a star-song. A shimmer of starlight was in it, perhaps — she did not know, — but she sent it to the local paper, as a Christmas offering.

The editor, on receiving it, growled out something a good way from gratitude But then, there! Christmas was coming and his readers expected something for the season, he did not care what! So down it went to the printers. To say truth, his literary larder was pretty empty, as its like are apt to be.

The shabby hotel of this eastern town had lost its summer smartness. Kept especially for tourists, its winter patronage dropped with the mercury to zero. Therefore, the sudden appearance there of a Philadelphian, young, handsome and apparently wealthy, with his fine clothing and city ways, drew more notice in December than it could possibly have done the preceding August.

"Name's Ashton. Been here before!" drawled the lean landlord. "Business? Yes. — Ice business. Goin' daown the Kennebec." And a puzzled lot of native inquirers were pacified.

The young man had strolled into a side room to avoid embarrassing inspection and look for a paper. The *Boston Journals* were all old ones.

"A very ancient and fish-like smell," muttered the would-be reader, flinging them down, disgusted with the literal aptness of his quotation. A cleaner sheet lay beside them. He opened it — and lo! the Star Song! His wrath rose; — no news, no anything, in this snow-buried hole! Trains cancelled on the new narrow guage road! "Snowed up at Mattabumpus," they told him. He raged inwardly; then, suddenly, laughed at the mix of things. What could be expected of a Maine poet, snowed up at Mattabumpus? But he had not come down into Maine to be grinned at by the natives and read local "poems." Not he! He

would drive over to the next station, take Antoine, the silent Canadian, to guide him, and foot it, if need were, through the woods to the nearest point on the Grand Trunk. English and broad guage that, with sure trains! —Comforted by this, he took up the paper again, looking for time-tables. Alas, time and trains were missing; but there was the Star-Song! This time he read it:

The Star of Fame, it shineth out
  Sharp on the wintry sky;
Yet, through the purple rifts of doubt,
  A fairer I descry.
For ah, the poor and lowly!
  What softly blesseth them?
But the star Divine that to earth came down
And shone on the Babe of Bethlehem.

The Star of Love, it gazeth down
  With sweet entrancing eye;
It proffers earth a passion-crown
  Of roses born to die!
Too soon their splendor faileth;
  O changeless diadem,
'Tis Thee I seek! — I would journey on, —
I too, — o'er the sands, to Bethlehem.

The Star of Gold will never cease
  To lead our steps astray;
The fount of grace, the palms of peace
  Light up the narrow way.
O'er deserts bare and burning
  Lead on, celestial gem,
Till the earth-bells ring and the angels sing,
"He hath bowed to the Christ, at Bethlehem!"

When he had finished, Paul Ashton stood still a moment. Nor did he laugh at the little poet.

He set out for the next narrow guage station as he had planned, not without some natural dissuasion on the part of mine host, who did not fail to improve the occasion for the usual group, gathered to see the stranger start.

"Thar goes a feller that don' know where he's goin'. Drifted daown to Bumpus past all tellin', Joe sez! Jerusalem! hem cockerels dew take resks, —big ones!"

"He's goin' after Antoine, he sez. That's hoss sense, anyhow," retorted a sharp loafer, who read the situation in the landlord's crest-fallen face. "I tell ye, Antoine knows aour road better'n Parson Stubbs duz that to heaven!"

At which hit arose some protest, but more laughter.

The young Philadelphian found the road better than he expected. With careful driving his spirited nag overcame the few big drifts triumphantly and for most of the way he had leisure to look about him. He beheld a world in white. Long, exquisite shadows lay in pearly tones on the snow-crust. He devised a fairy tale wherein he could put the shining road, the silver fields, the hills of pearl and the enchanted pine forest. Now and then the wind sweeping in gusts, would toss the fir-boughs and pine tassels high in the air, whirling down their snow wreaths in dazzling, stinging spray. Their gaint limbs sprang into intense relief, black against white; each cluster of needles proffered its tiny tuft of glitter. Here and there in the woods a sheltered spot, nearly bare, was beautiful with running evergreen and the miniature ground-pine. Papery beech leaves still clung to their tough boughs tinting the white with a russet brown that was close to gold. He bethought him how he had once heard a keen critic say, "No wonder the Russians crown their cities with gay-tinted domes and gilded spires. They know, with true instinct, that snow should be wedded with color."

The intense purity of it all was only deepened by these stray color-touches. And what was like it? A white dove? a gull's wing? a child's innocence? Yes, a babe — the Holy Child Jesus! and His

the whitest ever known on this sin-stained earth. The Star-Song came back to him and with it a melody, a repeated chorus,

I, too, — I, too, — I, too, o'er the sands to Bethlehem.

He caught himself up sharply. Why, that was a prayer! And he was not ready to pray.

At the next town he found Antoine, his old guide, who reported the drifts deep in the railway cuts and gorges, but not impracticable across open country. So they set out again, with fresh horses, for the longer ride.

They fairly flew over the snow. The outlines of walls and fences took on a blurred roundness as they passed, every angle vanished, a pale unearthly softness held the world. It strengthened the nearness of the skies; the steadfast blue seemed close over his head. He was restive, as under the felt approach of One invisible.

They came to a small river, now a pale ice floor, the wind having swept off the snow. Pearly, translucent and silent, it lay outspread, and yet that calm crystal was vitalized by a sense of tidal throb below, swinging on surely to the sea,— a felt undertone in depths of darkness,— one with the other unseen forces drawing round him. As the horses sped on, it seemed to him like a leaving behind of life, this winged flight into the great white silences.

Still that melody haunted him. It came from somewhere in a very remote past, when he was a small boy and his grandmother "toted him off" to prayer-meeting, as he absurdly told himself. But all the same laugh or not,— it was melody.

"I, too,— I, too," it sang with strange pathos in the remembered strain. And why not he, too? He pushed off the idea, but it came back.

That Oriental journey was purposeful, he owned that. How unlike his own projected tramp of wilfulness, into these woodlands! They were men of wisdom.

But the sharp cold began to penetrate his fur-trimmed overcoat, despite its weight. "They were, at least, warm, on that palm-tree journey!" he said to himself, "but I am half frozen. It is cold out in space" — his thought ran on — cold everywhere away from God. He is the centre of life, warmth and glory. They were wise, who journeyed thitherward, But he — he was journeying away — into polar regions, into great desolations!" And he shivered again.

"Confound this ride!" he shouted to the silent Antoine, who gazed at him in pitying wonder.

"We sall arrive, in a leetle moment," answered the man in his soft patois. Then, by way of encouragement, he shyly added, "And it ees soon the blessed Christmas."

There it was again! The taciturn Canadian had brightened at the word. This poor fellow, in all his poverty, knew its warmth and light. It was he — the wealthy, the cultured, the elegant,— who was suffering. Here was physical cold, and gold would not warm him! He jingled some coins in his pocket with an angry sense of their worthlessness.— He had journeyed into Maine for gold!

Much of his time had been spent abroad. He remembered the Italian peasantry and how the children's faces glowed at the mention of the Crib and the Bambino. It was a world-wide warmth. And he was shivering — actually and spiritually Blessed Mother! That was purity,

—alone, here in the wilds of Maine; —and it was all his own fault, his own wilful fault and folly! A pathetic figure seemed to rise before him and a voice, like none other, cried in sadness — "Ye would not come to me that ye might have life!"

Other men heard and came, men in throngs. He thought of the English cathedrals, the crowded churches in Catholic Europe. "I, too, merciful Lord! I cannot live alone, in Thy universe. I, too, would come!" It was his first soul aspiration, his first cry to heaven.

Then other thoughts came, thick and fast. They, the wise men, carried gold — well, he had gold to offer! But he was unworthy to present any sacrifice — he knew his own past! Yet a remembered prayer came to his aid. "We beseech Thee to accept this, our bounden duty and service." Duty — yes, he could do that! — And what else did the Christians say? "Not weighing our merits, but pardoning our offences through Jesus Christ, Our Lord." A swift Amen flashed out of his heart and was caught by the recording angel.

He turned to his companion with a swift thought of human brotherhood. They were journeying together toward the Christ of the Christmas, perhaps some of the gold might be offered now. He remembered that his comrades had called him impulsive — well, perhaps he was!

A few kindly questions brought out the tale of Antoine's patient endurance of hardships and poverty. And the telling brought quiet gold of swift relief.

"It is for the blessed Christmas, Antoine," and with native feeling the guide saw that words were needless.

The rest and comfort of the little inn, where he stopped for the night, brought unutterable cheer. A strange brightness had come over everything and a strange, new warmth. "Yes," he said to himself, "I have indeed journeyed!" How little he had dreamed of this when he left home! How little even when snowbound in the wilds! He knew the charm of the Maine woods; but this was different; to reverse his whole life, as it were in a moment, in what seemed such an absurd, improbable way, looked at from his old standpoint, but which now came to him as a white, starlit experience, not without power peculiar to itself. He had journeyed, heaven had led him on and the Christ was found — as of one who sought Him not! The blessed Christmas had come to meet him. Was it not beautiful and gracious?

Early next morning he took train for the nearest junction; thence, making his way down the Kennebec. But he finally reached the great white ice-houses, sources of easy income to their owners and representing well-invested capital. All around clustered small rough cottages for the permanent "hands" and big boarding-houses of the rudest sort for the great gangs of Canadians, employed in the season of cutting and harvesting.

A couple of sharp lads drew near to inspect the stranger, true New England gamins, with a certain lean poverty clinging to them as if by right of inheritance. The older one pointed to his overcoat.

"Do see him, Bill! Ain't he a daisy, though?" "Hush, don't yer know? I tell ye he's the Ice Company, that chap is!"

Paul Ashton also took in details, on his part, but with kindly scrutiny;

the shabby clothing of the lads, so poorly protecting them from the sharp river-wind, their worn shoes and pinched faces.

"My pa's lame. Awful! Got hurt on the ice," said the older, in reply to a word of questioning. "And ma's sick, too," chimed in the other, yet without excitement, as if both facts were of the sort to be expected.

"I'm glad I came," muttered Ashton. Our superintendent means well, but I shall have to supervise these cases."

It was again the call of human brotherhood, and, this time it definitely called him. This was his field; these were his own men, his own direct responsibility.

He went at once to the superintendent, a genial man, whom he had met before and been pleased with. "A kindly optimist — a good manager and money-maker for the Company" thought Paul as the personage in question proffered cordial welcome, glad to see him and glad to talk about the men.

"Poor fellows! We have to turn a great many away. Tough to do it, too! They come crowding down from Canada, more than we can possibly employ! many of them without a cent, mostly ill-clad, not a few feeble — totally unfit to go on the ice. It's rough work, you see, and desperately cold. The river-winds whistle, and they have to work in snow-storms and run risk of an ice-bath, if at all clumsy. Sick men we have to send off!"

"But where do they go?" inquired Ashton, suddenly roused.

"Can't tell," snapped the other, dryly. Paul suggested charity. The answer was prompt. "We are giving charity, now, and in the best way. Work and good wages are Godsends to all these. They get money they could earn in no other way, and at the very time of year when they most need it. When other work fails, ice is sure! And it supports their families. — Yes, we pay well and try to encourage good men; there are plenty, though, that gamble and drink and make their pay a curse."

"I see," answered Ashton, and turned away. It all shone out, luminous, before him. "I do see," he repeated to himself — "Here is poverty, sickness, hardship, — and vice superadded. My work is here — and wider than I thought. — Broader and deeper and higher, like all the thought of God! I must be about my Father's business!"

The superintendent was plainly a good man, and from his point of view — that of a sensible man of affairs, the Ice Company was doing its full duty to its employés. But did he think so? that was the question. And would the Christ think so? At the Bar of Divine Judgment, he standing on one side and this mob of workmen on the other, how would it be?

"And over yonder is my Father's house!" he whispered, as a tiny mission chapel came in sight, its golden cross flashing in the transfiguration of the sunlight. Some servant of God was laboring in this cold, dreary field; would he not be glad of gold for charity and of a helping hand? He bent his steps thitherward. The divine star was marking his path, moving straight before him. The good priest gave him royal welcome. What could be more opportune than this wondrous visit, for the poor of his flock?

"Come to us, my son, for divine

service," he said cordially, "To-morrow is the Eve of Christmas and we all rejoice!"

The young man gave glad assent. It was too late to reach Philadelphia; besides, his duty was here. Yet the good missionary clung to him with scrutinizing gaze, as of one anxious; was this another like the rich young ruler, who came to Christ, but went away sorrowful? At last, he spoke:

"Thou knowest I am glad of thy gift; — but what of the giver?" The tender tone touched the Philadelphian. He answered frankly.

"I did not journey into these snow-lands to find the blessed Christmas! Indeed, no! Far from it! — But, my Father, I *have* found it."

The face of the other shone with sympathy as his benediction fell, — "The Lord be merciful to thee, my son!"

To his life's end Paul Ashton never forgot that Christmas spent with the Lord's poor, the first his own bounty had helped to brighten. Again, he heard the poet's song,

> But ah, the poor and lowly —
> Who softly blesseth them
> But the star divine that to earth came down
> And shone on the Babe of Bethlehem?

The angelus rang out the seraphic greeting of peace on earth, good-will to men, from the little chapel; the late-rising sun flung gleams of tender rose among the snow-tints, and on poor Antoine and the mission priest, the little poet and the wealthy Philadelphian, that Christmas blessing had alike fallen, in a new fullness of unexpected joy.

THE PRICE OF FAME.

ARTHUR BARRY.

WHO thinks to overtop the common crowd,
To climb beyond them to a farther height
Whose scaling sets at naught their lesser might,
To win the world's acclaim and plaudits loud
For meritorious deeds and worth avowed,
Yet hopes escape from jealousy and spite —
Twin foes that fain his glory's growth would blight —
With sanguineness undue is sure endowed.

For Envy base on merit e'er attends,
Albeit masked and robed in Virtue's guise;
Full oft its darts are launched by faithless friends
In honeyed words and hypocritic lies.
Who so among his fellows wins a name
Soon learns that Envy is the price of Fame.

WHEN THE WINTER SUN IS LOW.

DANIEL J. DONAHOE.

When the winter sun is low
And the wind through waving trees,
Flinging frost doth hurrying go,
Moaning like the moaning seas;
Through the fields bereft of cheer
Sad I walk and dream of thee, —
All were sweet if thou wert here;
Love, why com'st thou not to me?

When the winter moon is high,
And the blast across the wold
Bloweth from the northern sky
Where the stars are glistening cold,
O'er the sighing fells alone
Sad I walk and dream of thee, —
Sorrow never maketh moan,
O my love, when thou'rt with me.

When the stars wax faint and white,
And gray dawn begins to shake
Through the skies her dappled light,
From my restless couch I wake;
Then my soul flies out to thee,
Swift to thee, her own sweet choice!
Ah! why com'st thou not to me,
With the healing of thy voice?

Through the fields I walk in woe,
For thy smile is far away;
And the tears in secret flow,
Sorrow's rain, from day to day.
Oh, my sweetheart, oh my own,
Why should space or place divide
Hearts that God hath made as one?
Thee I claim, my heaven-sent bride!

IRISH RACE CONVENTION.

Rev. Denis O'Callaghan.

RELAND'S star of legislative independence cannot much longer withhold its full and unclouded measure of brilliancy. The time is ripening for the boon so long the object of the peoples' prayers and sacrifices, and the fruition of Ireland's hopes is only a question of a short time.

This is the assurance I felt when present at the magnificent convention of the Irish race in the city of Dublin, recently, confronted as I was with one of the grandest assemblages the cause of liberty and of humanity has ever called together. Here, among more than two thousand delegates, were representative sons of Ireland from all parts of the world, who had flocked to the venerated motherland to examine, for themselves, into the needs, conditions and aspirations of the people; to learn to what extent unity of purpose and of action prevailed among them, and to take counsel, as the children of a common mother, as to what was most conducive to the advancement of the cause of the people. There was an inspiration in this grand gathering to delight the heart of a lover of Ireland, and the momentum its deliberations gave to Ireland's legislative demand and to the recognition abroad of Irish unity, cannot but prove of vast and far-reaching benefit.

Here Ireland's interest was the supreme object all sought to serve, and individual ambition was subordinated. It was no place for individual supremacy and there was none of it. Leaders there were, but theirs was a leadership where their intense love of country was the supreme qualification, and where no mere pride of self or desire for personal glorification marred their patriotic service.

As I recall the picture presented by that august body, presided over by Dr. O'Donnell, the patriotic bishop of Raphoe, the thought remains with me to-day — as it was impressed upon me at the time — that here was a deliberative assembly worthy of the grand old race its delegates represented; of the glorious traditions of Erin's storied isle, one that could not help exercising a mighty influence in behalf of the people and in furtherance of the cause so near their hearts. It was a noble assemblage, not only in its numerical strength, but, in the character of the men assembled and the actuating principle by which they were governed.

They brought to the convention open minds and eyes disposed to seek and follow the truth, and were absolutely unbiassed and unpledged to any man or set of men. They knew that Irishmen of all shades of opinion were invited to this gathering of Erin's sons; but they found there men of but one opinion and that was, that the cause of Ireland was the supreme object to be advanced and not the interests of any man or set of men. They had heard of dissension in the Irish ranks and of opposition to Mr. Dillon and his party. They found no such dissension nor opposition; on the contrary, they

found that Mr. Dillon and his party represented the vast majority of the Irish people, and that the minority of dissidents was so feeble that it did not dare to expose its very insignificance to the search-light of such a representative gathering as was here assembled. Thus was it proven that faction has no excuse for its existence in Ireland, and that there is but one party in Ireland, and that led by John Dillon, which is really representative of the vast majority of the Irish people. I, therefore, dismiss the question of faction from consideration. It did not show itself at this convention and has no title to recognition in connection therewith. If its adherents were the friends of Ireland they would have us believe, and their devotion to the cause of native land as unselfish and sincere as pretended, here was the opportunity to prove the same. They did not choose to vindicate the integrity of their single-hearted devotion, and to show that they esteemed the interests of their country above mere personal considerations and must, therefore, be measured and classified accordingly.

It is the convention itself, and not those who unpatriotically withheld themselves from participation therein, that calls for all the homage such a grandly representative gathering deserves. I had seen as I supposed my countrymen in all the phases of their character; but never before did I see such a large body of men of such a high order of intellect, of such eloquence in debate, of such keen perceptions and such ability to grasp a line of argument.

Imagine a convention composed of some twenty-two hundred delegates from all parts of Ireland, men competent to do credit to any nation, a convention in which were included some six hundred of Ireland's devoted priesthood, and then say whether or not such a gathering did not represent the intelligence and the patriotism of Ireland.

It was a great, an earnest and devoted body of men and, in its numerical strength, the intelligence of the delegates, the eloquence of the speakers, the broad and patriotic grasp of the subject under consideration, the prompt appreciation of every telling point in debate and the intense interest marking the entire proceedings, might well challenge comparison with any deliberative body the world has yet seen. Well may Ireland take heart and hope when it can present such a gathering of able and devoted sons, as a spectacle to deserve the admiration of the world and as a lever for the advancement of her legislative cause.

Its deliberations are now a matter of history. The delegates have separated to their various homes; some returning to the duties which God has assigned them in the United States and Canada, others to South Africa and Australia; but the inspiration of the convention remains in Ireland, a promise and a proof of the early dawn of legislative liberty and of the fulfilment of the hope of the people.

It has proven first of all that interest in the Irish cause is not dead, that it is vital with the truth of a vigorous and determined life and that Ireland has to-day, as she has ever had, the valiant sons whose hearts are devoted to her interests, and whose hopes are centred in her advancement. It has proven that dissension has but the feeblest of holds upon the Irish people, that they have come to demand of their leaders

something more than self glorification and a better claim than that asserted by a mere pensioner of the past. They respect the service rendered in other times by those who are at present disintegrators; but, while respecting such service, they recognize that it gives no title of justification to the present conduct of the factionists and they will have none of them.

The suggestion that resulted in this convention was a most happy one, but the fulfilment was far beyond the most sanguine dreams of its projectors, and it will go down in history as one of the most fortuitous events in Irish annals. It was held at a time when the need for some such gathering was pressing; when it was necessary that all questions of doubt, as to who were the real representatives of the Irish people, required to be answered in a way not to be misunderstood. It gave that answer in the most effectual manner, and henceforth leaders of a faction must either keep their peace or stand convicted as irresponsible fomenters of discord. It is hoped, however, their own better nature will suggest the wiser and the nobler course — that of submission to, and co-operation with, the will of the majority. Ireland needs and deserves the united aid of all her children, and the will of the majority of her people is her will.

If the result of the convention serves to the greater unification of Irish effort, and this it must invaritably accomplish, then was it indeed a happy and auspicious suggestion that called it together. There is but one thing else, the dearest friend of Ireland could wish, and that is that its splendid evidence of the majority sentiment of the Irish people might serve to drive home to those who are leading a disintegrating minority an idea of the injury they are doing to the cause of their motherland, and induce them to return to her service and give her again the benefit of gifts that once were hers; but which latterly have been applied in a less patriotic and single-hearted manner.

In closing this reference to a gathering fraught with such promise to Ireland, there are two things that claim my attention and in regard to which I feel called upon to say a word. First, it is my hope that certain members of the Irish priesthood, who are now partisans of Mr. Healy, will see the wisdom of uniting themselves with the majority. Gratitude to Mr. Healy for past services is all very well, but it may be carried too far; and it is the country, not the man, that should be the object of every patriotic Irish heart. Only through the unity of Irish effort can her legislative emancipation be accomplished.

Again, the return of the American delegates and the reception accorded them proved how thoroughly in accord with the ideas of the delegates themselves, were the sentiments by which their return home was greeted. Boston, especially, signalized herself in this regard, and gave evidence of the fact that the hearts and the purses of her patriotic Irish residents are still at the call of Ireland.

Ireland can claim as much at the hands of her exiled children in America as has ever been vouchsafed to her; but these same open-hearted and open-handed children have not a cent to waste in bolstering up a disturbing and disintegrating minority, by whomsoever it may be led or however blatantly its pretensions may be proclaimed.

FRAULIEN'S LITTLE LOVE STORY.

MRS. FRANCIS CHADWICK.

FRAULEIN Wettermann was teacher of German and assistant teacher of music, at Madame Dunois' fashionable school for young ladies; she was also expected, being like most Germans of a good class, a very fair French scholar, to take the French class on those days on which Madame, finding herself suffering from her bronchitis, betook herself to bed and unlimited *tisane*. This last duty Fraulein found the most tedious. She was an excellent musician, possessed a peculiar capacity for imparting knowledge, and was particularly well educated in her own language, with the additional advantage of the purest Hanoverian accent. In French, however, she found herself far indeed from her native heath; her explanations of some of the intricacies of that most intricate of languages, Fraulein considered far below her standard of good teaching.

There was but one remedy; further instruction, and this she determined to secure, with the help of a certain M. and Madame Bellefontaine, who, but a short time arrived from Paris, had already gained quite a reputation as Professors of the French language, No. 157, *Rue des Erables*.

Acting on her determination, Fraulein regularly betook herself in this direction, on two afternoons of each week, bent on mastering all her difficulties.

Richly dowered as to her mind Fraulein may have been, but her best friend could not have laid any claim for her on the score of beauty. She was tall and lanky, had large expressionless blue eyes, a wide smile, and a fixed dull red bloom upon her cheeks; indeed a pleasant cheery manner might be called her only attraction.

On a certain afternoon, probably with a spirit of prophecy strong within her, she had attired herself in her very best frock, a delicate gray, which had made a considerable hole in her savings. She afterwards confided to an *intime* of hers, that she had twice taken it down and twice replaced it on its peg, as clouds had gathered or cleared away in a changing sky. At length, after an unusually long interval of sunshine, vanity had triumphed over prudence, and Fraulein had gone forth arrayed in the gray's silvery folds, and in a cheerful mood, though she was merely going to her French lesson in the *Rue des Erables*, as usual.

But the way thither led through pleasant streets, and both M. and Madame Bellefontaine were kindly appreciative people, for whom it was worth dressing oneself in one's best; indeed, her afternoons there were among her only pleasures.

M. Bellefontaine, radiantly smiling, as usual, met her at the door, and explaining that Madame was occupied with a new pupil, a gentleman from *les Etats Unis*, placed Fraulein's chair at the table in the little front parlor, while Madame expounded *la langue francaise*, to the stranger across the dinner table in the back room. Then without further parley M. Bellefontaine and Fraulein plunged into the maelstrom of Gallic idiom; through which they swam gallantly, valiantly surmounting each

wave of difficulty. Whether it was this altogether creditable proficiency in the Fraulein, or the gray dress, or the violets in her bonnet, or the tender influence of the genial weather; whether it might be that Madame de Bellefontaine had opened her book at the eternal verb *aimer*, will probably never be known; but, and this is a true story, he, the new pupil, Mr. Henry Morgan, all the way from Atlanta, Georgia, sojourning for change of air, or business, or some reason unknown in this northern city, felt himself irresistibly attracted to Fraulein, as she sat there, apparently, unconscious of his presence.

It is extremely probable that Mr. Morgan had encountered half a dozen prettier faces on his way to the *Rue des Erables;* beyond doubt he had gazed unmoved upon hundreds of fairer women, during the two and thirty years of his existence; but, as he himself told the Fraulein, who confided it to the *intime* above mentioned, his attention so hopelessly wandered from the moment of her entrance, and he displayed such complete and utter indifference to his studies that Madame Bellefontaine had roused him from his dreams by a sharp clapping of her books, as a gentle intimation that the lesson was at an end.

Meanwhile Fraulein, having weathered all difficulties and emerged triumphant, made her adieux, lingeringly, with a pensive regret that the presence of the new pupil prevented the pleasant dalliance usual after the lessons; she had a wretched conviction too that her finery had been in vain; devoutly wished her best frock back on its peg, and herself habited in her everyday brown, little dreaming that of all the days in her quiet career, this was to be, one of, if not the most, momentous.

Her conviction increased to something approaching misery; when several blocks away from the *Rue des Erables* an ominous black cloud suddenly gathered above her head, and one pitiless drop splashed on the damask of her cheek. Poor Fraulein, she confesses that her tears rapidly followed the course of the rain drops, but, destiny at the moment held a kindly umbrella over her, and a (the Fraulein says) charming voice said: —

"Pardon me, Mademoiselle, I am afraid this is going to be a heavy shower, would you — that is — might I — will you allow me to hold — my umbrella over you?"

The owner of the voice, is it unnecessary to say, was the new pupil, Mr. Henry Morgan, from Atlanta, Georgia, brought by the will of fate all this long distance, in order to save the Fraulein's dress, and at the same time win her affections.

Fraulein of course declares that but for the dress so often referred to nothing would have induced her to accept the shelter of a strange gentleman's umbrella; but, as heaven opened its flood-gates at the moment, scruples took flight, and if Madame Dunois had happened to be glancing out of her window on that eventful evening, she would have descried, or perhaps did actually descry, Fraulein and her squire mounting the steps of the Establishment for Young Ladies, just as evening closed in.

The walk had been short, but it had been a delightful and a fateful one, and Fraulein went to her tiny den with the feeling of elation consequent on an entirely new and altogether pleasant experience.

Adventures of this sort are not so vulgarly common among drudging teachers but that this one formed an inexhaustible topic of conversation

for Fraulein and her fellow toilers, during those somewhat dreary entertainments, dignified by the name of recreations, until the next lesson, to which, our heroine repaired with considerable flutter.

It was quite on the cards that she should see or hear no more of her romantic chance acquaintance — Fraulein indeed frankly says she very much feared she should not, being accustomed to any quantity of Dead Sea Fruit on her monotonous journey through life — but Fairy Tales are not all told and done with yet.

After Madame Bellefontaine had got through the lesson, which she did with a sort of underlying excitement, she placed her fat little hands upon Fraulein's shoulders. "Imagine then, *chère Mademoiselle*, M. Morgan, the new pupil you saw here the other day, has made Oh! so many, inquiries about you. He so earnestly desires the honor of your acquaintance. Ah, you will say he is a stranger to *us; soit!* but well known to people of the highest position in this city."

Fraulein can never say decidedly whether she intended sternly refusing the honor of a further acquaintance with Mr. Morgan; but, as circumstances and the little god so ordered it, in walked the gentleman at the moment, looking so cheerfully unconscious of any reason to the contrary, that she could only bow, rather frigidly, and manifest any ideas of her own on the subject, by an additional suggestion of hauteur in her frank manner.

What matters it that Mr. Morgan made the most absurd blunders, even rendering such a translation as "the overcoat who hung in the hall," an error that made even the little Fraulein relax her hauteur and join in the laugh. In fact, Mr. Morgan developed a capacity for making blunders, and some way no one could set him right quite as well as the little woman in gray, she was so patient, and so pleased when he showed improvement. Perhaps it was her teacher's instinct asserting itself, but Madame Bellefontaine secretly hugged herself, and kept in the background. She suspected the handsome Georgian of playing on the Fraulein's simplicity but what would you have? Love takes many ways of making itself known.

Of course everyone knows the end of the story. So energetically did Mr. Morgan carry on his courtship of the worthy Fraulein that very shortly afterwards she had the supreme felicity of somewhat loftily informing Madame Dunois that she feared she must ask her to provide another instructress in the German tongue, as she was going in a fortnight to visit the family of her *fiancé* in the South, and would only return to get her trousseau, and say good bye, before her marriage, to all her kind friends in the city.

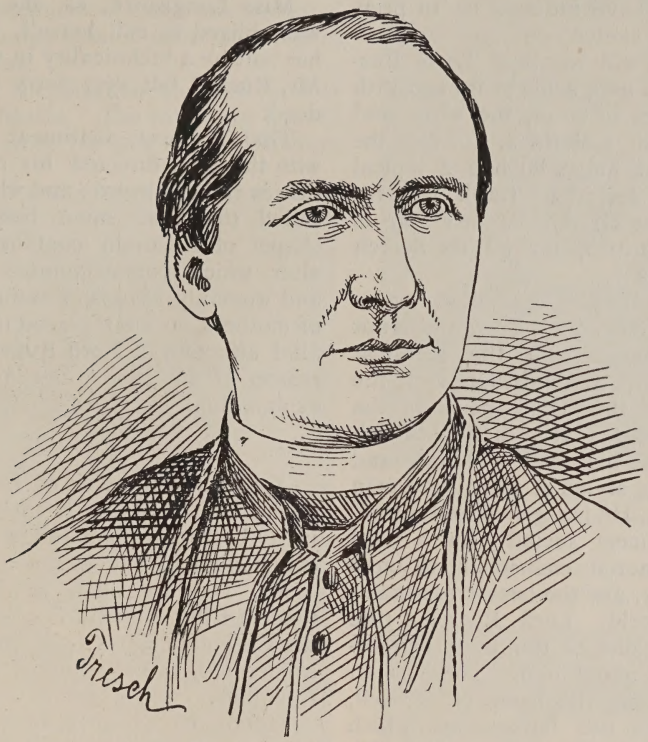
Which friends, by the way, showered wedding gifts upon this lucky girl, and it was pleasant to hear that among *his* many presents to her were a smart carriage and horses, which would enable her to defy all future showers, even when clad in her favorite gray.

Whether her husband, who turned out to be a person of some consequence, and no little wealth in his own city, continued his French lessons under Fraulein's guidance, with perhaps some German, and even a little music thrown in, is unknown; but it is always possible in a young man so fond of self-improvement as he must have been.

PEOPLE IN PRINT.

WILLIAM HOPKINS.

The retirement of the famous educator, Dr. Keane, from the presidency of the University, has caused much surmise relative to his probable successor, and several names have been before the public as those of men in line for promotion.



RT. REV. JOHN J. KEANE. D. D.

Dr. Conaty appears to be Bishop Keane's chosen successor, a proof that New England holds a high place in papal favor.

Two other distinguished divines also mentioned for the rectorship of the Washington University are,— Rev. Dr. Joseph F. Mooney, vicar-general of the New York archdiocese, and Rev. Dr. Daniel J. Riordan of St. Elizabeth's Church, Chicago, — but, as we go to press, the assurance has been received that Dr. Conaty is the rector-elect.

Dr. Conaty is a man of much learning, and in 1889 was given the degree of Doctor of Divinity by the University of Georgetown. He is a deep thinker and in every way well equipped to be the head of the University.

As a man of sound learning and philosophy, and schooled in the theology of St. Thomas Aquinas, he was recommended to Cardinal Satolli two years ago, and the latter visited his summer school at Plattsburg last year. He was charmed with Dr. Conaty, and said that he was the very man to be at the head of the Catholic University.

The night before he sailed for Europe Cardinal Satolli announced, at a reception given to him in Brooklyn, that his choice for the rectorship was Dr. Conaty. The directors headed their list with his name.

Dr. Conaty is also well known as a

strong temperance man, and has frequently lectured throughout the country on this subject.

The movements of Lord Russell, recently a guest in this country, have been followed with much pleasurable interest, and numerous inquiries relative to his peculiar title have induced us to print the following sketch: —

Americans will recollect Lord Russell. He was here some years ago with his predecessor in office, the witty and popular Lord Coleridge. Like the typical English judge, he has a typical English face, despite its frank Hibernianism, just as Mr. Gladstone's face is thoroughly British, for all its Scotch characteristics.

Lord Russell's brogue is not so noticeable as Mr. Gladstone's burr, and is not to be compared with the manifest brogue of the Irish benches in the Commons or the Irish peers in the House of Lords. His diction is rich and musical, his face is kindly and strong, and he seems at all points a man to swear by. He is a genial and attractive man to meet socially, but a hard and well-armored counsellor to meet professionally, and the best cross-examiner in the world. Lord Russell's title is, in its way, one of the most extraordinary things about him. There is an earldom bearing the name of Russell, and there are two baronetcies, which may have given Lord Russell of Killowen the reason for adding a distinctive title to his own name.

His choice of this particular name has been rather ludicrously misstated.

Killowen is an Irish village, lying under the shadow of the hills known as the Killowen Mountains, near Newry, the town in which Lord Russell was born, in 1833, over sixty-three years ago. There is a picturesque little chapel in Killowen, and there Major Yelverton, afterward Lord Avermore, married Miss Longworth, one of Florence Nightingale's nurses, who had brought him through after a serious wound in the Crimea.

The gallant major some years later found it convenient to repudiate his marriage with Miss Longworth, of which the slightest doubt never existed, in order that he might marry a wealthy widow; and the real Mrs. Yelverton's suit to defend her name gave Charles Russell his first great case.

Miss Longworth, as she ultimately was obliged to call herself, finally lost her suit by a technicality in venue, and Mr. Russell felt very sorry for her indeed.

That, however, sentiment associated with this case directed his choice of a title is rather absurd; and when it is recalled that that same beautiful little chapel of Killowen contains a marble altar which commemorates the noble and womanly virtues of one of the best of mothers, an altar placed there by the filial affection of Lord Russell, the true reason of his choice needs no further explanation.

Apropos of the visit of Lord Russell to the United States, is the prominence justly bestowed upon Judge Daly in the ceremonials of entertainment.

Mr. Daly presided at the banquet tendered the eminent English jurist by the Catholic Club of New York, and was a notable figure at many of the Russell functions.

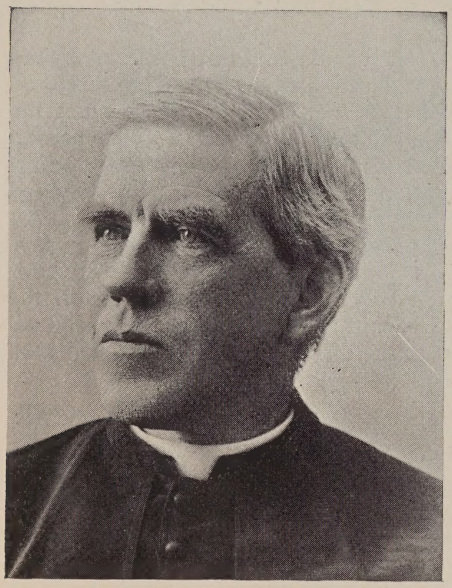
Honors have heaped themselves rapidly upon the head of Joseph F. Daly.

Chief Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, of New York, he became an Associate Judge of the court in 1870, when he was less than thirty years old. He was born in North Carolina, but has spent the greater part of his life in New York City. He was the junior member of the firm of Henry, Olin & Daly at the time of his election as Judge.

He is a brother of Augustin Daly, and, like him, is deeply interested in theatrical matters, being one of the original members of the Players' Club. Conscientious and cautious, he holds a high place in the estimation of the bar.

The return of Rev. Denis O'Callaghan from his recent trip abroad, as delegate to the Irish National Convention, was marked by singularly happy demonstrations on the part of Boston friends. The beloved pastor of St. Augustine's church, South Boston, has been the recipient of many distinguished favors; indications of universal respect and esteem.

Father O'Callaghan has the gift of reaching hearts. The following beautiful lines from his pen are so instinct

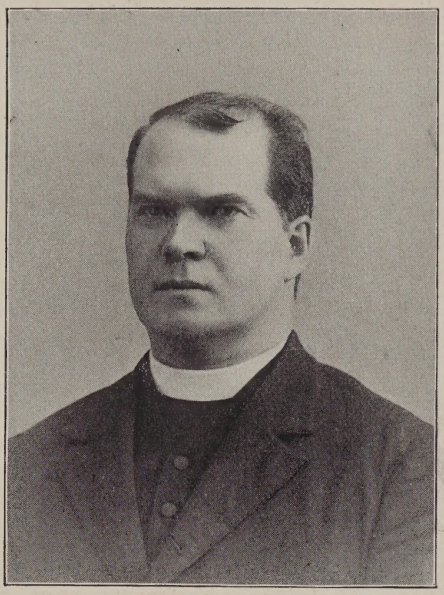


Rev. Thos. J. Conaty, D.D.,
Sacred Heart Church, Worcester, Mass.

with spiritual life, that we avail ourselves of the near approach of Christmas-tide to reprint them for the benefit of those who may not have read them elsewhere:

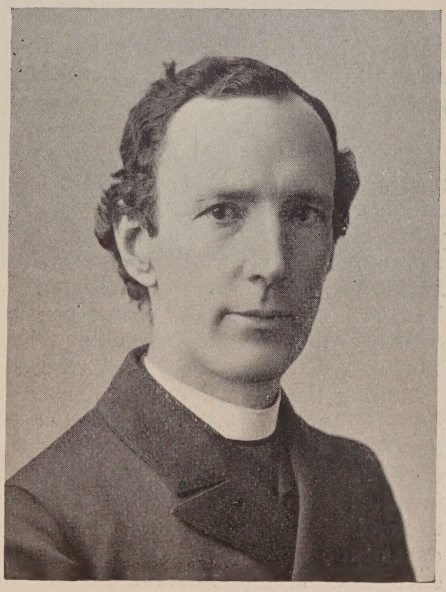
"Various thoughts suggest themselves during the Christmas time. And among the many, the one I deem especially appropriate and worthy of our meditation is the thought of gratitude —gratitude towards the divine Saviour who came in child-like form, in poverty and in obscurity to heal all our wounds and to restore to us our lost inheritance.

"Into this night of gloom the Son of God came. And as that wondrous star



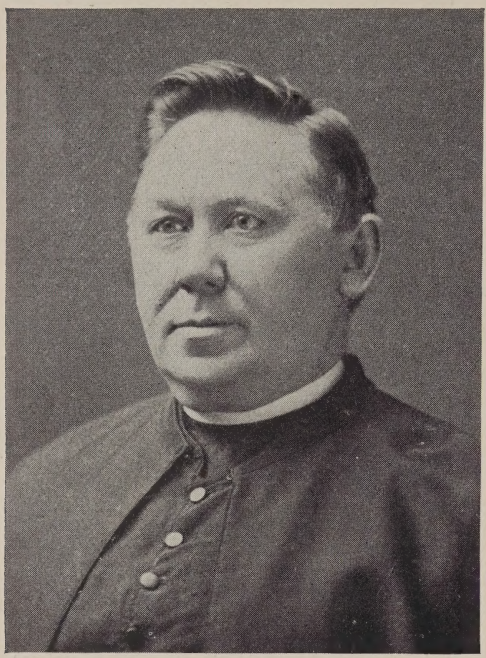
Very Rev. Joseph F. Mooney, V.G.,
Chancellor of the Archdiocese of New York.

of old guided the Magi to His crib, so did He, the Eternal Star and Son of Jus-



Rev. D. J. Riordan,
St. Elizabeth's, Chicago, Ill.

tice, guide men by His shining, by His example and divine precepts, into the paths of peace, and free them from the blindness that oppressed them. And



Rev. Denis O'Callaghan,
Rector of St. Augustine's, So. Boston.

for so doing, surely on Christmas day, as at all times, the Babe of Bethlehem merits our gratitude."

The Young Men's National Union is nearing its quarter centennial and it is adding more lustre to its name year by year. Its members are young and vigorous, and one of the most zealous among them is Rev. Father William T. McGuirl, the beloved pastor of the church of the Visitation, Brooklyn, New York.

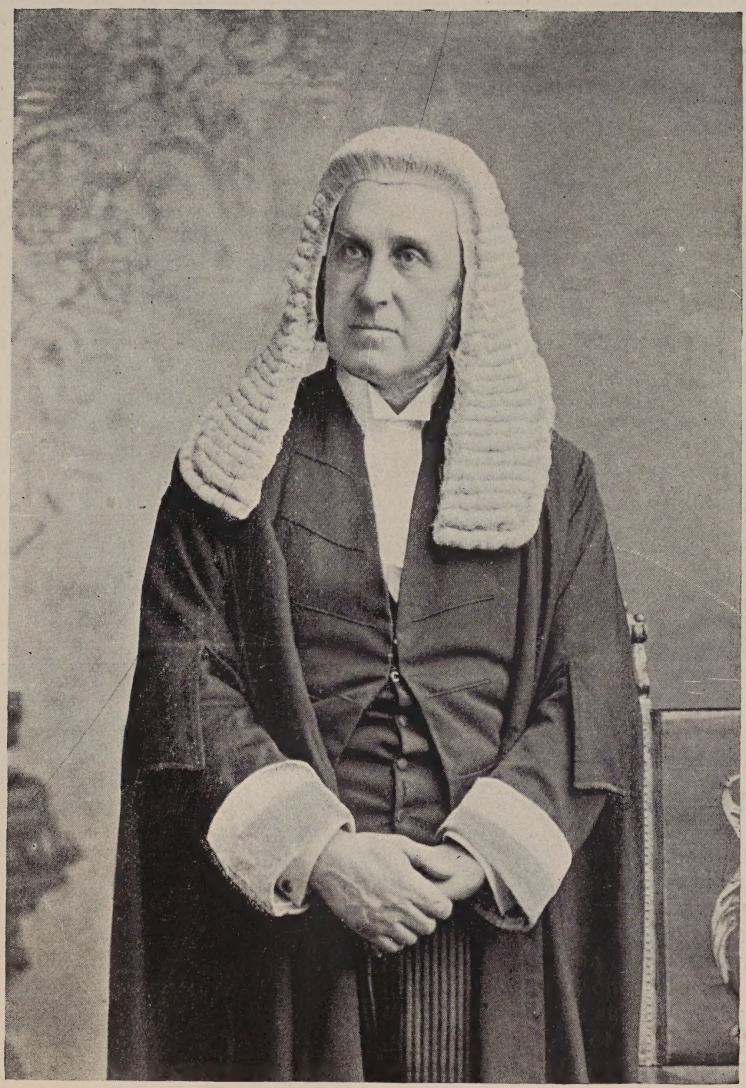
Among the three hundred delegates from the various Catholic societies to the Annual Convention in New York City, Father McGuirl was a general favorite; a fact proven by his election to the highest office in their gift, president of the Union. His magnetic presence and kindly interest served to pleasantly facilitate the proceedings of the organization.

We are pleased to observe the prominence Mr. Frederic R. Coudert is taking in these days of international conciliations. Not to mention the cabinet portfolio that may be his, there seems to be other distinguished honors in store for Mr. Coudert. He is notably in line for distinction before the Venezuelan Arbitration Board; and, as a member of the present high commission, his services and knowledge will be of incalculable value to the United States.

Mr. Coudert secured distinguished consideration from Pope Leo XIII, on behalf of the United States, when the Holy Father permitted the Commission to search the Vatican library for information touching upon the disputed boundary line in Venezuela.

"We found in these records," says Mr. Coudert, "a great mass of information collected by the Jesuits and the Capuchin monks, who had travelled all over the disputed country, and collected

Rev. Wm. T. McGuirl,
Brooklyn, N.Y.



LORD RUSSELL OF KILLOWEN.

much that will undoubtedly prove of value to us.

"Recently, too, a book, the work of a Jesuit priest, who did a great deal of travelling and investigation in South America, has been published, and this volume contains much of value to the commission."

This eminent jurist, whose name adds lustre to the American bar, would be a strong character force on the international commission.

Besides being triumphantly reelected, Hon. John F. Fitzgerald enjoys the distinction of being the only Democratic Congressman in New England.

Mr. Fitzgerald's promotion along political lines has been steady, rapid, and deserved. His splendid efforts in Con-

gress are fresh before the public mind, and his achievements in the Massachusetts Legislature are not forgotten.

Judge Joseph F. Daly.

Mr. Fitzgerald, while a Senator on Beacon Hill, was always prominent in movements which benefited the people. Some of his utterances at that time are memorable still.

"The aggregate judgments of the common people," says an eminent writer, "discerns most truly the errors of government for as much as they are the first to be sure to smart under them. In this only they come to be short-sighted, that though they know the diseases, they understand not the remedies, and though good patients they are ill physicians."

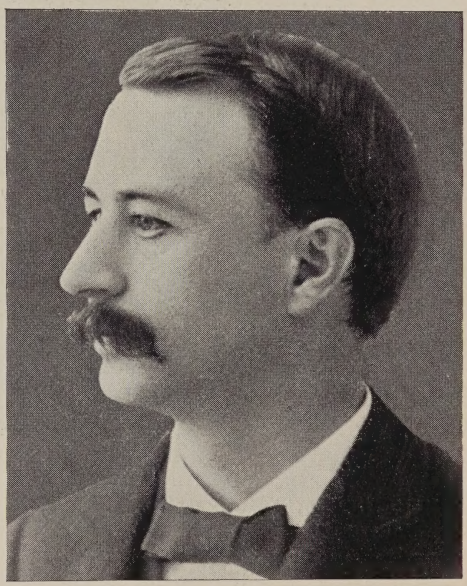
"This quotation, it seems to me," wrote Mr. Fitzgerald, at that time, "expresses the condition of things in Massachusetts to-day as regards the length of the legislative sessions.

"The people recognize this error of Massachusetts government, but seem powerless to remedy it."

Hon. Edwin D. McGuinness, first Catholicmay or of Providence, is another strong character kept prominently before the public gaze by the recent political conflict. His administration has been splendidly endorsed by his reelection to the chief executive office of the Rhode Island metropolis, the people of that city and commonwealth seeming to delight in doing him honor. He has been alderman and secretary of state and has filled many other positions of distinction and trust.

Mayor McGuinness has a Boston career also, having obtained a diploma from Boston Law School. He was admitted to the bar, in Rhode Island, in 1879. He is a young man yet, having just passed forty.

Governor Wolcott rose above party in his appointment of Hon. James W.



Judge James W. McDonald.

McDonald to the position of Justice of Marlboro District Court.

A meeting of the governor's council

was held in Springfield, November 12, and at that session the governor settled the justiceship question for the police court of Marlboro. His Honor appointed to that office Hon. J. W. McDonald of Marlboro, formerly special justice of the same court. Judge

Mrs. Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, a victim to her own devotion to the suffering poor, at this moment lies prostrate with pneumonia at her humble home in New York City. She has been stricken in the midst of her self-sacrificing work and is now seriously ill at her tenement

HON. JOHN F. FITZGERALD.

McDonald is a prominent worker in the Catholic circles of Marlboro, and a much esteemed member of the Knights of Columbus.

The appointment of Mr. McDonald, who is a staunch democrat, ex-gas commissioner and ex-member of the senate, is received with approval by all parties. He is eminently fitted for the bench, and the acting governor received exceedingly strong indorsements in behalf of the nominee.

quarters, on the well-known "East-side" of the metropolis.

So patient and gentle a victim is she that even her fashionable friends uptown have not known a word of her misfortune. Only the poor, among whom she elects to live, know and grieve over what has befallen the charming woman, who lives among them in order that she may bring comfort and sympathy into their lives.

Mrs. Lathrop is being attended by an

East side doctor, and visited only by East side friends — humble, grateful friends of her own making, and yet she has the best care that the most luxurious of individuals could wish for. A devoted woman — a woman whose life has been spent in the care of the sick, and who had joined Nathaniel Hawthorne's daughter in order to help her in her work — is lavishing upon the sick woman all the attention that skill and affection can dictate.

And to one of Mrs. Lathrop's acute sensibilities, affection and comradeship count for more than mere luxury.

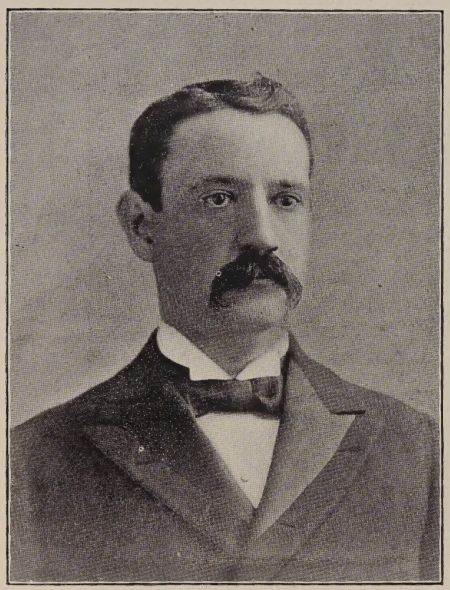
FREDERICK RENE COUDERT.

Mrs. B. Ellen Burke, of New York City, is an educational leader possessed of rare gifts. She is a strong teacher, fitted by nature and experience for her chosen occupation. Besides her presentation of ordinary school subjects, Mrs. Burke has opened a new and delightful field of instruction in her course of art or picture lessons for primary, grammar and high schools. Her bright, graphic talks on art are illustrated by stereopticon views of over one hundred master-pieces, by painters of the various ages, countries and schools.

The principle that "what one hears is easily forgotten, but what meets the eye remains," underlies this new idea which Mrs. Burke has demonstrated to

be of inestimable value as an educational factor of to-day.

Mrs. Burke's frequent contributions to educational publications are welcomed by educators all over the country. Teachers find in them many valuable suggestions to aid them in overcoming the many difficulties that beset the profession. Mrs. Burke's recent contribution to DONAHOE'S, "Child Study in a Sunday School," has been widely copied and most favorably commented upon, a proof that there is no subject before the public to-day of more vital interest than that which deals with the development of the youthful character. Parents and teachers realize that education "is a continuation of the divine work in that which is most noble and elevated, — the creation of the mind."



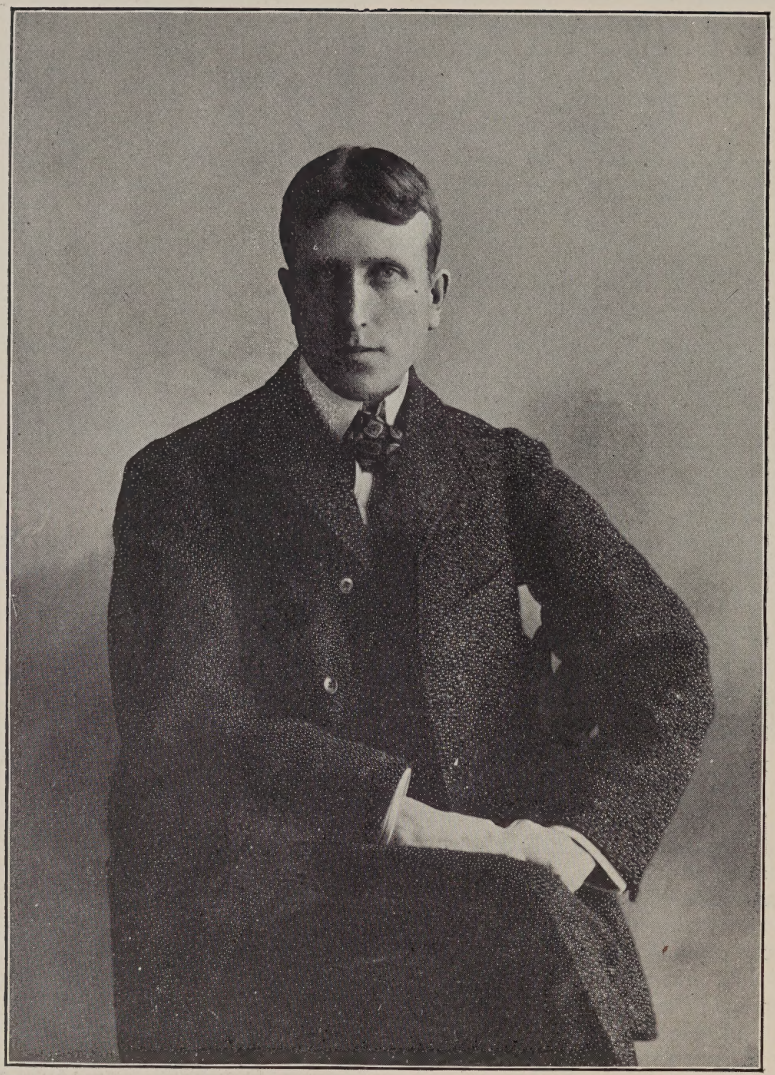
HON. EDWIN D. MCGUINNESS,
Mayor of Providence.

DONAHOE'S "People in Print" will present next month an entertaining and sympathetic sketch, with an excellent portrait of Cardinal Gibbons.

The publication will be apropos of the latest, and what is perhaps destined to be the most famous, literary effort by His Eminence. The Cardinal's new work, "The Ambassador of Christ," has just been completed.

ROSE HAWTHORNE LATHROP.

MRS. B. ELLEN BURKE.



William R. Hearst, Editor and Proprietor of the New York Journal.

ELECTION NIGHT IN A NEWSPAPER OFFICE.

HENRY N. CARY.

CTIVE preparations for presenting news of the result of a national election begin in the office of a metropolitan newspaper, like that of the *New York Journal*, at least six weeks before election day. Before that, the matter had been given more or less consideration. But about the time mentioned, the managing editor calls in one of his assistants and tells him to prepare for the night that strains the nerves of every person in the establishment. Outlining what he wishes, in a general way, the managing editor leaves the detail to his subordinate.

Perfect system being necessary to accomplish the work, the man in charge prepares a lot of detail that at the moment seems unnecessary. Election night there are not more then six hours in which to accomplish the herculean task of gathering the results of the election in the forty-five states and three territories in the Union. Having secured this information it must be prepared for the printer, go through his hands to the pressman, and finally through the newsdealer to the public.

With an edition of nearly one million morning papers to be printed and delivered to the reader, the *New York Journal's* force had no margin of time the night of November 3d, so that its system must have been nearly perfect to enable it to get the paper on the street as it did with errors of only four per cent in the statement of the result as to the electoral college.

When everything has been prepared the plan and all its details is submitted to the managing editor. He curtly expresses his approval or disapproval of certain details and the work is then ready for the fateful night.

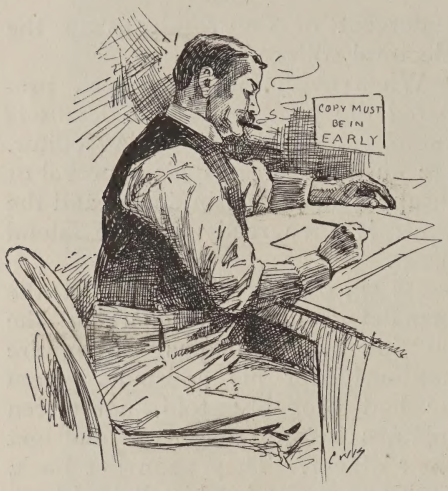
At six o'clock election night, the man delegated to have charge of the election work begins to inquire anxiously for his assistants whom he had probably told, not fifteen minutes before, to go out and get their dinner. They soon get back, each one ready for his allotted task. At the head of each division of the work is an experienced man. With him are as many men as may be needed. Soon the first return gets in. It does not give much information and is impatiently cast aside.

By eight o'clock the correspondents of the paper in all the states and territories, in each of the congressional districts in the country, in each of the counties in New York, New Jersey and Connecticut, have begun this work. They are supplemented by the service of the local and international organizations of the United Associated Presses, and the organization that furnishes suburban news to New York papers.

By nine o'clock the special and press dispatches and copy from the city editor's department are running at the flood, all the political matter is laid upon the desk of the man who has the election report in charge. With one glance at a dispatch, he in-

dicates, to one of his several office boys at his elbow, where it is to go.

The scene in the room when the work is being done is a busy one. One division of men is watching the



A Reporter Writing Copy.

returns for the making up of the electoral table, and the table showing the plurality in each state; one handles the election of Congressmen, one the election of state tickets, governor, etc.; one the election of the Legislature in New York; one the election of the state ticket in New York; one the election of the Legislature in New Jersey — and so on through the list of subjects into which the work has been subdivided.

In other parts of the room are the men who are experts on figures, prepared to take any return, and based on the result in a previous election, figure out by percentage what the probable result is this time. Still others with the aid of a machine get the totals of a column of figures quicker and more accurately than any human.

As each piece of copy is handed to the man in charge of a division, he takes from it the information he is charged with looking after, and passes it on to the next division. Each man in turn checks the part he has taken from the dispatch. All the detail and system, prepared so long in advance, now has its effect in enabling the men to get through with their allotted task with the slightest degree of delay.

There is no apparent hurry, but there is no hitch, and when the night editor sends word that it is, "Time to close up," every bit of information at hand up to that moment is ready for the paper.

The night editor is the man charged with the duty of getting the paper to press. It is under his direct supervision that the news is assembled and placed in the pages. All the minute details of the establishment are watched by him. As

The Night Editor.

the moment approaches for going to press, he apparently must need the service of two men to finish his task.

Occasionally the managing editor strolls in. Having asked how "the thing stands" and being told that

McKinley is elected, he expresses a wish to know on what information this statement is based. "Well, here's a dispatch from Chicago saying that Cook County and Illinois have gone for McKinley," is the answer. "All the other central states have gone the same way. And that settles it."

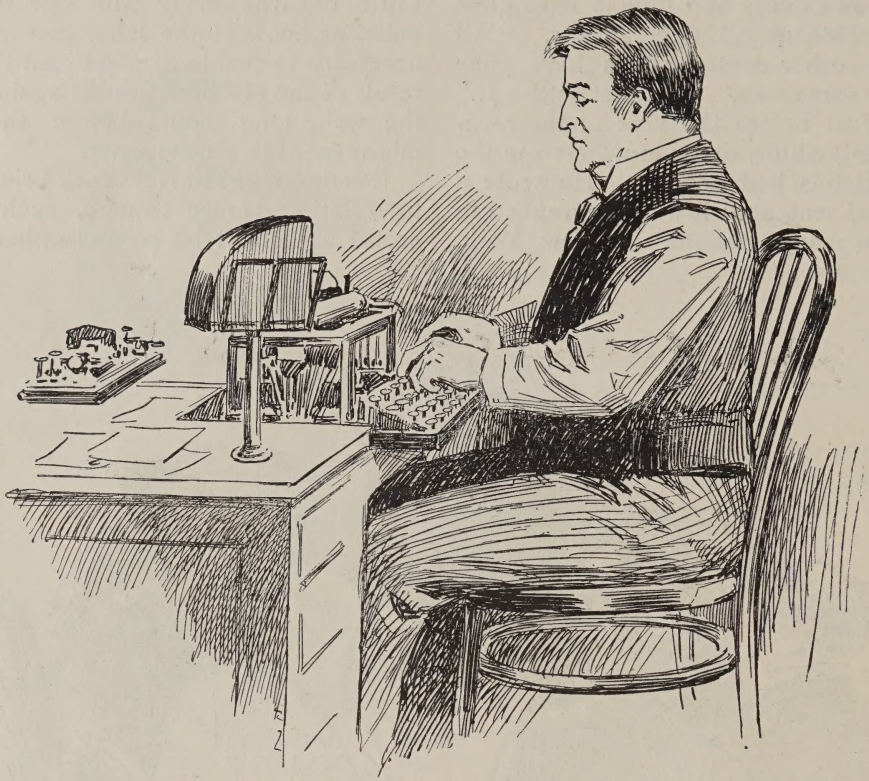
Just before the visit of the managing editor, the man who wrote the bulletins had been in. He wrote a brief sentence; it was telegraphed to the many stations in New York, Brooklyn and Jersey City; where bulletins were displayed. So that almost as soon as the information came into the newspaper office, the anxious thousands who thronged the streets knew the result. The young man who wrote the bulletins had a large burden of responsibility on his shoulders. He must perforce have been active, accurate and quick-witted. Little did the many who saw the bulletins know of the labor that was necessary to enable them to read the result of the election, flashed against the wall, long hours before they might see it in a newspaper.

Election night in New York brings to Printing House Square, such a crowd as cannot be seen elsewhere. Estimates vary as to the number of persons present there on November 3d, 1896; but there must have been in the neighborhood of one hundred thousand. From Ann Street to the Brooklyn bridge, from the sidewalk

HANDLING THE ELECTION RETURNS.

in Park Row to the further side of Broadway — filling every available bit of space in City Hall Park— there were men, women and children, with upturned faces, watching the bulletin board. Their cheers and cries had but a faint echo inside the newspaper offices. But the men at work in the buildings knew they were there, and strived to give the earliest possible news that would serve to furnish the intelligence they craved.

In other quarters of the town there were similar, but smaller, crowds. Their desires for information were satisfied at the same instant that the bulletins were posted in Printing House Square. The many who were home could see hung in the sky, attached to a balloon, an immense electric star from which signals were flashed conveying the news.



An Operator receiving a "Special."

It is not alone in the room where the returns are being handled that activity prevails. The news editor has his allotted task. All the telegraph news, that does not deal directly with the figures and results of the election, go through his hands to his surbordinates. Here, too, the work has been subdivided, and each man bends to his allotted task with energy until the night is finished. There is no hitch, no delay, and a perfect understanding with all other departments of the paper, so that if by accident any bit of copy should

stray into the news editor's hands, that is not to be handled by him, he directs it to the proper channel.

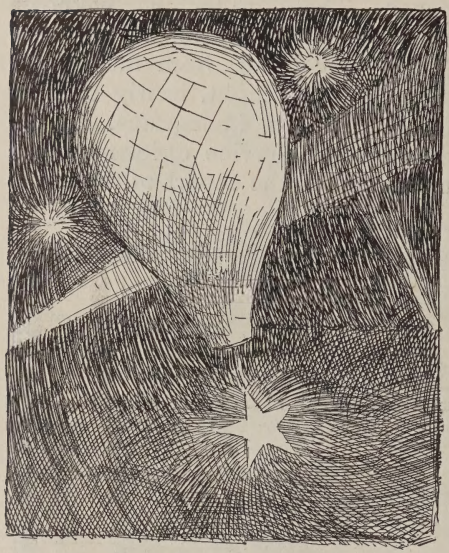
The city editor, with his staff of reporters, has been on duty since noon. His work was closely outlined and, with the exception of the mere figures, all the city news of the day is written and handled in this department. As each reporter comes in he is instructed to what length he may write. The available space in the paper having been allotted to each department, care is taken that no one division shall send more copy to the composing room than will serve to fill its complement. At the time of going to press, therefore, the night editor does not find himself with more type than he can find a place for.

There is in every metropolitan newspaper office a fully equipped telegraph office, under the direction of a chief operator. Over the lines centered in the building come the telegrams addressed to the newspaper. These are technically known as "specials." The *New York Journal* received from this source alone, election night, nearly seventy thousand words of telegrams. In addition to this service of its own, the men handled the report of the press

THE CROWD IN NEWSPAPER ROW ELECTION NIGHT.

association which amounted in words to double as much. Taking the matter written by the men in the office into consideration, the public may gain some idea of the immense amount of copy that is presented to it in digested form in the columns of a newspaper.

The dispatches sent to the paper



SIGNALLING ELECTION OF MCKINLEY.

by its special correspondents are of the briefest character. Only when they have been instructed to send long stories do they violate this rule. The dispatch giving the news from Illinois contained about forty words; another, telling of the election of congressmen in that state, was not more than one hundred and fifty words in length.

One department of a newspaper that has much to do with its excellence is that of the artists. Weeks before election they were set at work drawing pictures of both the presidential candidates, with those of their families and homes. When the decision is reached there is no delay in deciding which pictures to use. But the incidents of election day cannot be pictured in advance. The drawing showing the crowd about the statue of Benjamin Franklin could only be prepared in a degree. It was not until after nightfall that the detail of the crowd could be filled in. Once the drawing is finished it is the work of comparatively few hours to prepare the cut for printing.

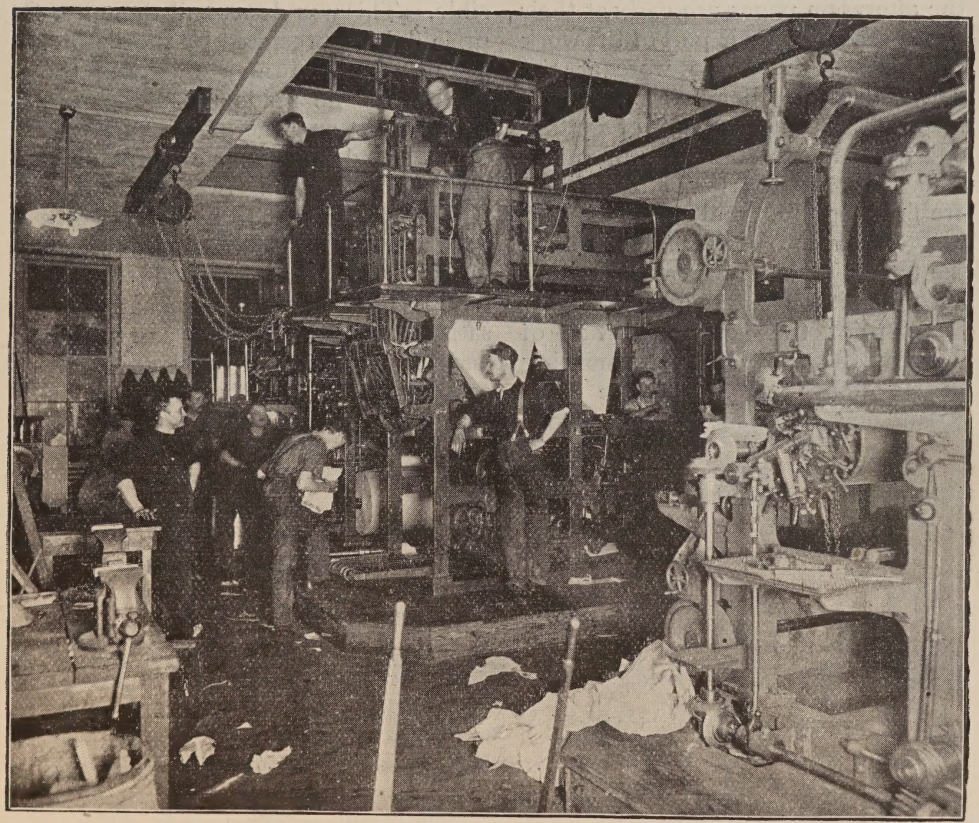
It is in the composing rooms and press rooms of a newspaper that the quickest and most systematic work must be done election night. The editors, anxious that the latest bit of information shall reach the public, send copy to the printers up to the last moment. The foreman of the composing rooms, with his large force well in hand, is willing to assist the editors in their desire but the moment comes when the forms must be closed. At a nod from the night editor he passes word to the men standing at each page and they hurriedly fill the parts of the forms, not already occupied, with matter designated, and push them into the stereotyper's room.

Before this has been accomplished much has been done. Each correction in the table of the electoral vote has been made; each congressman elected has been given his place in the list; the name of each legislator dropped in its proper place. Then, too, the copy for all the other news features has been put in type, the advertisements attended to, and, while the flood of copy for succeeding editions keeps flowing on without interruption, the first edition is sent to press.

In a room, heated to a degree that might overcome some persons, the stereotyper stands ready to take each

page as it comes from the composing room, and prepare it for the press. Not more than eight minutes are needed to take a mould from the form of a page, cast it in molten metal, and deliver it to the pressman.

The pressman stands anxiously at his post, knowing that much depends on him. He has inspected each of the huge machines that is to turn out pages by the thousands; each bearing has been oiled and carefully adjusted. The rolls of paper have been hoisted into place. Still no plates come. Then the earlier pages begin to arrive and are securely fastened in place. There seems to be a delay, and as the foreman turns to send a messenger to inquire when he may expect his "starter" he is greeted by the sight of an assistant staggering under the weight of a piece of metal. It is the last page to be received. Quickly they fasten it to the cylinder. A bell is rung warning all to keep out of danger. The lever is slowly pulled. The screeching of the belt as it slips into place annoys the men, the rumble of the press is heard, and the papers run out over the folder so quickly that they resemble a waterfall. The first few copies are thrown away. The foreman looks hurriedly over one copy, finds the pages in proper



IN THE PRESS ROOM.

position, nods his head to the man at the lever, the machine is put at its top speed, and the pages printed at an almost incredible rate of speed.

At the door of the building are the wagons ready to carry their loads to the postoffice and to the special trains. The bundles are thrown in, the horses started off at a gallop, and the work of distribution begun.

The night's work finished the weary men seem loath to leave the office. They make excuses to stay. It is a habit. They can hardly tear themselves away. At last they are gone. The office boy turns off the lights, and for a few hours the office is deserted. But those who conduct the afternoon pages are early at their posts. Before their part of the work is finished, those who were at the desks the night before are on hand ready to take up the task of getting out the pages of the next morning. They pick up the few strands that are floating about and soon begin to weave them into proper form. Thus the task of making a great newspaper goes on without interruption.

To print the English edition of *The New York Journal*, the morning of November 3d, there were used about one hundred and fifty thousand pounds of paper. The German edition, of the same day, used twelve thousand pounds. *The Evening Journal*, of November 3d, used forty-six thousand pounds. This is a total of one hundred and four tons. These several editions of the paper aggregated 1,506,634 copies. If the sheets of paper comprising this large edition were laid in sequence on the ground they would reach from New York to a point beyond Chicago.

To obtain the result so clearly and distinctly set forth in *The New York Journal* there was expended a large amount of money. No limit was placed on the expense. Instructions were simply given to make preparations to get the news as fully as possible. This was done, and the enterprise duly appreciated by the public.

Little does a man think, in the morning as he reads his newspaper, of the effort and energy that perhaps a thousand men have expended, within the preceding twelve hours, to gather and present to him the twelve pages that embrace all he can care to know of what took place election day. His desire for information is satisfied by the expenditure of a cent, and, having gratified his longing, he casts the sheet aside, and goes to business.

How the Christ-Flowers Came.

Mary B. O'Sullivan.

IT was Christmas eve in the Black Forest. The whirling snow touched the tree tops; the starry flakes clung to the branches or fluttered down, pure as rose petals wafted about on the breath of angels. Soon the frozen earth was hid from view and a great white world waited, in solemn expectation, the coming of the Christ-Child.

Silence lay upon the Forest. The charcoal-burners tended their smoldering fires and dreamed of home, or, with simple faith, listened for the shepherds' message and the angels' song.

When the midnight hour was nigh a sound broke the stillness, the wail of a child in distress. The charcoal-burners crossed themselves, and huddled closer to their fires.

"'Tis the cry from Bethlehem," said Johann reverently. "The Christ-Child is born."

"No child of the Black Forest would be abroad to-night?" asked Hans, uneasily. "It might not be one of our little children?"

"Not so," asserted Michael, a sturdy giant. "No *hausmutter* in the Black Forest could be so careless. Content thee, Hans, thy little ones snug in their cot dream of the angels, while thy good *frau* guards their sleep. It is, as Johann says, the echo from Bethlehem, or mayhap we have nodded and dreamed."

Hans was silent, but presently stole away into the snow-wreathed depths of the Forest. A voice in his heart was urging him on.

"May the star of Bethlehem guide me aright," he prayed. "If a child be abroad this holy night, lead me, dear God, to Thy little one."

Again the wail of distress smote upon his ear; a sob was the answer to his prayer; and stooping down the charcoal-burner lifted from the

snow a babe, scantily wrapped in swaddling clothes. Its feeble strength was almost spent, so placing it in his breast Hans sped through the Forest towards his home.

The *hausmutter* sat by her babes, her face, beautiful with mother-love, radiant in the glow of the Christmas lights burning on the humble tree.

And so Hans found her.

"I have brought thee one more, Gretchen," he said as he placed the babe on her bosom. "Succor it for the Christ-Child's sake."

"Who was born to-night," answered the mother, gently, and her love flowed out to the waif, warming it back to life.

The slumbering children stirred and wakened, and seeing the stranger, rose from their cot, and presently the hut rang with their rejoicing. The lights on the tree twinkled like stars. The children bore their guest towards it, loaded him with its choicest gifts, and played about him merrily, Hans and Gretchen looking on, a great content in their hearts.

Suddenly a radiance not of earth illumined the humble abode; the waif was encircled by a glory that deepened and spread, till the charcoal-burner's hut became as an antechamber of heaven. Hans and Gretchen fell on their knees in adoration. The babe they had harbored was passing from their vision, floating upward as if borne on angels' wings, his tiny hands outspread in parting benediction.

The children wept for the loss of their playmate.

"Hush thee, my darlings," whispered the mother. "Know you 'twas the dear Christ-Child, who came to us, and hath returned to Heaven. To-morrow thy father shall show thee the spot where he found the Holy Babe."

When the morrow came Hans led the little ones into the Forest, and where had been a bed of snow, lo! flowers bloomed, great waxen blossoms with hearts of gold and petals like silken floss.

"The Christ-flowers!" cried little Greta, and kneeling before them, as at a shrine, the peasants solemnly recorded a vow to succor each Christmas Day some poor child in honor of the Holy One, who had been their guest.

And so, in the Black Forest, is still told this legend of how the Chrysanthemums or Christ-flowers came.

"Granada, by its winding stream, the city of the Moor.

THE LAST SIGH OF THE MOOR.

Mary. F. Nixon.

SILENCE in Granada.

Not the calm silence of peace, such as dwells in quiet hearts, nor that of hushed expectancy, as when the fair Judean night awaited the birth of the king of kings. The silence which reigned in Granada, in December 1492, was the quiet of dread.

An intense darkness wrapped the city as in a pall. From the Moorish watch-towers the lights glimmered feebly and in the white city, nestled among the cypress trees upon the hillside, the lattices were closed and the lights from the wrought-iron Mooresque lanterns, hung at bisecting streets, did not shine with their accustomed brilliancy. The torrent of the Darro, swollen by the winter rains, dashed along its rocky course and chanted a mournful requiem for the dying fortunes of the beautiful city.

King Ferdinand, knowing that to subdue the city by force of arms would be a bloody deed, imperilling the lives of his bravest soldiers and moreover, one foreign to his politic nature, had determined to reduce it by seige. For many weary months his army had lurked upon the Andalusian plain.

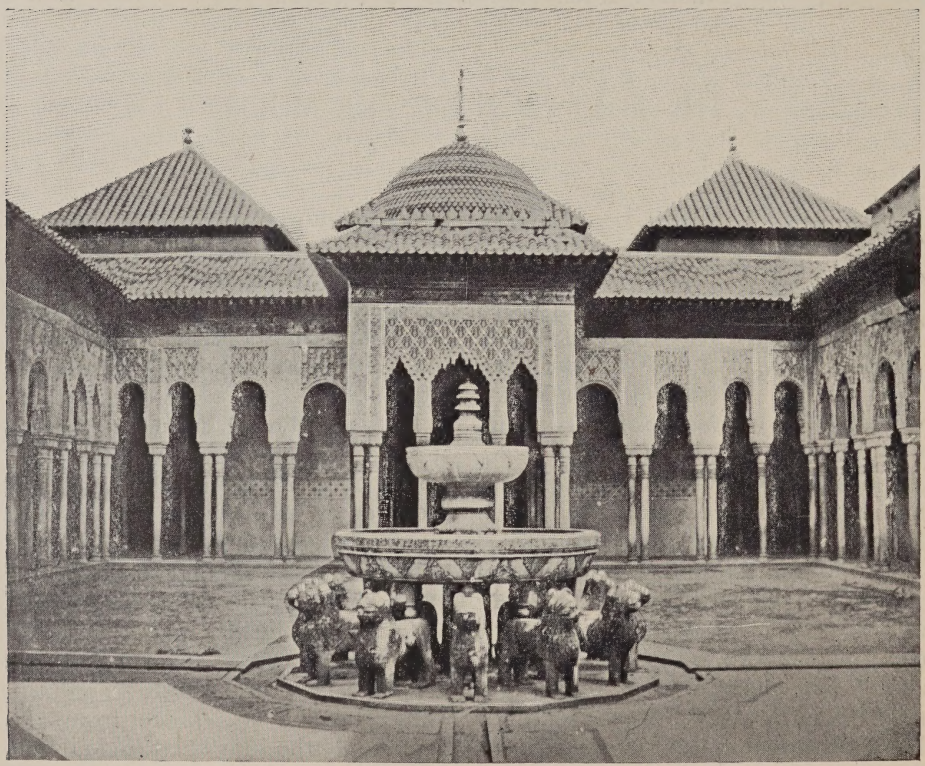
Fearful lest the strategic Moors would receive assistance from the mountains, the king had penetrated the Alpuxarras, ravaged and laid

waste the towns and valleys, and watching the city gates he sprang, like hawk upon its quarry, upon every convoy of supplies and captured all the reinforcements. Everything in his way he laid waste, and the plains, once so green and fair, blossoming like the rose, were bare and bleak. Only the Vega remained, the Vega so dear to Moorish hearts, so restful in its green loveliness to Moorish eyes, tear-dimmed, and dazzled with the "pomp and panoply of war." Lying along the rugged banks of the Darro, the slender stream of the Xenil winding through it like a silver thread, it had been their one hope and consolation.

Alas! even that was taken from them. The Saracens made a desperate struggle and Boabdil fought at their head, bravely and well, but the prowess of the Christian army (which far out-numbered that of the desperate Moors) conquered, and only "Granada by its winding stream" was left to them.

Starving, their wives and children dying before their very eyes; their sons and fathers and husbands cut down upon the battlements; death and destruction staring them in the face; naught but woe possible to them after the horrible war of ten weary years, what wonder if the intrepid spirits failed at last?

At the palace of the Alhambra the slender cypress trees, which screened the red walls, were well nigh stripped of leaves. Within the



"Silent were the fountains in the Court of the Lions."

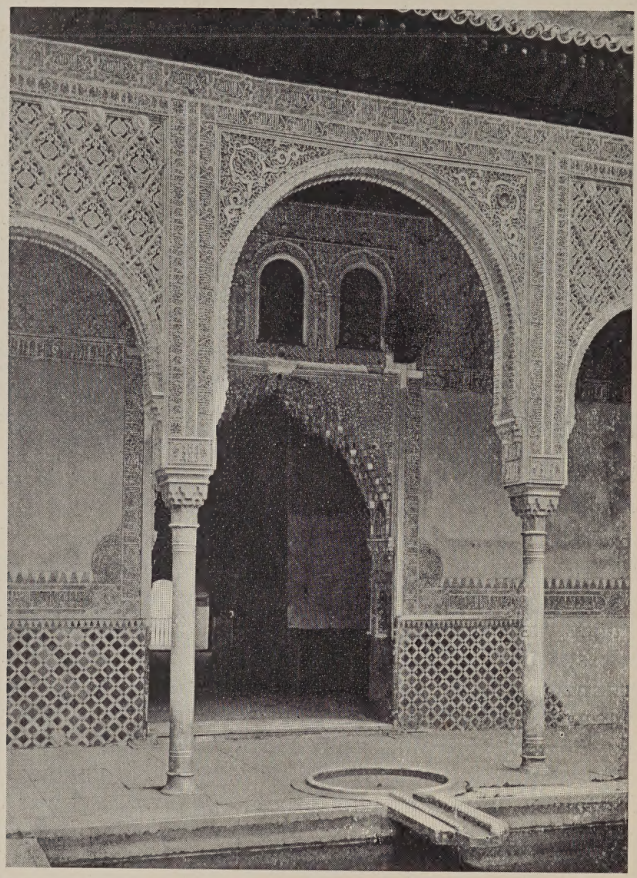
"THE CYPRESS AND THE POPLAR TREES WERE WELL NIGH STRIPPED OF LEAVES."

portals of the Hall of Ambassadors, were gathered the great ones of the nation in solemn conclave. From the arched shadows of the roof hung stalactites of gold, lapis-lazuli and carmine hues, and carved into quaint figures. The traceries upon the walls seemed to gleam with a thousand colors, and sparkle like gems. The azulejos, smooth and wonderfully glazed, reached up the wall, forming a dado of harmonious hues. In the many alcoves gleamed soft lights and from the triple-arched doorway could be seen the fairy-like columns of the far-famed Court of Lions, with its fountain in the centre, o'er whose yellow marble rim no water gurgled or sang.

All this haunting beauty served only as an added grief to the stern men gathered about the king, Boabdil El Chico. His heart was heavy. Well he remembered the fatal day when, captured by King Ferdinand at the city of Loxa, he had agreed if the Spaniards conquered Guadix, Baza and Almeria, that he would surrender Granada into their hands and accept other Moorish towns, which he would hold as vassal of Spain. It had seemed easy to promise then, but how hard was the keeping of his word!

"How is thy strength departed, O Granada," cried a Moorish poet, "How is thy beauty withered, O city of groves and fountains! The commerce that once thronged thy streets is at an end; the merchant no longer hastens to thy gates with the luxuries of foreign lands. The cities which once paid thee tribute are wrested from thy sway; the chivalry which once filled thy Vivarranebla with sumptuous pageantry

have fallen in many battles. The Alhambra still rears its ruddy towers from the midst of groves, but melancholy reigns in its marble halls and Boabdil looks down from above the Porto del Vino upon a naked waste, where once extended the



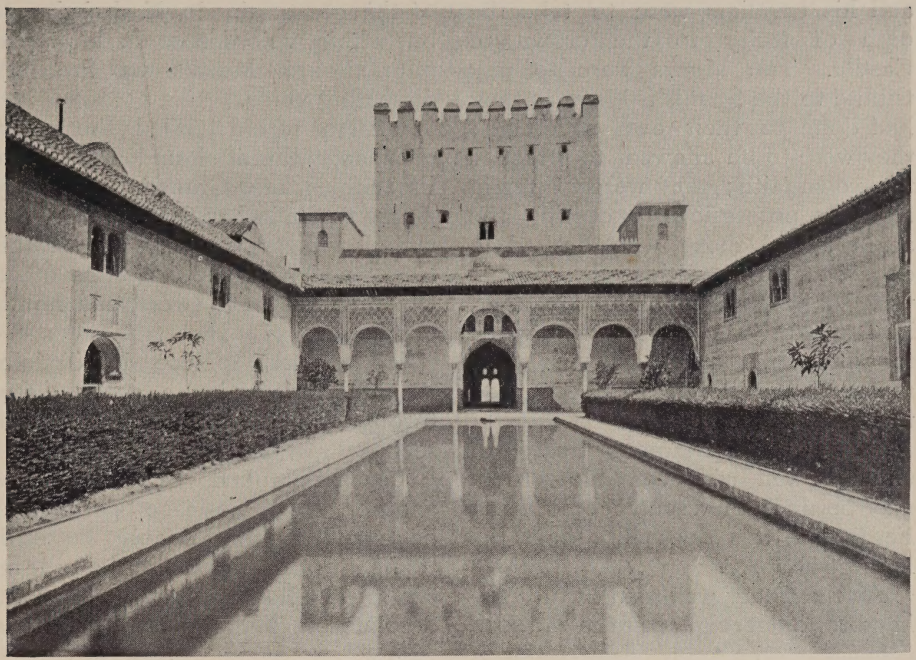
ENTRANCE TO HALL OF AMBASSADORS

blooming glories of the Vega." Boabdil, the Unlucky, so called at his very birth by the astrologers who read his horoscope, looked about him into the faces of his emirs, knights, alcaides, visiers and wise councillors and his pale lips trembled as he said, "The hour has come. My people starve; my warriors die on every hand. The Spaniards never tire. Well am I called 'El Zogoybi' (the Unlucky) for to keep my kingdom I must lose my friends. Men of Granada, what is your will?"

Never had he looked more kingly, this knightly Moor, as he stood there in full armor, only slightly concealed by the robes of state, thrown carelessly across one shoulder.

There was no answer to his question.

At last there rose an aged man, who stammered but the one word, "Surrender."



"THE GOLD FISH IN THE PATIO DE LOS ARRAYANES NO LONGER FLASHED LIKE IMPRISONED SUNLIGHT."

A wail of anguish arose; but, motioning for silence, he said, "O King, within thy city gates are two hundred thousand young and old who starve for bread. To surrender is all that remains. It is the will of Allah!"

Then sprang to his feet the fiercest warrior of them all, Muza, valiant hero of many a sally. "Surrender!" he cried, "Never! To surrender means the sacking of our homes, the profanation of our Mosques, the dishonor of our wives, the slavery of our daughters! Pay tribute to the beggarly lord of Castile and Aragon? The Moors who pay tribute are all *dead*. Our mint coins only daggers and lances! Does this dog of a gentile think us gray-beards, or women with distaffs in our hands? Ah! sweeter far to the African is a grave in the ruins of the Alhambra than the richest couch in his proudest palace! Let us fight till the last! We have left unused but *one* weapon, our despair. Let us fly upon their lances. I am ready to lead the way into the very thickest of the fray. Rather would I be numbered with those who fell in the defence of Granada than with those who survived to capitulate for her surrender!"

Alas for the stirring words of Muza! His hearers were far too broken-hearted to take courage, and Boabdil, persuaded by the entreaties of his emirs, yielded. Abul Cazim was sent to the hostile camp to treat for peace.

The terms of the treaty were favorable to the Moors. The city of Granada was to be surrendered in sixty days. All Christian captives were to be liberated. King Boabdil

and his cavaliers were to take the oath of fealty to the crown of Castile. The Moors were to pay tribute to the Spanish kings as they had done to their own sovereign; they were to be allowed to practice their own faith; they were to retain all their possessions, excepting the artillery, and those who desired to depart to Africa within three years were to have a free passage thither. Boabdil's private estates were given to him in perpetuity, and his wife, mother and children were promised the royal protection.

This was the famous treaty of Granada and whatever blots there may be upon the escutcheon of King Ferdinand, this does him only the highest honor.

As the treaty was read in the Alhambra, quiet reigned at the entrance of the great Sala de Embajadores; but within, voices rose in high dispute, though Muza's was the only dissenting voice.

"Allah forbid" cried the stern, old man, "that it should be said of the nobles of Granada that they *feared* to die in her defence! Never will I witness the signing of this treaty which is to rob life of all which can make it sweet, our home, our honor!"

He left the palace in disdain, mounted his war-horse and sallying through Elvira's gate was never more seen.

Boabdil looked from one to another. In no face glimmered hope and sighing deeply he said, "The glory of my kingdom is at an end! The homes of my people are desolate! The gold-fish in the

"From the window over the Porto del Vino Boabdil looked forth in despair."

Patio de los Arrayanes no longer flash like imprisoned sunlight; the water no longer ripples. All is still. Allah Achbar! God is great! There is no god but Allah, and Mohammed is his prophet. It is fate!" and he signed the treaty.

But, while the Moorish city was wrapped in gloom and dark with dread and woe, the camp of the besiegers blazed with lights. Clustered about the royal tent were those of the very flower of Spanish chivalry. Revelry was at its height, for Christmas-tide had come and soon the stronghold of the Moors would be a Christian city.

There sat Ferdinand, the king, his stern, dark face ever alert and watchful, yet smiling too at the mild, calm countenance of the beautiful queen beside him. Near her were her children, the young prince Juan and the infanta Juana, the poor, mad princess who married Philippe *le Bel* of France.

Around them were many nobles and ladies in waiting, attired in magnificent array, and from the finest families in Spain.

Near the king's person, where he ever liked to hold him, was Gonzalo de Cordova. *El Gran Capitan*, hero of the conquest of Naples, the Sicilies and the French.

Next to this knightly form stood the brave Hernan del Prelgar. Many a knightly deed had he done; but, bravest of all, perhaps, was when he stole at dead of night through the Moorish lines and into the very heart of the city. There, halting before the largest Mosque he nailed upon the door a paper, bearing the words "*Ave Maria*"!

Great was the rage of the Moors and the next day a doughty knight rode out before the Christian army, the paper upon which the sacred words were inscribed dragging at his horse's tail in derision.

He challenged a knight to joust with him and young Garcilasso sprang forward to the contest.

Bravely they fought and well; but the prowess of the Christian, mere boy though he was, o'ercame and the boasting Moor was conquered.

The young knight returned to the Christian camp with the head of his adversary as a trophy, and the old poem says,

He knelt before the king and queen, they gave him honor meet,
And marvelled much that such a youth, should do so grand a feat;
'Twas in Granada's Vega that thus he won his fame,
And Garcilasso de la Vega thereafter was his name.

Near to these gay cavaliers stood the Marquis de Villena, that mighty chieftain who, seeing his faithful servant beset by the Moors, had rushed to his aid. He saved his servant's life, but a Moorish lance crippled his good right arm.

"My Lord Marquis," Queen Isabella demanded of him, "why did you adventure your life for that of a domestic?"

"Does not your majesty think," he replied, "that I ought to risk *one* life for him who would have spent *three* for me, had he possessed them?"

"No wonder our Castile is so great when such is the heroic chivalry of her sons!" cried the queen, and such men as these were gathered about the royal standard before Granada in the winter of 1492.

At last the hour had come; the hour longed for by Spaniards and dreaded by Moors; the time for the surrender of Granada.

Long and loud had been the lamentations of the Moors. Now all was still as the night.

In the early morning light a small cortege moved quietly out of a small gate. It was the family of the king, his mother Ayxa la Horra, his wife Morayma, a few domestics and a guard of Moors, faithful till death. They waited at a small hamlet on the banks of the blue Xenil until the king could join them.

Meanwhile Boabdil was behaving with the dignity which always spread its mantle over him in the trying moments of his hard life.

At the Torre de las Siete Suelos the king and his retinue were met by Don Pedro Gonzalez de Mendoza, Don Guitierrez de Cardena with the great Cardinal Ximenes, and handing the keys of his palace to the new commander, Boabdil said, "Go señor, and take possession of those fortresses in the name of the powerful sovereigns to whom God has been pleased to deliver them, in reward for their great merits and in punishment for the sins of the Moors."

The keys were accepted with courteous words and passing silently out of his palace gates, without a backward glance, Boabdil advanced to meet the Catholic sovereigns.

In all the splendor of their "magnificent attire, with retinue of many a knight and squire," King Ferdinand awaited him upon the banks of the Xenil, and as the army of Castile saw the silver cross shine from the battlements of the Torre de la Vela and the standard of Santiago float to the breeze, a great cry arose from all that mighty host, and, falling upon his knees, the voice of each Spaniard rang out in the grand music of the *Te Deum*.

King Boabdil advanced and offered to kiss the Spanish monarch's hand, which homage the knightly ruler declined while the queen received him with her gracious sweetness.

"Thine O King," said Boabdil "are our kingdom, our honor and our person. Such is the will of God. Receive them with the clemency thou hast promised!"

"Doubt not our friendship," said King Ferdinand, "nor that thou shalt regain that of which the fortunes of war have deprived thee," as he set out toward Granada while Boabdil rejoined his family. They were all to seek refuge in the valley of Purchena, and winding in and out the Alpuxarras the slender train paused upon an eminence overlooking the Xenil, the Vega and the white town of Granada.

How fair it looked in the gay sunshine which lighted up every peak and minaret! How beautifully the river wound through the plain, and how clearly the red towers of Comares stood out against the blue sky.

"Allah Achbar!" exclaimed Boabdil, "God is great!"

Vain was his last attempt at resignation. Vain the comfort of his fatalistic creed!

The words fell from his lips as empty utterances from a broken heart and burying his face in his hands he groaned aloud, weeping bitterly and crying: "Was ever misfortune like to mine!"

"Thou doest well" said his mother, stern, warlike Ayxa la Horra, "to weep like a child for the kingdom thou coulds't not keep like a man!"

"Nay, nay"! cried the Visier Aben Comixa, "the greatest misfortunes often render men as renowned as the greatest victories if

they show magnanimity in bearing them."

Then Morayma laid a gentle hand upon Boabdil's arm. Her sweet voice said, timidly: "Our son is ours again, my lord," she showed him the young prince, long a hostage in the Spanish camp.

Boabdil clasped him close and cast a look of tenderest affection upon the gentle wife he loved so well.

He looked back once more upon his lost kingdom, heaved a last sigh, long and deep and turned away to continue in silence his journey to Purchena.

Meanwhile the Spanish army right glorious to behold
Came flashing back the noonday light,
Rank behind rank of surges bright
Like a broad sea of gold.

A score of trumpets sounded
A peal of warlike glee
As that great host, with measured tread
And spears advanced and ensigns spread
Rolled slowly toward the bridge's head.

Across the stream they swept, up the hill of Martyrs to the main portal of the palace. There the cavalcade halted, and, at the gate of justice, the keys were given into the hands of the Count de Tendilla, made Alcaide of the Alhambra and governor of Granada.

Under his just and careful rule the city was soon tranquillized, no pillage or sack was permitted, the inhabitants were guarded and peace reigned.

Upon the feast of the Epiphany the Catholic sovereigns made their grand entry into the city of Granada. The chief Mosques had been purified and consecrated; Mass was said, and thanksgivings offered up.

The cross of Christ reigned where once the crescent blazed, and the throne of Castile was firmly fixed in Moorish Spain, where so recently had been heard *el ultimo suspiro del Moro*, (the last sigh of the Moor!)

FATHER DAMIEN'S FAVORITE HYMN.

When obstacles and trials seem
Like prison walls to be,
I do the little I can do,
And leave the rest to Thee.

I know not what it is to doubt,
My heart is ever gay,
I run no risk, for come what will,
Thou always hast Thy way.

I have no cares, O blessed Will!
For all my cares are Thine;
I live in triumph, Lord for Thou
Hast made Thy triumphs, mine.

And when it seems no chance or change,
From grief can set me free,
Hope finds its strength in helplessness,
And gaily waits on Thee.

Faber.

UTTERANCES OF CAMPAIGN LEADERS.

A SYMPOSIUM.

I regard the result of the late election with much satisfaction. The Republicans gained a president, but the Populists gained millions of converts. The paramount principles of the Peoples' party, as set forth in the Omaha platform, were endorsed four years ago, at the polls, by over a million and a half of voters. This year they have been endorsed by over five million, or nearly half of the total electorate of the country. Such extraordinary gain, in so brief a time, is unparalleled in the political history of our country. The most sanguine reformer, one year ago, would not have believed it possible. It has brought us to the very threshold of victory, almost prematurely. This remarkable success has been achieved, despite the open and covert opposition of the amassed wealth of the country, represented by the banks, trusts, railroad corporations, and other manifold monopolies, which have been running the government in their own special interests, and utilizing almost the entire daily press, which they own, control or influence, to accomplish their ends.

Despite the sneers, ridicule and wholesale misrepresentation of the press, our campaign of education, on the great principles involved, has been a remarkable success. The millions who have espoused our cause, will remain true to their convictions. They were threatened with social ostracism, as well as loss of employment, and in other ways coerced; but, notwithstanding these unpatriotic, un-American, coercive measures, enough remained true to almost achieve victory, and will remain firm in their faith, holding the fort until reinforcements arrive.

The vital issues set forth by the Peoples' party, and adopted by the Democrats at the Chicago Convention, aroused the country to its depths. They were new issues, but old principles; old as the Republic; the very bed-rock on which it is founded. These issues brushed aside the ancient shibboleths, with which the two old parties have humbugged the voters for more than twenty years. They can deceive them no longer. Party lines have been obliterated; new camps and alignments have been formed. The Tories of the Democratic party have joined hands with the Tories of the Republican party, their natural allies. President Cleveland, Herr Most, Dave Hill, Morality Breckenridge, Carlisle, Belmont, Whitney, and such like, now stand shoulder to shoulder with Mark Hanna, Parson Ingersoll, Huntington, Quay, Platt and President-elect McKinley and their kind. These gentlemen now control one camp, the army of plutocracy, the party of monopoly and special privileges, under the Republican banner.

In the other camp, the common people, the real producers of wealth, the true Democracy of the nation, are assembled with meagre organization, limited means and divided forces. With traitors in their midst

in the heat of battle, the allied forces of the Populists, the Silver Republicans and the Silver Democrats, formed their lines under fire, on the election battle field, and almost won a presidential victory, because they held high above all others, an issue that thrilled the nation. This issue saved the Democratic party. It was conceded, six months in advance, that should the Democrats adopt a platform of meaningless generalities, it would be unnecessary to make a campaign, as McKinley was sure of winning. But the silver issue, with a Bryan to present it, gave new life and vigor and enthusiasm to a demoralized party. Teller, DuBois, Mantle, Butler, Allen and others, joined hands with Bryan, Jones, Stone, Altgeld, Vest, Towne and Tillman.

The Bunker Hill of reform was fought. The Tories won, but Yorktown is indubitably ahead in 1900. The fundamental issue, to-day, before the American people, is as clear cut and unmistakable as the granite shaft on the summit of Bunker Hill. It is this: Shall the Republic endure? Shall the People govern themselves, or permit syndicates and trusts to govern them? Shall the people determine what their financial system shall be, or leave it to be fixed by the money changers of Wall Street and their foreign allies? Shall they allow Vice-President-elect Hobart, and his confederates of the coal trust, to continue to extort an enormous yearly tribute from them on the fuel which every householder is obliged to buy? Shall they own or control the railroads, or permit the railroads to own or control them? Shall we have a government by injunction or a Supreme Court of arbitration? Shall the United States mail service be used as a leverage to force the employes of steam and street railroads to yield to the oppressive demands of merciless corporations? Shall the trade interests of the country be merged into such gigantic trusts and monopolies as to render competition impossible, and the young man of the future unable to engage in the business world? Shall the business and professional interests of this country be focussed in the hands of the few, while, on the other hand, shall the masses become slaves in a hopeless scramble for a mere existence? Having established a moneyed aristocracy in this country, is not the desire of the plutocrat to secure, through matrimonial alliances, absurd titles which cost millions of dollars? This is but a step towards royalty. To accomplish this, these same trusts and monopolies, having exercised their political power through the press, will use that same medium to secure a monarchy.

The real contest, to-day, is not for silver alone, because this can be cornered as well as gold, but the fight on the part of the Populists, is to have the government issue and control the money circulation of this country, while, on the other hand, veiled as it is, the money power is fighting to have the government go out of the banking business and transfer it entirely to them. They wish to control the circulating medium, and in this way better control the destinies of the people. On the one hand, there is a movement by the people and for the people to gain the ascendancy, while on the other hand, the movement is by and for the money power to prevent it—to enable them to accomplish their purposes. They want a firmer government, which means centraliza-

tion of power in the hands of the president. The next step is a dictator, the last a monarchy, and then a titled aristocracy.

Now a word as to the future. The momentum of this movement will be maintained. It will not be allowed to abate in the least. It will become necessary now for McKinley to outline a financial policy, and from this time on, he and his party will be on the defensive. Nothing will satisfy an anxious people but prosperity, and this cannot be secured on confidence and falling prices. Increased tariff will only increase the price of certain products; and the farmer will get no more for his wheat, corn or cotton, rendering him powerless to purchase the manufacturers' products of the east. We cannot have prosperity on a declining market. And the single gold standard will not raise the price of products or of labor, but will enchance the value of the dollar, which forces the prices of everything else down. If this be true, there will be a revolt against McKinley and his party before 1900, just as there was against Cleveland and his party. Should this occur, just as the political pendulum swung from one party to the other in '84, '88, '92, and '96 so it will swing once more, and millions of Silver Republicans will find refuge in the ranks of the allied silver forces, who are marching to victory. The first contest will be for a Congress in '98, the second for a president in 1900. The people have given the Republicans one more trial, and all we need to do is to hold our forces intact, take advantage of their blunders, focus the fight in the states we can carry, and with the defection from the Republican party, which is sure to come during the next four years, march to the victory which awaits us.

GEORGE F. WASHBURN.
Western Chairman,
Peoples' Party,
Chicago.

[President-elect McKinley.]

The victory is not to party or section, but of and for the whole American people. Not the least of the triumphs of the election is the obliteration of sectional lines in the republic. We have demonstrated to the world that we are a reunited people in purpose as in name.

We have manifested in the great cause the spirit of fraternity and brotherhood that should always characterize our common and equal citizenship and have proven conclusively that, in a country of equal privileges and equal opportunities, the insidious doctrine of hate or of class or sectional distinction cannot prevail. Let us as Americans straightway devote ourselves to the upbuilding of America, to the peace, honor and glory of our common country.

Party dissensions should no longer divide or rack the public mind, nor the zeal or temper of either side deter any citizen from patriotic devotion to the good of all.

WILLIAM MCKINLEY.

[Governor Altgeld of Illinois.]

While we are defeated, our party is more vigorous and in better condition, generally, than it has been for a third of a century.

Republicans tell us that the newly elected president is weak, that he allowed the manufacturers to frame his tariff bill and that as governor of Ohio he was very weak.

We may assume that the coming administration will be controlled by the men who have been so prominent in securing his election.

Look at some of them, Mr. Hanna, Mr. Carnegie, Mr. Depew, Mr. Pullman, Mr. Huntington, Mr. Payne, Mr. Thurston of Pacific railroad fame, and a number of others of the same character.

Remember it was Jefferson who led the way in freeing us from British domination in 1776. It was again Jefferson who saved free institutions in 1800. It was Jackson who freed the people from the clutches of the corrupt money power in 1832.

It was the great common people of America and not the rich who saved our institutions in 1861, and it will devolve on the great common people of this country to save free government in 1900.

JOHN P. ALTGELD.

[Hon. Wm. J. Bryan.]

The friends of bimetallism have not been vanquished; they have simply been overcome. They believe that the gold standard is a conspiracy of the money changers against the welfare of the human race, and, until convinced of their error, they will continue the warfare against it.

The contest has been waged this year under great embarrassments and against great odds. For the first time, during this generation, public attention has been centred upon the money question as the paramount issue, and this has been done in spite of all attempts upon the part of our opponents to prevent it.

The Republican convention held out the delusive hope of international bimetallism, while Republican leaders labored secretly for gold monometallism.

Gold standard Democrats have publicly advocated the election of the Indianapolis ticket, while they labored secretly for the election of the Republican ticket.

The trusts and corporations have tried to excite a fear of lawlessness, while they themselves have been defying the law, and American financiers have boasted that they were the custodians of national honor, while they were secretly bartering away the nation's financial independence.

But in spite of the efforts of the administration and its supporters, in spite of the threats of money loaners, at home and abroad, in spite of the coercion practiced by corporate employers, in spite of trusts and syndicates, in spite of an enormous Republican campaign fund, and in spite of the influence of a hostile daily press, bimetallism has almost triumphed in its first great fight. The loss of a few states, and that, too, by very small pluralities, has defeated bimetallism for the present, but bimetallism emerges from the contest stronger than it was four months ago.

In the face of an enemy rejoicing in its victory, let the roll be called for the next engagement and urge all friends of bimetallism to renew their allegiance to the cause.

If we are right, as I believe we are, we shall yet triumph. Until convinced of his error let each advocate of bimetallism continue the work. Let all silver clubs retain their organization, hold regular meetings and circulate literature. Our opponents have succeeded in this campaign and must now put their theories to the test.

Instead of talking mysteriously about "sound money" and "an honest dollar" they must now elaborate and defend a financial system.

Every step taken by them should be publicly considered by the silver clubs. Our cause has prospered most where the money question has been longest discussed among the people. During the next four years it will be studied all over this nation, even more than it has been studied in the past.

The year 1900 is not far away. Before that year arrives international bimetallism will cease to deceive; before that year arrives those who have called themselves gold standard Democrats will become bimetallists and be with us, or will become Republicans and be open enemies; before that year arrives, trusts will have convinced still more people that a trust is a menace to private welfare and public safety; before that year arrives, the evil effects of a gold standard will be even more evident than they are now, and the people then ready to demand an American financial policy; for the American people will join with us in the immediate restoration of the free and unlimited coinage of gold and silver at the present legal ratio of sixteen to one, without waiting for the aid or consent of any other nation.

W. J. BRYAN.

[Mr. Hanna.]

Many western farmers were misled about our attitude. They confused gold monometallism and the gold standard, and were in many cases led to believe that the gold standard, for which we have fought, meant that we would use gold money only, and that silver money would go out of use. When they learned that under the gold standard we would continue using silver, as we do to-day, their ideas changed, and they deserted the free silver cause.

M. A. HANNA.

[Chairman Jones.]

The result was brought about by every kind of coercion and intimidation on the part of the money power, including threats of lockouts and dismissals and impending starvation; by the employment of by far the largest campaign fund ever used in this country, and by the subornation of a large portion of the American press. The president-elect and his party are under the pledge to the American people to continue the gold standard, and by its operation to restore prosperity to this country.

As chief executive, Mr. McKinley will have the cordial support of the millions of patriotic Americans who have cast their votes for William Jennings Bryan. They bow to the majesty of the office and abide by the result, with none of the mutterings that would have come from the moneyed power had it been unsuccessful. They are confident the gold standard cannot give the promised prosperity, but will gladly welcome it if it comes.

They will continue the great struggle for the uplifting of humanity, and the maintenance of the dignity of our country, in the establishment of the American monetary system; and the Democratic party, aided by its present allies, will still uplift the bimetallic standard and bear it on to victory.

JAMES K. JONES.

[Senator Tillman.]

The battle has been the most heated and the hardest fought poli-

tical contest in our history, and the Democratic party has never shown to better advantage.

There were several causes, all of them making a combination that it was impossible to overcome. In the first place, the odium attaching to democracy from Clevelandism, and all that it implies, drove from us hundreds of thousands of men. Hard times; the issue of bonds in time of peace; the so-called free trade tariff bill; the loss of employment; all these were charged to the Democratic party, and the Democratic speakers and the few Democratic newspapers which reached the masses in the northern cities were powerless to obliterate the impression. The Democratic party suffered, although it had repudiated both Cleveland and his policy.

Then the unblushing use of money, in unlimited quantities, controlled many thousands of voters. The campaign was conducted by the republicans with great vigor by a large corps of well-trained speakers, many of them men of national repute, while the Democracy, without means, relied upon volunteer speakers, and these could not cover the field as thoroughly as their opponents.

A third factor was the threat, open or implied, by thousands of owners of manufactories and workshops, that Bryan's election meant the closing down of work. The army of the idle were promised work if McKinley should triumph. The Republican masses of the country, or agricultural districts, were promised a return of good prices and prosperous times under a Republican tariff policy and with a restoration of confidence. The natural alliance of the south and west, though not complete, has received an impetus which cannot be stopped or prevented. The issue of financial reform and the restoration of the money of the Constitution will not down.

We have broken the solid north, while the south is practically solid. The tyranny of the federal judiciary and the greed of the plutocrats will drive the masses by the million to our support in the next great struggle. Jefferson lost his first battle in 1796, but won in 1800. The Republican party was overwhelmingly defeated in 1856; and Lincoln was defeated for the senate in 1858, but he was elected president in 1860. We will win in 1900. McKinley cannot give relief or restore prosperity unless the law of supply and demand, as it affects money, has been repealed.

BENJAMIN TILLMAN.

[The Hon. Chauncey M. Depew.]

This recent election, is really the most interesting that has occurred during my career. I went through the civil war, and participated in the first and second elections of Lincoln, speaking in both canvasses. The second was a non-partisan election. In the first the existence of the country was not at stake. The Democratic convention at Chicago nominated McClellan, but on a platform which was already a failure; while Lincoln was running on a platform which declared that every dollar of the country's money and every drop of its blood should be sacrificed for the preservation of the nation. That destroyed parties, and the McClellan contest broke down.

That settled the question absolutely that the American people could be relied upon, without regard to party, to preserve the country from dissolution. Every contest after

that was a partisan contest, upon partisan questions, and upon which parties naturally divided.

That was the condition in 1864, and now in 1896, thirty-two years afterward, we have had two questions presented to the country, unexpectedly, by the capture, against its natural leaders, of the Democratic party: First, the national dishonor in the repudiation of national obligations; and secondly, the change in the form of government by eliminating the supreme court. So you have the two questions, dishonor and revolution, presented to the United States, involving an appeal to the farmer and the industrial distress of the working men.

Our own contest was so acute that we did not know the intense interest that was taken in it all over the world. There was not a representative of strong government — and by that I mean autocratic, aristocratic, or monarchical government — who did not believe that democracy was on trial and would fail — and in that failure there would be the best arguments for the continuance of czars, emperors and kings. The commercial and financial people of the world were watching it, believing that if Mr. Bryan succeeded the United States would be cut off from commercial relations with the rest of the world; and the paralysis of this vast trade would be a shock that would affect every financial centre of the globe.

When the polls closed on Tuesday night a dramatic situation was presented, which never before existed in the history of the world. For, on the one side, there was governmental anarchy and a financial paralysis, to involve two-thirds of the country in bankruptcy, and on the other, national honor at any sacrifice and the perpetuity of our form of government. Patriotism and honesty won. That is all there is to that.

I am convinced that we cannot have a fluctuating standard. If you can get a basis by which gold and silver may be kept absolutely and always on a parity I should say 'yes' to international bimetallism, but I do not see how that can be done.

[Governor Stone of Missouri.]

The three causes of Mr. Bryan's defeat: First, and chiefly, money. Second, the betrayal of the Democratic party by men who owed it everything. Third, the influence of a subsidized press.

The cause we have fought for is right. It involves a question affecting the prosperity of our country and the happiness of mankind. It will not be settled until it is settled right. The battle has not been in vain, as by it we have separated the wheat from the chaff. The party will grow stronger in future when every man in it is ready to fight and die for its principles.

The cause of free silver is not lost by this defeat. The blessings that would flow from bimetallism will be delayed, but they will come at last in response to the resolute and unyielding demands of the people.

WILLIAM J. STONE.

EDITOR'S REVIEW.

THE comments of foreign papers on the presidential election in America are sufficiently varied to suit the most diverse views on the part of the people most concerned. The leading English organs are loud in their congratulations over McKinley's election, and equally emphatic in denouncing what one of them ignorantly describes as "the hopelessly ignorant and savagely covetous waifs and strays of American civilization who voted for Bryan." The French papers think that the United States has been saved from a great peril, and in Germany the feeling is that McKinley's victory saves the foreign nations from a great and disastrous shock. The Canadians as a rule, take the English view of the election, though many of the more prominent think they recognize antagonism to Canada's interests in the choice of the gentleman from Canton. While the general note of foreign opinion is one of satisfaction at the result, there is a surprising unanimity of lack of confidence in McKinley personally. His record as a straddler is freely commented on, and the *London Times* points out emphatically that his election is in no sense due either to himself or to his party. The *Paris Temps* goes far to express American opinion in the comment it makes that: —

"McKinley is merely a trustee of the victory, and will be exposed to a cruel awakening if he wishes to exploit it without measure in favor of protectionist principles and his private ideas. It remains to be seen whether or not he will know how to rise above party spirit and worthily represent the great national movement which raised him to power."

* * *

BISHOP KEANE'S resignation has stirred up quite a sensation in Europe. Men of various circles both clerical and lay are attaching to it a significance hardly warrantable from the known premises, and far beyond what the most outspoken of American Catholics have ventured to give to it. One prelate antagonistic to the personal policy of Leo XIII has gone so far as to say that the change in the University's rector is a Waterloo for the Papacy. The Pope's action is regarded as a weakening of his hitherto broad and liberal policy, and the so-called reactionary party is in jubilation. It would be well for all those who are inclined to take an impulsive view of this event to suspend further judgment. It is beyond belief that Leo XIII has deviated from the high, enlightened plane upon which his pontificate has been directed, and the sequel will undoubtedly demonstrate that in his latest movement there has been no reaction from his established policy. If there is anything behind the scenes it will appear to the view of all in good time. Pope Leo is still the head of the Church and his intellect is unimpaired. There is at least one man who has accepted the Pope's decision in the right manner. This is Bishop Keane himself. His example is worthy of imitation, until later events at least, justify an interpretation different from that contained in the Pope's letter to him.

* * *

THE revolution in Cuba seems drawing near its end, with Spain routed, horse, foot and dragoons. The savage Weyler, who was to have put down the rebellion in no time, has shown himself no more competent to overcome the rebels than his predecessor, though he has gained more notoriety for cruel and barbaric treatment of prisoners, innocent or guilty. The expenses of the contest have rolled up to a tremendous sum, and it will be lucky for the present monarchy in the mother country, if the impending collapse in Cuba does not result in a more serious revolution at home. If ever a people deserved freedom, on the sole merit of sustaining an unequal fight with repeated victories over a superior foe, that people is the Cubans. If they can only govern themselves as successfully in freedom, as they have fought bravely to secure freedom, it were a pity to longer deny them the recognition they are seeking as a free and independent people.

* * *

AT the annual meeting of the archbishops and bishops of Ireland, held recently in Maynooth College, the long mooted subject of an Irish Catholic university was dealt with at length, and in a manner so forcible, that the cause of education in Ireland ought speedily to derive

the desired impetus from Parliament. The most significant utterance of the meeting perhaps was that in which the bishops quoted the words of the chief secretary for Ireland at the close of the last Parliament, favoring the grant of greater educational facilities to Irish Catholics, but which unfortunately bore no fruit. On this point the bishops said: —

"We assume, as admitted on all hands, that in this matter the Catholics of Ireland have a grievance. This has been recognized by statesmen of all political parties, in the Houses of Parliament and in the country; but by no one has it been stated with greater force, nor the intellectual and material impoverishment resulting from it set forth with greater clearness, than by the present first lord of the treasury, now seven years ago, in his remarkable speech at Partick.

"No later, too, than the closing days of the last session of Parliament the chief secretary for Ireland made the memorable admission, in reference to this same question, that, through the want of university education among the Catholics of Ireland he found it necessary from time to time to pass them over, and to give to Protestants public appointments which otherwise he would have thought it right to give to Catholics. We must say that, much as we feel humiliated by the statement, we are not quite surprised at it. To be crushed by law into a position of inferiority, and then made to suffer in consequence, has for a long time been the lot of Irish Catholics."

* * *

It is not to be supposed that the defeat of free silver means anything but a refusal to accept the ratio proposed by the Chicago convention, 16 to 1. The principle of bimetallism in itself was not the issue before the people; if it were, there would have been no doubt of its sweeping victory. It was only the extreme proposition of those who controlled the Democratic convention, that failed to win the confidence and support of the people. The intelligence of the masses of voters could not be convinced that any power, governmental or otherwise, could give silver a value it did not possess intrinsically, and keep it at that value in the face of a depreciated silver bullion, in every other country in the world. But bimetallism in proper proportion is needed and wanted in the United States; and if Mr. Bryan devotes his time, as it is alleged he intends, to the cause of bimetallism, in a practical and feasible manner, for the next four years, the result will be the restoration of silver to its legitimate place in the coinage of the country.

* * *

One of the speakers at the Chicago convention of freethinkers delivered himself to the effect that if the names of God, Christ, and the Bible were put into the constitution, he should favor the change of the republic to a monarchy with Talmage as King. Perhaps Talmage stands to the freethinking mind as a fair embodiment of the views of those who profess a religious faith; but we doubt if his kingship on that ground would satisfy a majority of the churchgoers of the country. We think the greater part of practical Christians are content with the constitution as it is, and therefore we do not apprehend any immediate probability of the speaker's having to cast a vote in favor of crowning the Brooklyn sensationalist. If it came to a choice of kings however, we would feel inclined to regard the country as quite as safe under Talmage as under the speaker or even under Ingersoll himself.

* * *

Kleptomania is not regarded in England as an extenuation for theft to the degree it is sometimes carried in this country; though in Mrs. Castle's case the plea seems to have been successful in securing a mitigation of sentence. Time was in England when even petty larceny was punishable on the scaffold, and many a tale has been written in which the hero or heroine has suffered death by the machinations of enemies who took advantage of the law's severity to plot against the lives of those they sought to undo. Ancient records show that within a given period more persons were gibbeted in England for the crime of sheep stealing than were executed by the Inquisition in Spain for heresy, then a capital offence against the state. A story is told of an eminent English judge before whom a culprit was charged with stealing. The prisoner's counsel advanced the defence of kleptomania, and added to his argument the plea that this was a disease. "I know it is" replied the judge, "and I am here to cure it," which he did by inflicting the prescribed legal penalty.

* * *

A victory which can be appreciated by the decent men of all political parties, is that won over the A. P. A. in the recent elections. The men who stood foremost in national public life as representatives of its principles, and who offered themselves for reelection on the platform of proscription, were in almost every case ignominiously beaten. The American Protec-

tive Association has proved a very crude manager of its own affairs; not being able to protect its own mean interests against the sentiments of fair-minded men, as expressed at the ballot-box. The late elections prove that the A. P. A. is dead. Over its unhallowed grave there will so n grow the sods of ignoble oblivion. This is as it should be in these United States.

* * *

In view of the unenviable prominence given the Supreme Court of the United States during the campaign just closed, which betrayed a lack of information on the orators' parts, the following account of the methods pursued by that court, in arriving at and promulgating its decisions, is not without interest. It is condensed from an address recently given by Justice Harlan, one of the members whose name and views figure most prominently in the press.

Each justice is furnished with a printed copy of the record and a copy of each brief filed, and each one examines the records and briefs at his chambers before the case is taken up for consideration. The cases are thoroughly discussed in conference — the discussion in some being necessarily more extended than in others. The discussion being concluded — and it is never concluded until each member of the court has said all that he desires to say — the roll is called, and each justice present and participating in the decision votes to affirm, reverse, or modify, as his examination and reflection suggests. The Chief Justice, after the conference, and without consulting his brethren, distributes the cases so decided for opinions. No justice knows, at the time he votes in a particular case, that he will be asked to become the organ of the court in that case; nor does any member of the court ask that a particular case be assigned to him.

The next step is the preparation of the opinion by the justice to whom it has been assigned. The opinion, when prepared, is privately printed, and a copy placed in the hands of each member of the court for examination and criticism. It is examined by each justice, and returned to the author, with such criticisms and objections as are deemed necessary. If these objections are of a serious kind, affecting the general trend of the opinion, the writer calls the attention of the justices to them, that they may be passed upon. The author adopts such suggestions of mere form as meet his views. If objections are made to which the writer does not agree, they are considered in conference, and are sustained or overruled as the majority may determine. The opinion is reprinted so as to express the final conclusions of the court, and is then filed.

Thus, not only is the utmost care taken to make the opinion express the views of the court, but that the final judgment rests, in every case decided, upon the examination by each member of the court of the record and briefs.

* * *

The closing of the year is for most of us a time of retrospection. Reviewing the past, in a spirit of earnestness, to learn what we have accomplished, and what we have left undone, is a salutary mental discipline productive of the highest good.

How gratifying when such a review discloses steady improvement, upward progress and merited commendation.

It is now four years since the new Donahoe's wished its readers "a Merry Christmas," and the passage of those years has crowned honest effort with the laurels of success.

Entering on our mission with the earnest conviction that our people were waiting for such a magazine as we hoped to give them, we left untried no means of learning their wishes in order to gratify them. From every source we drew inspiration, unsparing criticism, and friendly commendation alike spurring us on to further effort to provide our peolpe with the best obtainable in literary marts. Illustrations, stories, sketches, poems, able department work, and the many other features that make part of a great magazine, were presented to our readers, and, in an incredibly brief time, we had aroused a national appreciation of our progressive spirit.

For this we are grateful indeed; merited praise is dear to us all, and doubly so, when cheering words have been accompanied by more substantial proof of a well-wisher's desire to have us live and flourish.

A check for a subscription (new or due) is a terse, tangible expression of good-will that we appreciate thoroughly. May the new year bring us many such. If it does, we can realize

our ambition and make DONAHOE'S the magazine of the century.

We return our sincere thanks to our old friends who have been with us in our time of trial, to new friends, who share with us our comparative prosperity, to all who have in word or deed aided us to grow more near to our ideal — the welcome guest in the Catholic home,

In the year dawning upon us, may we all accomplish the good we desire; and that it may be made possible to us, let us humbly ask with little Tim, "God bless us, every one!"

A Worthy Cause.

To the Editor of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, *Boston, Mass., U. S.*

DEAR SIR:—

Gratitude is, perhaps, one of the most estimable of human virtues. As between individuals there is often cause for its exercise, so, at times, does the great body of the public owe certain obligations towards those who have conferred special benefits upon a people. It is too often the case that when the benefactors are beyond the reach of earthly enjoyment efforts are made to perpetuate their names, and to glorify their lives by means of elaborate biographers or splendid monuments; but seldom do they reap any reward during their lifetime. Public gratitude, once stirred into action, is very far reaching; but it would seem, as a rule, that the deserving one must first go down to the "silent majority" before the well-deserved expression is made. However, there are a few noble exceptions to this unfortunate rule; and, to prove that the great Catholic body of America belongs rather to the class of exceptions than to the rule, I have taken the liberty, through your columns, of calling the attention of your readers to a most worthy movement now set on foot in Canada, but which all justice should extend over the whole continent, and particularly over the Eastern States.

There is scarcely a Catholic home in America where the name of Mrs. Sadler is not a household word. In the days when our literature was but scant, when books were few and the requirements for good, sound, healthy reading were many, Mrs. Sadler took up her pen and by dint of hard and constant labor, helped more than any other one in America to fill up the void. It would be out of place for me to here give a list of her published works or an appreciation of all the benefits that flowed for the Catholic people from her pen during a period of nearly half a century. It suffices to recall her name — dear to every sincere lover of Catholic literature in America — to at once conjure up before the minds of all, the memories of the fondest and most cherished nature that twined around the hours of "twenty golden years."

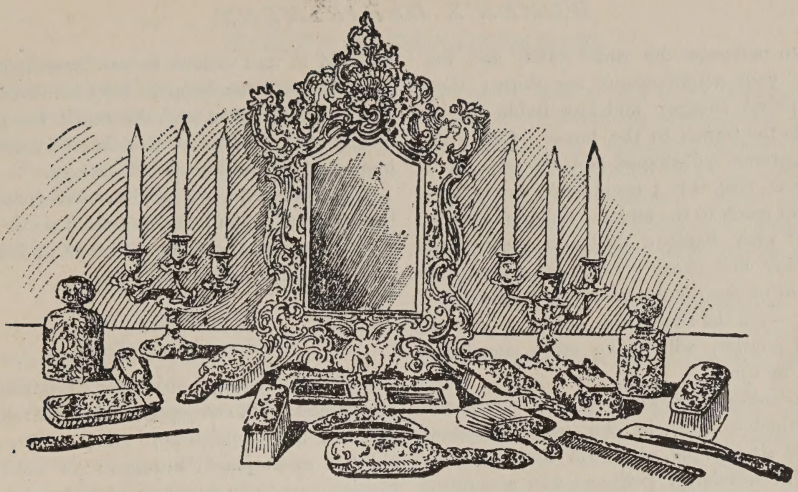
Two years ago Notre Dame University, of Indiana, conferred upon Mrs. Sadler the signal distinction of the Laetare Medal. Never were there more sincere rejoicings all over America than when it was known to whom the medal was to be accorded. That it was well-deserved and well-earned not one voice will deny. It must have been a consolation to that venerable and noble lady to feel that there were yet those who honestly recognized her merit. But while the medal carries to the recipient a certain degree of honor, it by no means assists in smoothing the path of life, when the twilight of existence is drawing its folds around the weary form.

A number of influential citizens, persons who fully appreciated Mrs. Sadler's work, decided to make her a fitting presentation and one of such a substantial nature that she would be enabled in peace and happiness, amidst the tender memories of the past and the friendship of the present, to "husband out life's taper to the close."

In consideration of all that Mrs. Sadler has done for Catholic literature in the United States — the home of her younger days and the scene of her great labors — I feel that you, Mr. Editor, will have no objection to open your columns in so worthy a cause, and render whatever assistance you can in securing a grand success for the movement on behalf of our first and noblest Catholic writer.

Yours, etc.,
J. K. FORAN.

Montreal, Oct. 20, 1896.



WOMEN'S DEPARTMENT.

The Children's Christmas.

Let the children have all the pleasures the season brings; it is their festival. The lesson of the wonderful birth in Bethlehem is the most beautiful in Christian education, and the most lasting in its influence. Everything that tends to deepen the impression of joy and love and good-will helps to mould the young hearts and childish souls into a truer model of the Christ-Child.

Therefore let the children have their miniature cribs, their Christmas stockings, and their Christmas trees. Do not plead poverty as an excuse. Love will provide the wherewithal. Give the little ones color, glitter, and light, and price will never trouble them. The darlings of the tenement will rejoice and be glad over their cheap treasures, as will the pets of wealth with their electric tree dazzling in fairy effects.

The Christmas Tree.

Electric trees call for lavish expenditure, and grow only for the rich. It is easy to spend $100 on the electricity alone, if it has to be brought into the house for this single service, and even if the residence is already wire-strung the tree bulbs will cost a dollar each to attach. As a big tree takes anywhere from thirty to fifty to be sufficiently dazzling, the least expensive arrangement is by no means cheap.

When it comes to the ornaments, the purse again is the only limitation. The shops are full of the most tempting Christmas tree fruit, strings of gold and silver balls, tinkling bells, eparate balls of all sizes in brilliant colors, frosted with silver or plain, beautiful snow and crystal effects, showers of tinsel in stars and sprays, and much more. It is easy to spend $25 and not overload a good-sized tree, and for those who can afford it the expenditure is not unwise, as such a gorgeous and elaborate blooming lasts till Twelfth night at least, and is a pleasure to more than the first company of spectators.

A tree, though, which will delight less exacting children — and the world is full, fortunately of able little know-nothings, who still take color for price and little for much — can be produced for a very small sum. Thirty-five cents will buy a fair-sized tree, 15 more will get its standard, unless the tree is a yearly happening, in which case it will pay to buy one of the strong iron clamps whose service is lasting. A few pounds of pop-corn shelled, popped, and strung, is a good decorative start; the children may be set to stringing it to-morrow, to while away the long hours of waiting. A quart of cranberries may be strung, too, their bright red with the white of the corn and the green of the tree being effective. Candles, of course, must be provided in abundance, a row on every bough, but as the smaller size comes at 10 cents a box of three dozen, a little money will do much lighting, A few of the pretty glass and tinsel ornaments must be got, and it is a sug-

gestion to patronize the small candy and toy stores of your neighborhood for these; they will be found cheaper and less liable to be broken in the transit to the house. Gay little paper lanterns, ball-shaped and the size of a toy balloon, cost only 3 cents each, and a half-dozen add much to the effect. Balls of cotton sprinkled with diamond dust add greatly and are quickly and cheaply made at home. A 5-cent coil of fine picture wire, a roll of cotton wadding — not the sheet kind — and a box of diamond powder, will make more snowballs than can be used.

If your children are kindergartners, they will prove valuable allies in the tree trimming. The little six-year-old, even, will know how to make, with wonderful swiftness and accuracy, chains of red, pink, yellow, and blue paper, at each end of which she will hang a lantern of silver or gold, also made of the paper. The pinwheel squares, sold at a penny for twenty of them at the little neighborhood stores, are what is needed. If you have gathered any pine cones, these gilded with gold paint, and sprinkled with bronze or diamond powder, will be another decorative touch. Finally, cornucopias and candy canes, with a few of the lightest gifts, will acceptably finish the tree, and its enjoyment by the juveniles is a foregone conclusion.

The best holiday greens for house decoration are holly and ground pine. These last well. Never use flat cedar, as it begins to fall immediately.

Christmas Abroad.

In these days no child should be so poor and neglected that Christmas comes and passes him by unnoticed. It is not the season for grave investigation of merits; a happy Christmas will go far to make a good New Year. We can send supplies to asylums, hospitals, and Sunday schools; but apart from this somewhat official charity, there should be a search made for those little folks who might easily be forgotten.

The captain of police in a suburban town was surprised by a visit from an old gentleman whom he knew to be ill unto death. "I wish to give a pleasant Christmas to the children of some of your unworthy poor," said this odd philanthropist; you must look them up for me." The captain was delighted, and when Christmas morning came a Santa Claus was deputed to visit various forlorn households and make the children happy. No harm ever came of this lax discipline, and the result was untold felicity to those who on all other occasions are hampered by the sins of their fathers.

The poor who are modest and proud are harder to find than the unworthy poor. Our charity must be Argus-eyed to detect their needs. Let no child be forgotten this year.

Christmas at Home.

A beautiful entertainment for Christmas Eve can be made with stereopticon views of religious pictures, and appropriate music. The holy families of Raphael, Leonardo da Vinci, and Coreggio are to be found as photographs in all "art stores," and the cabinet size is large enough for our purpose. The lantern and all the needful outfit for making the views can be bought at the same shops where magic lanterns are sold. No doubt the stereopticon and lantern can be hired and also the services of an exhibitor. Old and young are charmed with the beauty of the scenes depicted, and if at the same time, carols, hymns and chants are sung by a quartette, the effect is very impressive. The music fills the short intervals needed to prepare a new picture. For example the quartette sings the "Ave Verum" of Mozart and on the screen there dawns into view that scene of Coreggio where the light comes from the Holy Child. Or some ancient carol is sung, and before us is the stable,

> When Him the shepherds came to see,
> Whom greatest princes sought on bended knee.

If the object is to amuse small children, a pretty pantomime can be made of the "Night before Christmas." A little ingenuity in the way of drapery can enable Santa Claus to emerge from the fireplace. Two children or two dolls, as the case may be, lie snugly tucked up in bed; outside, the reindeer paw the earth and jingle their bells, and Santa Claus performs his kindly offices, filling stockings and piling treasures on the tables and chairs. These can be the presents of the little audience, masked for individuals, and the children can all be admitted to the theatre, after the play is over, to find their own piles of presents.

If nothing so elaborate can well be planned and executed, children find much amusement in

fishing over a low screen for presents, if all the packages are of equal value, it makes no difference which one is caught on each fisherman's hook. But if the gifts are chosen for individuals, a good genius behind the screen can guide the hook to its proper destination. Of course the hooks must be of wood or brass and blunt.

Just Ourselves.

IT is easy enough to be pleasant
When life goes by like a song,
But the woman worth while is the woman who'll smile
When everything goes dead wrong.
For the test of the heart is trouble,
And it always comes with years,
And the smile that is worth the praises of earth
Is the smile that shines through tears.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

There's a great deal of pretty sentiment in that verse, but the women who bear trials badly are few indeed. The need of the present calls for an amendment of the poet's lay.

Why not make it read:

"The man worth while is the man who'll smile,
When everything goes dead wrong."

Did anyone ever meet him?

We are getting a little weary of this woman who is always smiling. The smile that shines through tears is watered stock, and so, much less valuable than the genuine flash of merriment or happiness that transfigures the homliest face.

Did you ever estimate the value of a temper? Not an aggressive, irritable temper always looking for grievances, but a good, stiff, serviceable temper, well under control, and betraying itself only in occasional flashes that serve as danger signals.

If you haven't given the matter your serious consideration sit down some day to a quiet half hour's reflection and measure up just how much temper you have in your composition, how much you need, and if you have a surplus to dispose of. In the latter case the sooner you reduce the amount the better.

Another thought worthy of attention is, "Do we sacrifice too much?" Unselfishness is beautiful, but it is at times woefully impractical, nay, even more, harmful. Those we seek to benefit may be injured by our over-kindness. There is an old saying that each one must "Dree his own weird" and we of a newer generation have not as yet originated any sayings more pithy or more wise than are those handed down to us.

Who was it said that a sense of humor was properly man's possession? Some enemy of our sex, surely, for no friend would seek to deprive us of such an invaluable aid in meeting the everyday trials.

These little worries are wearing if we give in to them. There is danger of character becoming warped, and that is something we must guard against. Instead of making us narrow and small our daily trials should make us broader, more helpful, and more sympathetic.

Faith takes us safely through the great troubles, the little ones we must learn to laugh at.

What Does it Mean?

An article called "Biddies' Half Holiday," has been going the rounds of the press. The offensive head-line has reference to a bill before the New Zealand House of Representatives to provide a statutory holiday for women engaged in domestic service.

With the object of the bill we have no fault to find, the more legal protection afforded to women who work for other women the better pleased are we, for, with regret be it said, some of our sex are hard taskmasters, more exacting than subway bosses.

Our quarrel is with the caption. What does it mean? We know that densely ignorant people, or insufferably impudent people speak of Catholics as Romanists, and our holy Church as the "Romish Church," and perhaps the term "Biddies" owes its origin to the same source. Well, let us be thankful that, however named, we have them with us, warm-hearted and loyal, so upright in character, and so pure in soul, that whatever hope the future holds for scions of many aristocratic homes is based on the moral instruction and potent example of their Irish nurses.

Finery in Furs.

Most decidedly this is a fur season. One division of the animal kingdom may well shrink away from sight. If the present rage for furs continues the fur coated animals must soon become extinct.

Fur is fashioned into garments, combined

with lace in trimmings, employed in developing almost every model shown in winter costumes; in brief, used so extensively and generally that an immense army of hunters and trappers must devote their energy and all their hours to gratifying this extravagant whim of our sex.

The permanence in favor of sealskin coats is a powerful refutation of the widespread slander that our sex is not constant in affection. The models of '96-'97 are marvels of beauty, loose or tight-fitting, latest sleeve, high flaring collar, and elegant in quality. The woman who dreams of owning one may have her dream come true if she be an heiress in her own right, or if she can persuade dear Jack or Harry in his complacent mood to open his purse to the desired extent, anywhere from $150 to $500. We have heard that there are some even higher, but few women yearn after the unattainable.

The coats are closely crowded in public favor by the capes, jaunty circulars of sealskin, mink, sable, marten, lamb and krimmer, beautiful garments on slender figures. Then there are motherly-looking wraps, extremely comfortable and handsome enough to delight the heart of grandmother, mother, or aunt.

Saucy little collarettes make a close bid for popularity, and range in accommodating figures from eight dollars to forty dollars. We saw one that cost much less, but will confess just among ourselves, that the fur was poor indeed, and as for warmth, we should prefer the old-fashioned cloud our mother wound tenderly round our head and throat before we were permitted to venture out.

There is a change in the muff, its rotund form is lost, it is larger. Do you remember your mother's fitch muff that you were allowed to finger on Sundays while she was dressing for church? Well, the muff of to-day is going back a little towards that in richness of quality, fineness of finish, and size. It is decidedly larger than the muff of last season. There is a beautiful display of them, in high-grade furs, and the prices are reasonable indeed.

Trimmings are shown in great variety, Russian lynx, electric seal, raccoon, white angora, and (another memory of our youth) stone marten, come in strips from one to six inches wide and range in price from fifteen cents way up into the dollars.

The children's furs? They are exquisite. If you would see them in varied form and massed splendor, also if you would see, hold and even try on some of the articles we have feebly tried to describe, do as we did, visit the furriers, they will extend you every courtesy and even if you don't or — sad word — can't buy, you will at least have the satisfaction of knowing how you would look arrayed in raiment of fur.

Christmas Dainties.

CHRISTMAS PLUM PUDDING.— Take one pound of muscatel raisins stoned, one pound of sultana raisins, one pound of currants, one pound of fresh beef suet, chopped fine, one pound of brown sugar, two ounces each of candied orange and lemon peel, the rind of one fresh lemon grated, two ounces each of bitter and jordan almonds, chopped, two grated nutmegs, a teaspoonful of salt, a pound of stale bread crumbs and three quarters of a pound of flour. Mix well together in a large pan. Beat nine eggs, add a wineglass of wine, and a teacup of molasses, and stir into the pudding. Wet a pudding bag in boiling water, flour well, turn the pudding into it, tie up securely and put in a kettle of water to boil for nine hours. Serve with plum pudding sauce.

LEMON CHEESE CAKE (An old-fashioned Christmas pie).— Mix and gently melt half a pound of sugar and half a pound of butter; add the yolks of four eggs, and the whites of two, the grated rind of three lemons, the juice of two; four small stale sponge cakes, four ounces of blanched and pounded almonds, and a tablespoonful of rose water. Stir all together well, and bake in rich pastry.

CHRISTMAS TARTS.— Fill little tart pans with delicate puff paste. Whip a quart of thick cream, and the whites of two eggs together, sweeten, and set on ice. Bake the tart shells, fill with the cream, drop bits of currant jelly over, arrange on a large round dish, and surround with a wreath of holly.

CHRISTMAS CAKE.— Cream two pounds of butter, and three of sugar together, add gradually three pounds of flour, with a tablespoonful of baking powder. Beat eighteen eggs, and stir into the batter with a pound of blanched minced almonds, and four ounces each of preserved lemon and orange peel. Flavor with two teaspoonsful of Price's extract of vanilla. Beat well, turn into a greased mould, and set in a

moderate oven to bake for two hours. When cold ice with cocoanut icing, and ornament with candy holly berries.

HOLIDAY CAKES.— Cream two pounds of sugar and butter each together with the yolks of six eggs. Sift in three pounds of flour; add a wine glass of orange flour water, mix into a soft dough, roll out an inch thick, cut in large round cakes, and bake quickly. When cold spread with quince marmalade, heap with icing, and set in the oven to brown slightly.

ELIZA R. PARKER.

Christmas Gifts.

If you paint, all things in the way of home-made gifts are possible to you. But just a word of caution. Do not waste too much painting or plush work on your masculine friends. Show your judgment by giving pretty things to your women friends, and serviceable gifts to the men whose esteem you wish to retain. Do not inflict upon a man a white satin banjo painted with heartsease and daisies. If he be musical he would have a truer appreciation of a strong neat cover for his instrument, or a roll for his music, something dark and quiet without ribbon streamers or floral effects.

It is advisable to give men store presents, good ones can be bought for less money than it takes to produce a pretty trifle.

The careless man will appreciate an umbrella tag with a silver plate engraved with his name. It lessens the possibilities of losing the umbrella and can be purchased at a reasonable rate. Stout little straps with silver satchel checks bearing the owner's name are also useful gifts, and cost from one dollar upwards.

For the pockets of the misguided smokers there are also cigar cutters and cigarette holders; there are pocket cases, too, for cigars and for cigarettes, of leather, with silver corners. Ash trays, cigar-holders and matchboxes for the table are not particularly new nor inexpensive, but they may be classed among the old reliables, and they are very handsome in the new shapes and patterns.

For literary men there are desk fittings and furnishings, and artistic men will appreciate artists' supplies and studio accessories.

The dainty man will accept thankfully a gift of silken suspenders with silver trappings, and the man who loves comfort will include you in his kindly feeling if you present him with easy slippers, house coat or easy chair.

Then there are the thermometers, in many styles, and there are pocket photograph frames and stamp boxes, besides the old-time fruit knives and holders for lead pencils.

Best of all, there are still the canes. A pretty good stick, silver-tipped, and with a plate for the name can be bought at as low a price as $1.50, and from that price up to almost anything one is pleased to pay.

In brief give your men friends anything, within the limits of your means, that will be of use to them; or, in some way, suggestive of your earnest intention to make your gift express your good-will, and knowledge of the recipient's inclination or need.

Now a word for the women. The time has gone by when our sex was grateful for anything that might be given them from a calico gown to a fitch fur. The ability to earn one's own clothes has lessened the opportunities of making Christmas a fitting season for replenishing a woman's wardrobe; but pretty gifts of wearing apparel are always acceptable, and in a special article we deal with presents in furs for which we ever had a weakness or, perhaps, it would be more correct to say, a very warm feeling.

Home-made gifts appeal strongly to women; they fully appreciate their worth, and like to bedeck their homes with the handiwork of friends.

Here are a few suggestions for the woman with skilful fingers.

A very pretty and useful gift for a writing-table is a letter pad in a decorated case — 4½x7 inches is a gook size. "Irish linen" paper (or what is called so) can be had in this form for about thirty-five cents a pad. For the cover use strong cardboard cut square and edges folded over to form flaps. Secure the two boards together by passing "baby ribbon" between the leaves of the pad, and tie at the top; a few stitches before tying will secure the ribbon. Use half a dozen lengths of the ribbon, each about one yard long. Never try to economize on ribbon for decorative articles of this sort — nothing looks so shabby as a meagre bow of ribbon. For the decorations to be painted in water-colors, there are endless charming designs. "Dresden" effects are so much used now, and these are specially charming for the blotters; with garlands of flowers run through

with ribbon bows and ends, the most delightful effects can be obtained; or scatter over it at regular intervals a flower, slightly conventionalized. Remember to keep the color very pure and delicate, avoiding all realistic effects and strong contrasts. The ribbons for the bow can combine all the delicate tints of the painted decoration. When the pad has been made up, a new one is easily slipped in the cover, and it can be used indefinitely. Smaller pads may be decorated in the same way by omitting the folding flaps of the cover. Simply paste the pad on the lower half of the cover. The ribbon bow is also omitted. Make a suggestive little sketch outside and put on a motto, such as "Odds and Ends" or "When found, make a note of." An absent-minded friend will bless you many times for this small, yet great, convenience. The designs may be in black and white, though, of course, colors will add far more effect, and the size of the block of course regulates that of the sketch.

A charming gift to give to the friend in whose house by the sea or in the hills you have visited, is a tiny portfolio holding half a dozen water-color sketches of places near the house. Make the portfolio in one piece folded in two like a cover, each five and one-half by six and one-half inches; the flaps, one inch deep, serve to keep the sketches in place. Fasten ribbons through slits to tie, after the fashion of real portfolios. For the sketches cut the paper rather smaller, and when painting, leave a margin around the sketch of at least one inch. To give variety, several sketches might be landscapes; one or two might show a favorite corner of the veranda, or a pet fireplace, and one or two could have wild flowers, if any specially lovely ones grow near the place. Outside the portfolio make, in a corner, a sketch of the gates, or a group of the gables, and put on in decorative letters the name of the place. These small sketches seem to furnish a happy solution of the problem of giving sketches away. So often the amateur finds that to frame sketches to give away is very heavy expense, while she very reasonably objects to giving "half a gift" in the shape of an unframed one. To an invalid this small portfolio would be very welcome, bringing to her the places she cannot go to see, and its almost imperceptible weight would be another advantage.

Candlesticks, if odd and well chosen, are always welcome. Very pretty shapes can be bought in Haviland white china for fifty and sixty cents each. Paint with a flower suggesting the summer place, or to match the decoration of an especial room. There is a shape which comes with a pointed extinguisher, and which is a general favorite. If "fancy farming" is a hobby of the place, most amusing decorations can be made by using tiny radishes, onions or large strawberries. Sketch on eyes, nose and mouth, make the tiny roots suggest arms and legs. Several might yawn, and one or two hold a candlestick. If you like, "Good-night" may be lettered on the candlestick in dull gold letters, with a few touches of the dull gold on handle and rim. The painting of radishes, etc., should be done in very flat, simple tones; the natural contrast of rosy and green tones being so good that no elaboration is necessary. These are as grotesquely amusing as the well-known "Brownies," without in any way copying them. Photograph frames are legion in these days, but one which withstands the ravages of dust can be made on a gray passé partout mat (ten cents at a photographers' supply shop), and after decorating, have a framer make for sixty cents a tiny silver "beading" frame, with glass. Prices may vary somewhat in different places; those quoted are the average. The soft gray of the pasteboard forms a most effective background for decoration.

Covers for the current magazines are made of brown or gray linen, made in one continuous piece, much as the pasteboard portfolio is cut. The sewing must be of the finest, the linen should be the smooth, fine linen, at about sixty cents a yard, in natural flax shades. For instance, a cover for DONAHOE'S might have the name of the magazine in decorative scroll-work, in sepia, or madder, or in olive green. A little Chinese white can be added to the paints for working on linen, to prevent running and blurring the pattern. Sketch the patterns lightly in pencil, with the lightest tint follow this; then, when almost dry, add the outlines and finer touches. If simply managed, two tints will be enough to give a most satisfactory effect. Monochrome can be made as artistic and as decorative as any other form of painting.

There is really no end to the pretty knick-knacks that a clever workwoman can produce, and decorative designs may be worked out on draperies, table covers, and scarfs.

WHAT HELPS ME MOST IN READING.

A HANDSOME FIVE O'CLOCK TEA SET WILL BE GIVEN TO THE WRITER OF THE BEST LETTER ON THIS SUBJECT.

In laying out the work for the new year it has occurred to us that we could have no better helpers than our own readers. To make up an attractive, instructive, and entertaining magazine it is necessary to study individual tastes, to learn in what way we have pleased or helped our readers, and also if we have in any way disappointed their expectations, or failed them in a time of need.

Every woman, who has been reading DONAHOE'S knows what it has offered to her in literary entertainment and helpful suggestions. She has, perhaps, at times looked for information that she needed very much, and met disappointment. If she will write us, and tell us frankly in what way we failed her she will help us very much indeed.

The people who read a magazine are the best judges of its worth, they know its merits and its defects, and such knowledge is too valuable to be kept from those who make the magazine, and are striving to gratify the public.

Our women know how DONAHOE'S is received in the family, and we appeal to them to tell us what interests each member most; what features attract the men of the family, and what the women and young people like the best. We ask our readers' confidence, their frank expression of opinion, even friendly unsparing criticism will be welcome.

To rouse general interest, and engage all our women as helpers, we have decided to offer a prize for the most helpful letter on what our readers like to read in DONAHOE'S and what features they would like to have added. All helpful suggestions will be published, and the writer of the very best letter will receive a handsome five o'clock tea set, over the cups of which we hope DONAHOE'S will be often freely and favorably discussed.

CONDITIONS.

1. What to write about? Make suggestions about items of interest to readers. Tell what you like best to read, stories, poems, articles, hints for the household, fashion notes, book reviews or answers to questions?
2. What pictures please you most?
3. In brief, write just what you think about the Magazine; what it supplies, and what it needs?
4. Mail your copy before March first.
5. Address. — Women's Prize Contest,
DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.
Boston, Mass.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

How Santa Claus came down the Chimney.

Last Christmas eve, when we were snug in bed,
And all the lights were out, Tommy, he said,
"I'd like to know how 'tis, with pack and all,
That Santa Claus got down the chimney hole."

"Let's lie awake and see and then we'll know;
Won't it be fun to see him squeezed up so?"
And so we laid awake, but by and by,
I got to sleeping some with my left eye.

But still I saw the chimney with my right,
And by and by there came the queerest sight,
A little man no bigger than Tom Thumb,
With a little pack no bigger than my drum

Came sliding down the chimney more and more,
Until he went kerbump upon the floor;
And then he looked around the room a spell,
But very soon his pack began to swell.

It kept a swelling, more and more and more,
Till it was bigger than the parlor door;
And then I saw that it was full of toys
And books and dolls, and things for girls and boys.

And soon the little man has grown so tall,
He didn't seem to be a dwarf at all
And then he took some things out of his pack
And filled my stocking till I thought 'twould crack.

And then the pack grew small, and small and small,
Until it wasn't bigger 'n' nothin' 'tall,
And Santa Claus he was a dwarf once more,
And climbed up back as he had come before.

Then just as Santa Claus got out of sight
I opened my left eye and it was light,
And there were all the things for Tommy 'n' me,
A-bursting out just as I knew they'd be.

But when I told him, Tommy laughed and said,
I was a foolish little sleepy head,
But by and by, he said, "It must be so,
For Santa Claus had left the things, you know."

Clarence Hawkes in "Three Little Folks."

Janey's Christmas.

FRANK H. SWEET.

"Here you, Jane! Lively now! Take these parin's out to the pigs, an' then come back an' help Sally with the dishes. Don't let the grass grow under your feet, lazybones!"

Jane flushed at the epithet. She always did when it was applied to her, although she knew it was not in the least deserved. She was always at work by three o'clock in the morning, and rarely did she get to bed before ten or eleven o'clock at night. The West Fork poorhouse was a busy place, and the pauper who felt an inclination to loiter was speedily brought into apprehensive submission by the keen eyes and sharp voice of Mrs. Barker.

Jane had been a poorhouse drudge ever since she could remember; but she was naturally brisk and self-reliant, her cheerful habit of looking on the bright side of things mitigating the hardness of her lot. In summer her long days of labor were diversified by occasional hours in the field, picking up stones, or potatoes or apples; and twice each day she was able to take long walks to the shed meadow, driving out and bringing home the cows. Jane loved to be out-of-doors, and although she did not hate housework, as some girls do, she was always glad to exchange it for labor outside, even though the labor was much harder.

West Fork was notorious for the harsh treatment of its paupers; but the county was poor, and Jonas Barker's bid had been the lowest; and after all, why should not a pauper be made to work? Paupers were no better than taxpayers and there was scarcely a farmer in the county

who did not go into his field and work from sunrise till sunset. All the selectmen were farmers, and they felt it a personal grievance if a pauper complained. When the county got rich, they grumbled, they would build a mansion, and the paupers should have Sunday suits and ride out in wagons that had springs.

So Jonas Barker continued on as keeper of the poorhouse, and the paupers were overworked and insufficiently fed, and if one of them complained he was punished for insubordination.

It was in winter that they suffered most. New clothing was provided only when absolutely necessary; and the thin rags that shielded them from the blazing suns of July were expected to do the same service against the bitter winds of winter.

Christmas mattered little to folks on the county farm, if anything, its coming only deepened their misery, by filling their hearts with vain yearning for a little of the love and joy of the holy season,

As it drew near the little drudge pleased her fancy with an odd conceit, the dream of a home and an adopted child making glad its hearth. The dream child was very happy, and the real Janey was happy also in the rare moments when she could leave the almshouse behind her and bask in the sunshine of her dream home.

Sometimes dreams come true, and we all know that Christmas brings wonderful things; and so it came to pass that a great joy came even to little Janey.

One day when Christmas was very near, Janey was going about her work with bare feet. Her shoes had literally fallen to pieces; and although Jonas had promised her a new pair, he was slow in getting them. Occasionally her work took her through the snow to the barn, and to the pigsty, and to the well and other places, and long before noon her feet were frost-bitten and bleeding.

At last the out-door work was finished, and she set about washing the kitchen floor. As she was scrubbing her way toward the window, a wagon rattled into the dooryard, and presently a man stamped heavily up the piazza steps. Mrs. Barker was in another room opening upon the piazza, and as the steps approached she went out.

"Did you get my things, Jonas?" Jane heard her ask.

"They're in the waggin. Are the gals, Jane an' Lucy, round?"

"Yes, Jane's scrubbin' the floor, and I sent Lucy to the barn to shell beans. She's the most no 'count piece I ever had. Lazy? Shucks! I'd be mighty glad to git shet of her."

"Wall, mebbe there'll be a chance," lowering his voice a little, "there's a man an' woman comin' out this afternoon to see 'bout gittin' a gal to adopt. They 've got it fixed with the *see*lectmen, an' all we're to do is to give 'em the gal they pick out. Mr. Jones says they aint no children o' their own, an' that it'll be a mighty lucky gal who gits to go with 'em."

Jane had no intention of listening; but the wall was thin, and it was almost impossible not to hear every word that was said. She knew that if she left her work Mrs. Barker would bring her severely to task.

"Which do you s'pose they'll take, Jonas?" Mrs. Barker asked.

"There aint only Jane an' Lucy of the size they want; an' of course they'll take Jane. She's tidy an' clean lookin'; an' Lucy aint nothin' but a slouch, no how you'n fix it."

"But we can't let Jane go," expostulated Mrs. Barker, with sudden concern in her voice, "she does more'n any two wimmin in the house. Don't you s'pose they'd take Lucy? I'd be glad to git shet o' her."

There was a short silence, during which they seemed to be pondering some weighty problem. Then Jonas said in a lower voice, but still so that Jane could hear every word distinctly:

"Wall, I reckon mebbe we'n fix it, git out some clothes an' smarten Lucy all you can, an' be sure 'n have her hold up her head like she wa'n't ashamed; then do jest the opposite for Jane. Make her black stoves an' things, an' git jest as dirty as possible. I 'low that'll fix it all right. From what I hear these folks are consider'ble set on tidiness."

Jane almost held her breath for fear they would come into the kitchen and discover her. She — poorhouse Jane — have an opportunity to go away into a nice home, and grow up like other girls. It was even better than anything she had pictured in her dreams. Most decidedly she would not get herself dirty and untidy, and so forfeit her chance. If they set her to any very dirty work she would try to shirk it, even though they punished her in consequence.

She listened apprehensively as Jonas walked the length of the piazza and down the steps to his wagon, and presently to his heavy footsteps returning. He followed his wife into the sitting room, and the door was closed with a bang; then their voices sank to an indistinct murmur.

Jane scrubbed on vigorously. After this job was finished she would make herself as tidy and presentable as possible, and then slip away to the barn, and hide until the man and woman came. As she worked, her thoughts went out to poor "no account" Lucy, who was always dirty and shiftless and discontented. Perhaps if Lucy had this chance her ambition would be awakened, and she would grow up into a useful happy woman. But no, the idea was preposterous. If they chose her instead of Lucy it would be perfectly fair, and there would be no call for her to give up the one chance of her life. She — but here Mrs. Barker came in and ordered her to go and clean the milk-house and polish the cans. With a sinking heart, Jane obeyed, and, to see that the work was done thoroughly, Mrs. Barker took a seat by a window which commanded a good view of the milk-shed.

It was a long, hard, disagreeable task and when a carriage drove into the yard, in the afternoon, Jane was still at work. Lucy, in a clean calico dress and with her face washed and hair combed, waited for the visitors. On the face of the "no account" was an unwonted smile of cheerfulness, brought out by the artful hints of good things coming to her.

"Jane! oh, Jane Lazybones!" called Mrs. Barker, after she had greeted the visitors. "What makes you so triflin', gal? Come, wake up! Here's somebody to see you."

Jane climbed slowly up the slope. It was not often that she lost her sunny good nature; but her weariness and untidiness, in contrast with the clean, smiling Lucy brought to her a sudden sense of bitter disappointment; and when she greeted the visitors it was with a sullen, half-defiant expression.

"Come, gal! can't you show manners for once?" rebuked Mrs. Barker, sharply. "This lady wants to speak to you. Why ain't you nice an' pleasant like Lucy?"

Jane scowled and looked up quickly, then dropped her eyes with a flush of shame as she met the pitying gaze of the lady.

"Yes, Jane's a toler'ble good worker," said Mrs. Barker, as though answering some previous question, "but you see what she is. The *see*lectmen ain't so apt to know about the gals as we who live right with 'em. Now here's Lucy; nice, clean an' respec able. I take it you don't want a worker so much as you do a daughter?"

"We wish to adopt a girl," answered the lady; and as she heard the sweet voice Jane looked up again, a quick flush coming to her soiled cheeks. Oh, if she could only live with a woman who spoke like that!

"But we are very particular about the kind of a girl we take," the lady went on. "We shall do by her as we would by our own daughter, if we had one; of course we want good material to build on." She hesitated a little and looked at Jane. "From what the selectmen said we had an idea that this girl would suit but — but — "

"You see she won't," broke in Mrs. Barker-hastily. "Lucy is the girl you want."

"Seems a little curious that one should be so clean and the other so dirty," said the gentleman, speaking for the first time. Mrs. Barker's evident anxiety for them to take Lucy was making him suspicious. From a keen scrutiny of Lucy's stolid, vacant face, his eyes went to the soiled, flushed countenance of Jane. "I think I will go down and have a look at the milk-house wife," he said, abruptly. "I have a theory that one can learn the character of the person from the way his or her work is done."

As he crossed the yard, a little child of two or three toddled out on the piazza and stopped near Lucy. Mrs. Barker was watching the gentleman; and after a stealthy glance around, Lucy gave the child a malicious push which sent it tumbling down the steps. Jane saw it, and sprang down the steps with a sharp exclamation.

"You poor little thing!" she cried, as she gathered the child up tenderly. "Are you much hurt, dearie?" Then she felt a soft touch on her shoulder, and looking up saw the lady bending over her.

"Is the baby hurt?" she asked, anxiously. "Poor little dear! I saw that girl push it. Here, give it to me," and regardless of her rich dress and gloves, she took the dirty child in her arms and kissed it, and that kiss sealed Jane's devotion to her.

When the gentleman returned, five minutes later, he found his wife and Jane talking to-

gether on the piazza. As he ascended the steps his wife looked at him brightly.

"I have decided to take Jane," she announced.

"Ah! just what I was about to propose. She does conscientious work, and that is the kind of material to build on."

Mrs. Barker was about to expostulate; then, seeming to realize its uselessness, she angrily ordered Jane to go and "git ready." As the girl started to obey, the lady again turned to her husband.

"Jane has been extolling Lucy's good points to me," she said, smilingly, "but I tell her it is not Lucy we want, it is Jane."

CATHOLIC QUESTION BOX.

[There is much that even Catholics do not know regarding the Church of Christ, its history, its services, its ceremonials. To an intelligent man, believer or unbeliever, there can be no more interesting subjects. The story of the Church is a romance of fact, human and divine. The significance of the ceremonials, by which it commemorates Christ's acts and impresses His truths, are vital with reason and with beauty, when understood. To the work of spreading this information, this Department is devoted. Readers are invited to ask any questions regarding the Church upon which they are not fully informed. We desire every reader of DONAHOE'S to be prepared to answer any question about his faith that may arise in his experiences in the world. Inquiries must reach this office before the first of the month to be answered in the next issue. Questions asked later than that date cannot be answered until the second month following. Address all letters to "Editor, Catholic Question Box, DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, 611 Washington Street, Boston, Mass." As a guarantee of good faith, every letter must give the full name and address of the writer, which will not be published. In future no unsigned letters will be answered.]

W. L. H. is much puzzled over certain marriage dispensations granted by the Church, and after citing a case or two of historical importance, adds "such unions are unnatural and against the laws of this country. I could mention many other instances all among Catholics."

The Church is most unwilling to grant extraordinary dispensations, and does so only under the urgency of most potent reasons. Yet, she never exceeds her powers, nor ever permits marriages that would be what our correspondent calls "unnatural." The exceedingly few instances of extraordinary dispensations are themselves an indication of the Church's reserve and careful discernment of reasons. If our correspondent can cite *many* such instances, she has information possessed by no one else in the Church. Catholics — they call themselves such — do sometimes tell stupendous untruths in order to have the priest at their marriage. Sometimes, they conceal essential facts, and only after the priest has performed the marriage does the truth reveal itself. Do not blame the Church for deception practised by individual members, who place their own pleasure above truth and law. As regards the marriage laws of this country, also, for their lack of uniformity and stability, the Church, that has protected marriage from the beginning, has treated it as a divine institution and a Sacrament, is its only true guardian.

F. B. is different from W. L. H. He is surprised at the severity of the Church's discipline, in requiring the marriage of her children before priest and witnesses, under the severest of penalties. We subjoin an extract from a recent sermon by Bishop Wigger as an answer to F. B.

"In the fifteen years that I have been bishop I have become convinced that some Catholic men and women do not know the sacred character of Christian marriage. Some Catholics decide in an hour to get married, some in six months, and they run off to a squire, a non-Catholic minister, a layman, a Jew, a heathen, or a pagan and get married. They make no Christian preparation for the marriage, but instead, they commit crimes and sins of such an awful character that I would not dare to mention them. There are many who get married in a state of mortal sin. This brings curses down on the marriage and causes many unhappy lives. That is why so many husbands and wives are separated.

"Every Catholic should be married by his own parish priest, or, with his permission, by another priest. Very often couples go to a strange priest to marry them. No strange priest will marry them unless they tell him a lie. They tell him they are his parishioners. A priest cannot know all his parishioners. He marries them, but it is bad and they cannot expect a blessing.

"Did you ever hear of the Saviour designating laymen to administer that sacred sacrament? Every Catholic married by a non-Catholic is guilty of a mortal sin, is an enemy of God, is robbed of all rights to a place in heaven, and is in the power of the devil. All Catholics who are married by a non-Catholic minister or a layman are excommunicated from the Church. It is not necessary for the bishop or a priest to excommunicate them, they are cut off immediately. Some Catholics look upon excommunication as a trivial thing. They should know that when a Catholic is excommunicated he is deprived of his right to receive the sacraments; he is in mortal sin, and if he should die he could not be buried in consecrated ground."

From Ch. O. comes the query: —

Will you kindly tell me if a priest is allowed to speak of anything he has heard in the confessional, even though he does not mention any person's name?

The fourth Lateran Council has these words: "Let the confessor absolutely beware, lest by word, or sign, or in any other way, he may in any degree betray a sinner." Notice the multiplied details, and the repetition of cautions.

This obligation of guarding the secret of the confessional is the most strict possible, an obligation, of religion and of justice, and of such a nature that no hypothesis can be brought forward in which it could be conceived as possible that a confessor would be at liberty to make known even the least sin confessed to him. Priests have suffered imprisonment, exile, death, rather than betray the secret of the confessional. And Saint John Nepomucene is one canonized and proposed to Catholics as a martyr of this inviolable trust.

And not only is the confessor bound to silence, but any one who, in any way, should overhear a confession or a part of it. Sometimes, a penitent may speak too loud, and those near the confessional may hear one or more of his sins. Those who hear cannot even speak among themselves about it.

Another remark here seems appropriate. Some people say: My confessor told me so and so. Now, this is unjust to the confessor. First of all, he cannot explain in what sense he has given the advice, nor under what special circumstances, because under no circumstances can he speak of the things confessed to him, nor his advice thereon. Again, the advice is only for one conscience, and is not a law for the general public. Finally, it may be that no such meaning was ever conveyed by the confessor as the narrator imparts. And because he can go no word in his own defence, nor in defence of the truth, the penitent should not repeat the advice given in confession. This is at the least a matter of honor.

W. F. B. writes: —

Is there any record of the Blessed Virgin's marriage?

In Luke I, 26, 27. we read: "The angel Gabriel was sent from God into a city of Galilee, called Nazareth, to a virgin espoused to a man whose name was Joseph, of the house of David, and the name of the virgin was Mary.

Read also Matthew I, 18, 25, where Mary is spoken of as espoused to Joseph and as his wife.

Espousals among the Hebrews were usual before the marriage, and espousing was a solemn engagement, or contract of marriage, made before witnesses, and after it the parties were considered as *legally* husband and wife. This took place at the bride's home, and some time intervened before she was taken to her husband's home. The contract could not be broken except by a regular divorce, and a bride who during her espousals should prove unfaithful was held and punished as an adulteress. The text besides telling us that Mary was espoused to Joseph tells also that the angel bade him: "Fear not to take unto thee Mary, thy wife, for that which is conceived in her is of the Holy Ghost." And Joseph did as the angel of the Lord had commanded him, and took unto him his wife.

Your question about the vestments was answered in the November issue.

To various questioners.

Two wax candles must be used at Mass. The other candles may be of other materials.

Peter and Andrew were brothers.

The mysteries of the Rosary are recited as follows: The Joyful Mysteries on Sundays from Advent to Lent, and on all Mondays and Thursdays; the Sorrowful Mysteries on Sundays of Lent, and on all Tuesdays and Fridays; the Glorious Mysteries on Sundays from Easter to Advent, and on all Wednesdays and Saturdays.

Pilgrimage to the Holy Land.

A number of Catholics are to make a pilgrimage to Rome and Jerusalem, leaving New York January 16th, by the North German Line for Genoa. The undertaking is under the direction of Mr. Francis H. Throop, 412 Clermont Avenue, Brooklyn (who organized the American pilgrimage to Rome and Lourdes the past three summers.) (The great success of these has led to the present organization.) To the many who are obliged to seek a warmer climate to escape the rigor of our northern winter, these pilgrimages will prove a source of great pleasure and consolation, combining as they do solace to our physical and spiritual needs, nor can the educational advantages of a tour to Italy, Egypt, Palestine, Asia Minor, Turkey and Greece, embracing eighty-five days at a very nominal cost, $635.00, be overlooked. Arrangements are made for an audience with the Holy Father and a week's sojourn in the Eternal City. Mr. Throop has prepared a very interesting programme, which is to be had on application.

The Second Summer,

many mothers believe, is the most precarious in a child's life; generally it may be true, but you will find that mothers and physicians familiar with the value of the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk do not so regard it.

A Cough, Cold, or Sore Throat requires immediate attention. "*Brown's Bronchial Troches* will invariably give relief."

ACCESSION NUMBER

SHELF NUMBER BV 3 D7

AUTHOR

TITLE Donahoe's Magazine Vol XXXVI

ST. JOHN'S SEMINARY LIBRARY
BRIGHTON, MASS.

The cooperation of borrowers is requested in the matter of careful handling of the books and in their prompt return.

Books may be kept for two weeks and may be renewed, unless reserved.

If you cannot find what you want, ask the Librarian who will be glad to help you

Further loaning of books, without notification of the Librarian, is not permitted.

Accession Number

Shelf Number